

THOMAS CAVE WILSON: REMINISCENCES OF A NEVADA ADVERTISING MAN, 1930-1980, OR HALF A CENTURY OF VERY HOT AIR, OR I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE

Interviewee: Thomas Cave Wilson

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Description

Thomas Cave Wilson was born in Arizona in 1907. His family moved to Nevada when his father, Frederick Weston Wilson, was offered a position on the University of Nevada faculty. Thomas Wilson's mother, Claire Cave, was a novelist and writer.

Thomas Wilson attended schools in Reno and the University of Nevada. His youthful years in Reno coincided with the city's most colorful and symbolic times—movie stars and eastern socialites establishing residence for divorce, Prohibition, and the early days of legalized gambling.

Completing his university education in English and journalism, Wilson worked at reporting and advertising for several Nevada newspapers, later moving to the San Francisco Bay area to gain further experience in his field. Wilson returned to western Nevada, and a brief stint at managing a dairy ranch. He had recently married Ina Winters, a daughter of western pioneers.

Wilson's career was in advertising and promotion, and this oral history concentrates on that aspect of his life. He established the Wilson agency in Reno in 1939, and has continued in the advertising business since that time. He devised the first-ever ad campaign for a gambling casino—Harold's Club in Reno—and created a style that no other agency has been able to equal, or even to change. The "Harolds Club or Bust" outdoor-sign campaign brought endless, valuable publicity to the casino and to Reno. The signs have appeared all over the world. The ad series became a book, *Pioneer Nevada* and it won an award from the American Association for State and Local History. It sold more than 100,000 copies, and was used as a textbook in Nevada schools.

Wilson's agency handled political campaigns for some of Nevada's best-known office holders, most often successfully. His recounting of relationships with the old political machines holds numerous lessons.

Many businesses employed the Wilson agency for imaginative, creative, money-making advertising. Civil organizations paid little or nothing, and received the same dedicated service in the interest of making Reno into a

(Continued on next page.)

Description (continued)

place that Wilson wanted to live in and take pride in. The Reno Chamber of Commerce was a beneficiary, sometimes at Wilson's own expense, and quite often at the expense of Raymond I. Smith, the owner of Harold's Club.

Wilson founded the Reno Advertising Club; he joined the Nevada State Press Association, and local and national press groups. He has had long affiliations with national advertising associations, and he is highly respected by his colleagues. He has many ideas about how young people should be trained for advertising careers; he is highly critical of modern-day practices in this field.

With the outbreak of World War II, Wilson became interested in the Civil Air Patrol and he was responsible for the founding of the Civil Air Patrol Jeep Squadron.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Thomas Cave Wilson is an Arizona native, born in 1907. He came to Nevada as an infant, when his father, Frederick Weston Wilson, was offered a position on the University of Nevada faculty. Thomas Wilson's mother, Claire Cave, was a novelist and writer.

Thomas Wilson attended schools in Reno, and the University of Nevada. His youthful years in Reno coincided with the city's most colorful and symbolic times—movie stars and eastern socialites establishing residence for divorce, Prohibition, and the early days of legalized gambling.

Completing his university education in English and Journalism, Wilson worked at both reporting and advertising for several Nevada newspapers, later moving to the Bay area to gain further experience in his chosen field. A request from his wife's family brought the Wilsons' return to western Nevada, and a brief stint at managing a dairy ranch. He had recently married Ina Winters, a daughter of western Nevada pioneers.

Wilson's career choice, however, was in advertising and promotion, and here he

excelled. He established the Wilson agency in Reno in 1939, and has continued in the advertising business since that time. The impact of the Wilson expertise in advertising and promotion could hardly be measured: he devised the first-ever ad campaign for a gambling casino—Harolds Club in Reno—and created a style that no other agency has been able to equal, or even to change. He says he reads his own old copy in ads for the hotels and casinos of the 1980s. The Harolds Club campaign had further-reaching results than even Wilson could have imagined. The ad series that became a book, *Pioneer Nevada*, won an award from the American Association for State and Local History, sold more than 100,000 copies, and, interestingly, saw use as a textbook in Nevada schools, altogether an unexpected outcome for a set of newspaper advertising displays for a gambling casino. The "Harolds Club or Bust" outdoor-sign campaign brought endless, valuable publicity not merely to the casino, but to Reno. The signs have appeared all over the world, occasionally, as Wilson points

Out, hand-made by people who just liked the ideas.

Wilson's agency handled political campaigns for a few of Nevada's best-known office holders, most often successfully. His recounting of relationships with the old political machines holds numerous lessons.

Not just gambling casinos and politicians, but dozens of other business establishments employed the Wilson agency for imaginative, creative and—more important—money-making advertising. Commercial enterprises paid, of course, but civil organizations paid little or nothing, and received the same dedicated service in the interest of making Reno into a place that Wilson wanted to live and take pride in. The Reno Chamber of Commerce was a special beneficiary of these activities, sometimes at Wilson's own expense, and quite often at the expense of Raymond I. Smith, the civic-minded owner of Harolds Club. Probably the city of Reno needed no other promoters than Smith and Wilson during the years of their working together.

Wilson has been important to the region's professional advertising and press groups. He is a founder of the Reno Advertising Club, and active in the Nevada State Press Association and local Press groups. He has long affiliations with national advertising associations as well, and is highly respected by his colleagues in the profession.

Still, Thomas C. Wilson is not narrowly devoted to advertising and civic promotion. He has actively pursued interests in aviation and exploration. With the outbreak of World War II, Wilson became interested in the Civil Air Patrol, a civilian organization that assisted in search-and-rescue operations for downed planes. He is responsible for the founding of the Civil Air Patrol Jeep Squadron (later assimilated into the Washoe County sheriff's office).

Intensely interested in education, Wilson has many ideas about how young people should be trained for advertising careers; he is highly critical of modern-day practices in this field. This oral history could profitably be used in helping students to understand how advertising is created; it is not a textbook, but a personal memoir, full of ideas and suggestions that would surely prove useful to a new generation.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Program, Thomas C. Wilson accepted readily. There were thirteen taping sessions, all held in the office of the Wilson Advertising Agency in Reno, between November, 1974 and March, 1975. Mr. Wilson was an exceedingly cooperative, humorous, interested chronicler of his life history throughout the recording. His review of the memoir resulted in some changes in language, some additions to the text, a written Appendix of afterthoughts, and the restriction of a section of approximately 100 pages until 2010. The remaining portion of the oral history is open for research, a valuable contribution to studies in commerce, politics, advertising, and outdoor activities.

The Oral History Program of the University of Nevada-Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of people who have been important participants and observers of the development of Nevada and the West. Resulting transcripts are deposited in the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Thomas Wilson has generously donated his literary rights in his oral history to the University of Nevada, and with the exception of approximately 100 pages, has designated the volume as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada-Reno
1982

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

My father managed an experimental ranch near Phoenix, Arizona after he graduated from Kansas State Agricultural College.* And it was an unusual ranch. They had many varieties of grapes, and some of the first Algerian date palms in this country. They hadn't reached the point where they were testing cotton yet in his day, but it was one of the early experimental farms and ranches. And of course Arizona was a Territory in those days, so it was a federal operation. He and my mother had gone to college together, and as soon as he scraped up enough money, why, they got married.

I was born on the ranch itself November 11, 1907, and so was my younger brother Frederick, May 12, 1910. My other brother Samuel G. Wilson was born in Reno in 1916. And although I never realized that I was picking up Spanish or Mexican as a language, and I never studied it, in 1968 when I was in Stanford Hospital, I had as a roommate, a seventy year-old Mexican who spoke no English, and he had a lot of troubles and problems in communication, and I found that

I could actually understand about seventy-five percent of what he was saying. So somewhere, I retained some of that without ever knowing I had it.

And we had a lot of Indians working on the ranch. We had an Indian couple who—the boy was an “antelope priest” in the Hopi tribe and did the snake dance and the girl was a Pima, which I think is related to the Navajo. Anyway, the tribes did not mix and did not associate, and they could not go to either tribe to live; they became outcasts. The Indian agent got my father to give them a job. And May was a nursemaid for me and for my younger brother, Frederick Weston Wilson, and Elmo worked as a ranch hand. And when we had an infestation of gophers one time, they brought in an old Indian, and—I don't know—a dozen or so youngsters, aged six, seven, or eight with bows and arrows. The old man put the kids all over the ranch and every time one of their arrows missed one of the gophers, he got a

*Now Kansas State University at Manhattan

lickin'. So they were pretty good shots with a bow and arrow. They got a few cents for each animal that they knocked over.

We used to ride in a buggy to a movie in town, which had adobe walls and no roof—no air conditioning in that hot desert climate. Everything was hot in the summertime. The ranch itself was a pleasant place. It seemed to me the house was large and the date palms were enormous around the driveway that led in. I went back many years later, when I was married and had kids of my own, I was in Phoenix, so I went out and took a look, and it was the tiniest place imaginable, surrounded by packing sheds and railroad tracks. [It] was too bad I ever went back to see it, really! It was on the railroad and near Five Points.

We lived near Phoenix 'til I was about five years old and then my father got a job on the faculty of the University of Arizona in Tucson. And we lived in a little house out near the speedway, out past the campus in the mesquite. My younger brother Fred and I used to enjoy playing in the desert. My mother made us drag a stick, so if we got lost she could track us down.

She had a number of adventures. It was a little wild out there, and I know she kept a loaded revolver in the house. One day my brother caught a snake and put it in the icebox, and when she opened the icebox the snake jumped out and she fainted. But she was quite a resourceful person herself. She and the wife of the University military instructor, Captain Brown, I think, became very close friends. They lived not far from us, and they used the same Indian girl for weekly housecleaning. The Indian girl was a Yaqui.

The Yaquis in those days were less civilized than the Apaches and just about as rugged. And one time when Captain Brown was away on some kind of a trip and my father was out of town on some kind of a business

thing of some kind, the Indian girl told my mother that the Yaquis were having their spring green corn—festival of some kind. And would she like to see it? Well, my mother, who is an adventurous soul, got ahold of Mrs. Brown and they rode out. They farmed out my brother with a sitter, and took me along on a wagon. And we rode out to this Yaqui village which was down towards the Mexican border. And I don't know how far it was, but it was several miles. We got down there, and I can remember snatches of it. They were about half Christianized. They had some child who had died of measles, and they had a funeral. The coffin was pink. And I remember them carrying the coffin and singing, up a little hill. And then they put the coffin in a tree. They did not bury it underground. And the dancers had green corn leaves—not husks—leaves tied to their wrists and ankles and they danced—as I recall, it couldn't have been true, but—it seems to me I was told they danced for three days without water, which I don't think is possible. But they were dancing, and they had some drums, and there were a lot of Indians sitting around.

We were the only white people who were there. The Yaquis were very friendly. They were nice to me, and my mother and Mrs. Brown were thrilled as could be. And it was a very fascinating afternoon. And then we got in the wagon and started home, and we got about halfway home in the dark. And I can remember riding in the wagon in the dark. We came across my father and Captain Brown and a whole bunch of men, armed to the teeth. And they were on horseback, and coming hell for election. They were sure somethin' terrible had happened to all of us. And of course, nothing had. I remember my father giving my mother hell. And that was the last of the adventures with the Indians that involved any kind of a trip.

I remember one afternoon, my father was reading the paper, and telling my mother there was a war in Europe between Germany and France and England and it was very serious thing. And I didn't know what a war was, but the attitudes were such I knew something terrible has happened. After that we went to Urbana and Champaign, lived part of the time in each in Illinois, where my father got his master's degree. And it was an unpleasant episode for me. I didn't like the cold climate after Arizona, and the coal smoke, and the ashes, and the kids weren't like the kids I'd known in Arizona, and all the streets were paved, and all the houses were brick, and I don't think I ever did adjust to it. I was very happy when I left and we came to Reno.

My father had fallen in love with Reno coming through here in the summertime and talking with Dr. Stubbs, who was the president of the University. And the Truckee River was so cool and beautiful, and the trees all had green leaves, and after that Phoenix and Tucson—summertime experience with no air conditioning—he came home and packed us up. And we came back here and he took a professorship in Reno. And so this, of course, is where I grew up.

And we lived down below the University gates on Center Street (then University Avenue), 826 University Avenue, about in the middle of the block, in what was called a flat, but today would be an apartment house with two apartments or a duplex. A wonderful couple who had no children, lived upstairs from us. His name was Henry Alciatore. He was from New Orleans and they were French extraction. His wife was a wonderful woman—spoiled us kids badly. He had taken a job 'cause this was apparently the only place he could live (with the asthma) in the world. He had enough education so that he got a job as assistant meteorologist with the weather

bureau here in Reno; I think a two-man staff, and he was the staff. He, I later found out, was a member of the Alciatore family that owned Antoine's in New Orleans, but he never mentioned it to us and we didn't realize it at the time. As a hobby he was trying to invent a new kind of telephone and would show his working model to us as kids.

Dr. Jennie Wier's museum was on the corner, Ninth and Center Street. And it was a great place for all of us kids to go and visit. And she was very gracious and explained a lot of things to us and put up with a lot of nonsense. I think she was a very tolerant old gal.

Between the Historical Society museum and our house was the Sigma Nu house, which we called the "maternity house." My parents drew on the Sigma Nu house for sitters. And we kids knew all of the University basketball players and football players, and the Hobsons and Jimmy Bradshaw, and the coach at that time, whose name will come to me (Courtwright), and all of the early day athletic stars. And we used to go to all the games. We used to get in on the football or sophomore fights and rallies and all the other things. We went right along with the University, and right along with the fun. How they tolerated us I don't know.

The neighborhood was full of kids, and we all rode each other's bicycles until we could get our own. And we all wore Uncle Sam suits on Fourth of July and had sparklers and firecrackers, and it was a pretty congenial neighborhood. We had the neighborhood tough guy, and we had the neighborhood spoiled brat, all the rest of them. But it was a good place to grow up.

We went to Orvis Ring school. I can't remember my opening day, but Jennie Logan was the first grade teacher. I can't remember the name of the second grade teacher—

McCormick was her last name. And the school was pretty new. I got a good grade on something I did, and got to be one of the first students who tried out the new swing, which we had, which you'd hang on and swing around. It was there a few years ago. I don't know whether it still is or not. But it seemed a very impressive honor at the time.

My family didn't think too much of the faculty there for a long time. We got off on kind of a bad start. I erased in my copy book, and I was given the ultimate sentence, which was to be sent up to the principal, who was Mrs. Libby Booth. And anybody who was sent up to the principal got a taste of that big strap, at least so we all thought, so, but she never came in and took the strap, although it was visible and I was terrified all the time I was there. And finally, the end of the day, everybody forgot I was there. And oh, I ran away once. I got out of the room and ran home, and they sent some big eighth grade boys to catch me, and brought me back. But they forgot at the end of the day, and left me locked up in the room. And when I didn't come home, my family got excited and organized a search and called everybody, and some people went back to the school, and they could see me through the window. So we had rather poor relations between my parents and the teachers down at Orvis Ring for a while.

I can remember Mrs. Booth leading my little brother Fritz (who wasn't in school) ahead of me, in a procession of some kind at Halloween party, which was some kind of special honor, and I think from then on we got along a lot better. But we must have been a real pain to the school people.

Orvis Ring was fun. My youngest brother Samuel was born at that time, in the winter of 1916—there was a terrible snow storm, and all the traffic was tied up, nothing was moving in Reno. You couldn't get a cab. Mother had

to go to St. Mary's Hospital. And my father walked down through the snow and finally got a team and a big stone boat, which was a kinda horse drawn sled—crude sled—and he drove her to St. Mary's on that sled. And so then we had a small baby in the family. And that was a thoroughly disgusting experience for all of us boys for some time.

About that time we moved to another house up on University Terrace that belonged to—the wife was the sister of Senator Oddie—Sieberts—Fred Siebert—and it was a big, old, fourteen-room shingled house. The streets were not paved and the sidewalks were planks, and West Street did not come through to University Terrace in those days. There was an apple orchard—a great place to play. It belonged to the Duborgs who lived down where the Tri-Delt house is now, on Sierra. That was a very pleasant place to live. And the cemetery at our back was a great place for kids. We had a lot of freedom to roam in places where we couldn't get hurt. We all learned to swim in the Orr Ditch, which was clean in those days. Had a sand bottom and must have been about three feet deep. And learning to swim in that clear water at this altitude and that current was a great help to all of us later on, in athletics of various kinds. I think every kid who grew up in that neighborhood later was involved in competitive swimming as a result of it. I've always been a strong swimmer, and so have my brothers, I think from swimming in that ditch.

At that time of course, we changed schools. We went over to the Mary S. Doten school, and there I made, I think more friends who stayed in Reno, than I did over at the Orvis Ring. I remember a few experiences—snowball fights, and you could take your sled up Ralston hill to the top. That hill would pack down pretty good and we had heavier

winters then, and you could almost slide as far as Fourth Street, if you got a real good start and the snow was hard. And I remember one time Sam Ginsburg (later of Ginsburg Jewelry Company) came down on a sled, and the neighborhood bully threw a homemade wooden sled out in the front of him, and Sam plowed right into it and broke his nose. He went on home with—blood all over the snow, and Sam was crying (I don't know where older brother Leo was), but the guy who threw the sled decided that maybe he'd killed him, and we didn't see much of him for a while.

The terrible flu epidemic hit when we were up on University Terrace, 1917-1918. Our home then, 155 University Terrace was exactly in line with West Street which eventually was cut through the Duborg's orchard, and so today, ends at our home, which faces down West Street. And we could look out the back windows of the house on the Hillside cemetery, and it seems to me that all the daylight hours there was a funeral of one kind or another taking place. The funeral processions would come up Sierra Street, where the streetcar line was, and go on up Tenth and West into the cemetery. I have no idea how many people were buried, but it was a terrible epidemic with a heavy mortality rate. And my youngest brother almost died. We all—everybody in the family had had flu, and had a pretty stiff dose except my father. Dr. Raymond St. Clair, the family doctor, told us later that he thought we were goin' to lose my youngest brother Sam.

Meantime we were at war, and my mother's brother, Russell, in Manhattan, Kansas, Dr. Robert Russell Cave, was a medical officer. She had three very interesting brothers. The oldest one, Tom, had a brief career as a professional baseball player in minor leagues, was quite a hunter, and quite a hero to all us kids. Never made any money, but was a fascinating

character, and a great storyteller. The middle brother, Russell was the one who studied medicine and took over his father's practice. My grandfather was a country doctor, in the regular tradition, with the buggy and the black bag, and the calls on little farms in Kansas outside of Manhattan, where the family lived. Grandfather had a brother, "Uncle Den" who was a fascinating character—right out of a television western. He'd been a marshal in a town in the Oklahoma Strip, and wore a frock coat, and a big gun, and had a big badge, and chewed tobacco, and had no use for kids; in fact, he said that all kids "should be locked up in a room, and fed through a crack." But about ninety percent of it, as I look back on it, was pose, and he was really quite a guy.

And of course, all these people were tremendous heroes to us kids. The youngest brother, Wayne Bea Cave, graduated at nineteen from Kansas State Aggie College. They all played football and they all played basketball. Mother played basketball. My uncle told me my mother was the "dirtiest basketball player in the big ten." But I'm not sure whether he was really ribbing her or not. I used to enjoy the yearbooks they had. And the wonderful nose guards, padded helmets, and shoulders and stuff. And about that time my mother became sensitive about her age, we couldn't find the yearbooks any more. And to this day I don't know where they are. They've got to be hidden someplace. She wrote many magazine stories and one novel *Wild Peach*. She was eighty-nine years old before we found out her age. She's now ninety.*

But mother's middle brother, as I started to talk about, when he finished med school, it was just about the time that we were getting towards going into war. The British

*Deceased December 25, 1974

had terrible losses, particularly among their medical people, and the great campaigns and battles of the 1916. So they asked for American medical officers. And one member of my uncle's medical school graduating class had an army reserve commission. He was called to duty in Washington, and he sent for one of the members of their class who came back to Washington. The first one gave the second one the oath and swore him in as a medical officer. Then the second one would send for somebody that was in the class and he'd come back and he'd give him the oath and the next one would—to make a long story short—I think all their graduating class except one took training together as reserve medical officers. There was a mix-up in orders, and one member was called to England a week ahead of the others. And his name was Fitzsimmons. And he arrived in London, was immediately put to work in a big general hospital on English military wounded. I believe it was his first or second night that he was operating in London, they had a raid with a zeppelin and the hospital was bombed and he was killed. And he was the first American officer to be killed in the war, and Fitzsimmons Hospital was named for him—a big U.S. military hospital.

The rest of them got overseas a week or so later and immediately saw combat service on the very front lines. And the Senegalese troops didn't recognize American uniforms. They thought they were German. My uncle held off a carload of 'em—a boxcar load of 'em with his gun 'til the French came along and rescued him. And he had a number of adventures which had no bearing on this, except that he sent each of us kids a German helmet that he picked up in no man's land in Belgium. And I wore the helmet to school one day to show the class and everybody threw rocks to see if the helmet would really stop

the rocks. And I can remember the banging in my ears—I finally wound up running into the school building. But they were the only German helmets that anybody had yet seen in Reno, other than the spiked dress helmets, and they were in all of the local parades, and all of the Liberty Bond drives, and we got an awful lot of reflected glory out of those first German helmets.

The Armistice took place on November 11, 1918 at 11:00 a.m. on my eleventh birthday, and I was allowed to go downtown with my father, wearing flu masks. Everybody almost wore flu masks of gauze over the nose and mouth. We stood on the corner of Virginia and Second Street, and there was a dummy hanging from the wires at the intersection, labeled "Kaiser Bill" with a chamber pot for a helmet. And everybody in town had a gun—all the adults—and they'd ride in open cars under the dummy, and shoot at it all the way going across the intersection. And the town was just—the downtown section was just jammed with people. They had to do something. They were all worked up over the importance of the Armistice, and the end of this war which had become pretty grim, I guess, to everybody.

We used to go to movies and everything else on the local streetcars. Streetcars came up Ninth Street. University students sometimes used to grease the tracks. There was a little hollow between Virginia Street and Center Street going east—the tracks would dip down into a little hollow and then it'd rise up to the end of the track, which was right at the end of the University gates on Center Street. They'd grease the tracks, and the streetcar would go down into this hollow, and it couldn't climb out of it either direction. And the motorman would have to get out and clean up the tracks, and throw dirt on 'em, get enough traction to climb out. That was a very big deal.

The other one was that sometimes they'd just grease the end of the track, and that one was a little more serious, because the car'd come down to the end of the track, and they'd slap on the brakes and slide right off the end of the track. And they'd have to get help, and teams, and whatnot and get the car back onto the part of the tracks again.

It was a lively neighborhood. Always somethin' goin' on.

After the terrible flu epidemic, my mother took us three children, and we went down to Long Beach. The first time any of us had seen the ocean, and it seems to me we just all lay in the sand all summer, healing over, and regaining our strength from the flu season. My youngest brother Sam nearly died.

That was the summer that the young, small, upstart prizefighter named Dempsey fought the big world's champion, Jess Willard. And I remember my mother's oldest sister—elderly maiden aunt, who was a wonderful old gal—piano teacher—who'd come out to live in San Diego—saying that the fight should be stopped. She wrote letters to the editors. It was “insane” to let that big man in the same ring with that little man. It was just going to be murder of course. Dempsey just beat the hell out of Willard, who was a has-been at that time. But this was my Aunt Nell, who looked like all Aunt Nells oughta look. She was tall and angular with a very determined personality. In later years, she used to pay her income tax in relation to what she thought the government had done, and if they had goofed up pretty badly that year, she wouldn't pay anything. IRS finally gave up on her—they didn't bother. Of course, she was a fixture in San Diego. She came out to take care of her younger brother—the baby of the family—and that was Wayne Bea Cave. He was the one—the little one in the family who graduated at nineteen and didn't know what

to do with himself. The only real training he had, other than a lot of English literature, was in military—the equivalent of today's ROTC. And he had a major in military tactics. He got a job (and I never did find out how he got the job) as a reporter on a newspaper in Bisbee, Arizona. Whether my father had anything to do with that, I don't know, but we were no longer in Arizona when he—or maybe we were just leaving Arizona—when he first came out. I'm not sure.

But anyway, he was—this is unbelievable, but it's true. The Bisbee paper was a member of the Associated Press, and AP wanted an interview with Pancho Villa, who was running wild below the border at that time. So Bea Cave—my mother's maiden name was Cave—got a horse, went down below the border. Actually got through to Pancho Villa's forces. Knew enough Spanish to talk his way into—and got his interview. And he must have been—had to be nineteen or twenty at that time. And he got his story from Villa, and was treated well. And got into an argument with Villa, over Villa's tactics, which he criticized, with all the wisdom of his training in college. And (this is about fifth hand story I'm telling you; the *Los Angeles Times* later published much of it) Villa was amused or interested to the point where he said in effect, “If you're so damn smart, I'll commission you as a captain, and you can serve with me.” And he accepted. And he rode with Pancho Villa's outfit for some time. And in the course of the time he was with Villa, at one point he was in command of a small group which was out in front as a scouting party or advance screen to the main party, and they captured a train. I presume it was the Southern Pacific of Mexico, or maybe it was Mexican National Railways—I don't know. Anyway, they captured this train and on board the train was President Woodrow Wilson's daughter, who

later married McAdoo. And Cave realized that he really had gotten into something that was far too deep for pure fun. And so his men who were quite loyal to him, and he got a horse for her, and his people fought a rear-guard action and they took her across the border into the United States and got her away from Villa's people—complete western shoot em-up type thing! And as long as he lived, and as long as McAdoo was alive, they remained the best of friends, and they couldn't do enough for him, but there wasn't—in his business, the newspaper, he stayed a reporter all his life. There wasn't too much they could do except get together a few times. He wound up on the San Diego newspaper and later the *LA Times* covering the San Pedro waterfront. And that is when his older sister came out to take care of him.

I worked on a newspaper at San Pedro, as I'll touch on later. And when I arrived to work on the *San Pedro News-Pilot*, my uncle, Cave, was still a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, covering the waterfront in San Pedro. And he was a legend in his own time. People on the *Herald-Express* and others on the *Times*, and the *News-Pilot*, and other papers that had waterfront reporters (of which there was quite a community), delighted in telling me stories about Wayne Bea Cave. How he'd be out to cover an important story, and the Harbor Belt Line railroad would have a train across the tracks, and he couldn't get through, and the law allowed 'em to block the street for five minutes, so he would get out of his car and stand there and wait the five minutes, tell 'em to open the train and they would refuse. So he'd whip the conductor, whip the brakeman, whip the fireman, and whip the engineer, and they'd open the train and let him through. He was a real, delightful guy, who was also a real tough guy. And not a big man, but he'd been in enough rough-and-tumble so that he could

take almost about anybody in a free-for-all type fight.

And he was wonderful to us kids, 'cause we were about broke—ma and I—when we were in San Pedro working on the *News-Pilot* and living on fifteen dollars a week. He wangled a few things so we'd get dinner once a week on one of the big ocean liners in the harbor or a newspaper freebie trip to Catalina Island, or some of the others that were available in the harbor area. And he married a wonderful gal, who was a home economics teacher at Mills College. And they used to make sure that we got at least one good square meal a week, which was great—an important treat to us. So I had a bunch of interesting relatives—my father was an only child so—although I enjoyed my grandparents, I didn't get to see too much of them. Mostly uncles and the aunt we had as relatives.

High school in Reno was about what you would expect. By this time, the Sieberts came back and wanted to live in their own house we had been renting. And my father bought a house out on south Wells Avenue, near the end of the streetcar line. And I met a new bunch of kids my own age. I guess it was the seventh—I took the seventh and eighth grades in one year to catch up with the other kids. And we all went into high school together. Rode bicycles to Reno High School—clear across town. There wasn't much traffic in those days. This was the old Reno High School building, which was torn down, two or three years ago.

We had some unusually good people on the faculty. Otis Vaughn, of course, was the principal, and a very patient guy, when I look back at the menagerie that he was running. And Effie Mona Mack was teaching history at that time. It was a big adventure, of course, for kids to be in high school. And we had a lot of student dances and a lot of basketball.

And we had a football team that was something. The line averaged 185. I never got past the third string; I weighed about 125. Some of my friends, of course, played first string. Football was I guess, the most important thing in the world at that point. We had a coach who was always in a big fight with his players, whether it was football or basketball. And he just couldn't communicate with kids in those days. I think he was a pretty good coach— but a very unpopular guy. Since I couldn't do better than the third string, I put a lot of time in on the student newspapers, the yearbook, and this sort of thing. And about this time they discovered I had a heart murmur, and had a damaged mitral valve somewhere along the way that they weren't too sure how I acquired it. It's since, nowadays, been decided that I had rheumatic fever, and this often damages a valve. Fairly typical case, and I got some damage. The result was that one year I could be in athletics and then we'd have a new doctor, and the new doctor wouldn't let me do anything, and I would not be able to do any athletics, so I did a few things like debate. And then the next year we'd have another new doctor, and he'd say, "Well, sports are good." So I'd play tennis and maybe basketball, and on the swimming team.

About this same period—maybe just a little bit before— we all joined the Boy Scouts. Now the Boy Scouts in Reno paid no attention whatsoever to Boy Scouts anywhere else in the world. We were sponsored by the Baptist Church, for Reno Boy Scout Troop No. 1. The Baptist Church did its best to provide us with scoutmasters. But really, the only people they could line up at that time were people who were drifting through town, who were for the most part veterans of World War I, who couldn't adjust. We had two or three guys I think, really looking back, must have been pretty badly shell shocked, and some were

pretty heavy drinkers, and they'd be there for a while and they'd drift on. So we were kinda left to our own devices. We read the books, and we had the hikes, and the overnight camps, but we did them on our own without any supervision. In the Eagle Patrol, we had a real interesting group of kids, Thurber Brockbank, Bob Osborne, Wally Kline, Kenneth St. Claire, Paul Klink, Joe Barbash, and Hoyt Martin, who's the only one, I think, left in Reno—myself.

We finally drifted into the hands of Sergeant [Vernon C.] Kester. Sergeant Kester (I never did know his first name) had been in Reno as a Marine recruiting sergeant during the war, and had retired and stayed there. I always remember him wearing his blue uniform. I think he must have slept in it.

He decided that we scouts ought to be able to drill. And so we had the equivalent of a Marine Corps drill instructor. And we drilled, and we drilled, and we drilled, and we worked. I think outside of West Point and the Marine Corps, we were probably the best drill team anybody ever saw. This is not the Boy Scout book, but we got it hammered into us so deeply that years and years and years later, when I was a reserve officer in World War II, one evening when they were forming the Civil Air Patrol, I went out and drilled a whole bunch, and it all came back to me like the Spanish in the hospital. And I had that infantry drill regulation book just engraved in my mind. We performed in all the parades. We drilled in all the other stuff. I think we must have been very poor Boy Scouts, but we were one hell of a drill team.

So it was very interesting for us in high school to run into ROTC. Junior ROTC at that time was also right out of the World War I manuals. We wore our World War I uniforms with a high collar, the woolen blouse, the woolen pants, the wrap-around

spiral leggings, the overseas-type cap. We had a couple of things going for us. We had an old time sergeant, Sergeant [Henry C.] Skeen, who'd served with the American Expeditionary force in Siberia, after World War I, who was a great hand with kids. We had as our military instructor, Captain Philip Overstreet, who had served in France—seen quite a bit of combat, but also was a great guy with kids. And he could have been in serious trouble, but he knew enough to know what kids were interested in, so he'd issue us rifles, bayonets and gun belts, and we'd go out and he gave us a good dose of combat training, which was definitely not in our book. And we knew how to deploy as skirmishers and squad column, et cetera. And he'd say, "Now you're under artillery attack. What do you do?" And we'd do whatever the book said. And we attacked Ralston Street with fixed bayonets, I don't know how many times. Our battalion commander was Jack Howell, now Captain Howell, USN (Retired).

I remember we had an inspection by a colonel from the Presidio, San Francisco, one time and in the course of going through the ranks, he asked a routine question, periodically. This time this particular question was, "What does the corporal of the first squad command when the order's been given, 'right front into line'?" The correct answer (and I still remember it) was "forward." The first squad marched forward and the others went "right oblique" until they got far enough out to straighten out and come up so they would form a continuous unbroken column.

Well, whoever the poor kid was who was asked the question didn't know the answer. He got rattled and he didn't know, and so the inspecting officer asked the next corporal and he didn't know. And then he began—Major Jack Howell, our cadet commanding officer, was with him, of course, as they went

through the ranks—and Jack was berating the boys who didn't have the answer, and finally the colonel was going through every single person, not just the corporals of each squad. Nobody could remember! I'm sure we all knew it, but by this time we were so paralyzed that none of us could think of the answer. And Jack was getting more and more upset that nobody knew this. It reflected on the battalion, and this, and this, and this. Got clear through all the ranks of the whole damn outfit, and the colonel turned to Jack, "All right, Major, what is the order?"

And Jack said, "I don't know sir." [Laughs]

So that broke up the whole damn inspection. Nobody could do anything with anybody from then on; everybody was yelling and hollering and laughing. So our adventures in the ROTC were wonderful.

The high school was fun. We did a lot of drinking in high school—nobody knew about it we thought. But this was during Prohibition, and I still feel the people who invented Prohibition oughta fry in the hottest corner in hell. We were all drinking when we were age fourteen and fifteen at all the high school parties and dances. And of course, we felt we were real smart to get away with it. At one point, some of the older guys swiped a fifty-gallon drum of grappa which is a grape brandy, and we all stashed it out in the sagebrush on the Purdy Road, which is U.S. highway 395 north of Reno now. Sagebrush was tall enough so that you couldn't see it until you stumbled right on it.

And I can remember winter nights when we had dates, and we were going to a basketball game, and we'd drive out on the Purdy Road, and stand around that drum, with a tin dipper, in the moonlight, in below freezing temperature— clear, cold starry night, in moonlight with our teeth chattering, and would pass this dipper around, and

you'd—the dipper'd come to you and you'd take a drink, and it was just liquid fire! The tears'd pour out of your eyes and nose. You'd cough and you'd choke and you'd gasp. And the next guy'd take a drink, and it'd go all the way around the barrel 'til you were just getting over choking with the last one; it'd be your turn again. But, by God, you had to do it. And nobody was chicken, and we all did it. And then we had a bottle of Listerine, and we all gargled with Listerine so nobody could smell our breaths, and we'd go to the game, or the dance, or whatever it was. We never got caught in all this escapade, and we had something like this going most of the time through high school.

We all had summer jobs, we all worked part-time going to high school when we could. In fact, the kids who didn't work were kind of looked at by the rest of us—they had something wrong with 'em. I can remember Walter Clark, who was two or three years behind me, in the tie-up situation which he writes about in *The City of Trembling Leaves*, and he just absolutely wouldn't give up, even when he was tied up, he was throwing himself around the ground in a frenzy, and finally Thurber Brockbank took pity on him, and I did, too. We realized that he was goin' to hurt himself, and decided to untie him. And Brock unties him, and I think Brock is the one who's described in the book as the one who stopped that kind of nonsense. But Walter did not have the freedom the rest of us did. His family were extremely strict. They were afraid that they would be criticized for sure, because he was in the family of the president of the University. So they held Walter down to the point where they really damaged him, in my opinion. It put him far enough apart from his generation so it probably gave him the objectivity that made him a damn good writer. Bob Caples, the artist, was in town at

that time. But Bob didn't go to school—at least that I'm aware of—in Reno. He went other places. And he and Walt, of course, later, became very good friends, but at that time I'm not sure that they even knew each other. Bob was an extraordinary artist from the time he was a little kid. Came out to Reno when he was about seventeen. And he ran around with the same bunch of kids I did. So we became acquainted. And we went on a couple of painting expeditions. I enjoyed painting. I still do as a hobby, although I don't do much of it any more. And Bob and I would go Out to Pyramid, camp for maybe a week, and try to paint the lake. And that's a miserable thing to do, because the light changes every ten seconds. It's an extremely difficult thing to work with.

Well, that was a glamorous period in Reno in the twenties. Glamorous in that there were all kinds of famous people who came here for divorce. And all kinds of glamorous characters from stage, and movies, and great wealth who came here. A lot of people with European titles of various degrees came out here. And of course, quite a few of them stayed. And there are quite a few as you know, "old Reno families" who really came out here in the twenties for a divorce.

Most of the youngsters that I ran around with in high school were the children of—not most of them, but many of them were children of Reno attorneys. And as a result, we had pretty close contact in high school with the children who came out with parents who were here for a divorce. We met some unusual people that we never would have established any kind of contact at all in a community this small. Because of this, for instance, we all knew Roscoe Turner very well.

Roscoe Turner held the world's record for speed flying, was probably the best aviator in the world at that time. He was a tremendous

egotist. We resented him because he was always pretending to make passes (we thought they were real) at our high school dates. Being a glamorous figure, why, he had all the gals falling in heaps, we thought. He wore a uniform of his own design which was pretty much taken from the Royal Air Force. It was sky blue, and with English boots, and wings, of course, and what later became known as a “fifty mission cap.” And carried a swaggerstick sometimes. And it was something to see him striding up and down Court Street; a very magnificent figure, and very glamorous. And what made it worst of all was, he was real. He was the best flyer in a period when aviation was at its most glamorous stage. And we were all lucky to hitch a ride with an old Jenny or something at that time.

There were DuPonts and there were Vanderbilts, and there were all kinds of big names. And there’re all kinds of interesting parties. It was a little town and nobody had a great deal of money. And everybody knew everybody. And it was—to those of us at our age was absolutely, unbelievably wonderful. We just simply couldn’t stand it. It was so tremendous.

Later in college, especially as we became upper classmen, got a little older, we ran into a lot of young divorcees who were in Reno. Many of ’em, maybe only a couple of years older than we were. We used to date ’em. And at one period, about 1929 I guess, it became the thing to show up at a Sigma Nu formal or a junior prom with a date who had a title. Most of these kids who had titles were American girls who had married some European bum, who had a legitimate title, and so she could use the title of a countess, or a baroness. But really, she was just another American gal. And some of ’em were a lot of fun. And all of ’em were good-looking. And then there were a few who were older. There

was a countess who spent a great deal of time in the [George A.] Bartlett home, who was about the age of our parents. And she was a remarkable woman. She had been all over the world. Her father was a baron, and I think the family at one time had ruled Finland under the czars. This is a generation or two prior. The countess did more to give us a sense of perspective. She could talk to kids. And she was a very wise, and I think unusual, person. She was not attractive. And as far as we were concerned, she was a hundred years old. But she had a rapport with kids. And she had a daughter, and maybe this might have been one reason she spent so much time with us, because the daughter was kind of dumpy, and kind of an introvert, and kind of a nice kid, but really kind of hard to talk to. Probably was lonely as could be out here and as a result, we all took turns taking the daughter to student functions. So it may be that the countess was really manipulating us. In any event, it didn’t hurt us. It was interesting. And we used to learn about things in the outside world which were very interesting, and all very wonderful.

At one time there was a Hungarian countess in Reno. I can’t remember her name, but she had to be very young. And she was a striking beauty. She had nothing to do with anybody our age, but some of the older boys—and I mean like Harold Cafferata—used to date her. But she, I think, had a lot of fun in Reno. I’ve seen her out at the Willows when we were all watching her and oohing and aahing. She always showed up at the Willows wearing a tight-fitting white satin gown. And she had a great figure. And when we were all sufficiently attentive, she’d pull out a great, big black Havana cigar and smoke it. And of course, that always killed us. We fell over in heaps over that one. But sometime if you ever have a chance to talk to Harold Cafferata, he can tell you about her, and she was quite

a gal. She was a sensation in Reno as long as she was here.

Reno was at the peak of its—I think—of its history in the twenties. There were all kinds of people of various degrees of importance from the East who were out here, some of whom stayed and became part of the community, some of whom went back, of course. And the kids I ran around with lived in this area right here [office building at Ridge and Flint]. Judgie Bartlett's house was right where that office building is [Court and Flint], that Fran Breen has, and that was sort of a gathering place. The judge had three beautiful daughters. Jean was my age, and Dorothy and Montie were older. They're all striking beauties. The judge's house—he was always broke—he never had any money. His house was a gathering place for all the divorcees in Reno, who had important connections, I finally realized. When Vanderbilt was in town ([Cornelius] Neil Vanderbilt), he camped there most of the time until he bought his own home. We all knew him very well, and he was very good to all of us kids. And he used to invite us to his New Year's parties, which were over in Sam Platt's house across from B. D. Billinghurst school.

We met all kinds of people from all over the world at the Bartlett's. And we gradually became aware that there were places other than Reno. And many of these people had teenagers of their own. They were anxious to have them meet Reno kids, so they wouldn't be so lonely during the divorce session so far from home. And I remember when Vanderbilt was going with Mary Wier Logan who I think was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, absolutely striking. It impressed even us kids to no end. I think he later married her. She had a younger sister, who was a real nice kid (not nearly as good-looking as her older sister) who we all dated. But it was a real tribulation

because she had to have a bodyguard. And Wier Steel, I think, is the family connection. But there were enough other kids, so we always went as a group, so it wasn't as bad as it might have been. And I'm sure that when she did date, that they were pretty sure to be careful that it was with a group.

I met Peter Arno, but I don't remember what he looked like. And a lot of other characters, who we knew were important in New York or someplace back East. It didn't register too sharply on us. There was always a countess or two, some of them legitimate and some of 'em American gals who'd married some guy for a title, and were getting rid of 'em. And we saw a lot more of this when we went to college, but quite a bit of it when we were in high school.

Judgie Bartlett was a little man in size, but he was a sensitive, intelligent person. He was a member of the Wingfield political organization. And anyone who held any kind of a public office in Reno in those days had to be a member of the Wingfield organization. The judges, the supreme court judges, the chief of police, the sheriff, the attorney general, the state government, the works. And he was the district judge here in Reno. He was a very pleasant guy. He had three strikingly beautiful daughters and a son. I never knew what happened to the son, Don Bartlett. He walked out of the family, left it, never came back, never corresponded, when he was perhaps in his late teens or early twenties; and lived with some family in Texas or Louisiana. And they never spoke about him. He was a brother. But he had nothing to do with his family.

The judge was famous as a divorce judge in Reno. He was very colorful. His comments from the bench made good copy in the eastern newspapers. He was famous, I guess in New York. He was finally defeated as judge

when Ralph Ellsman, who had the Ellsman ranch out in Washoe Valley— beautiful home, southwest corner of the valley, got a divorce. Ellsman owned a water company in San Mateo, and I don't know how much property in San Francisco peninsula and in San Francisco. Ellsman had a lovely young wife. And they had a young child. And they had a divorce. Caples did a beautiful portrait, I remember, of Ellsman's wife and child. Bartlett gave custody of that child to Ellsman, and not the mother. And women in Reno were outraged. And despite all the efforts that Wingfield went to to save him, they voted Bartlett out of office. That was in later years. But Ellsman was a good friend of the Bartletts. He was a good friend of many people in Reno. I don't know any of the facts of the case except that politically, it was very unpopular. Judge Bartlett wrote a book called, *Men, Women and Marriage*, or somethin' like that on divorce, based on his divorce experiences. He was involved in some water litigation. Had a number of cases on the Humboldt River in his court, which he had serious trouble with.

He married Pearl Gates. Bartlett, I'm sure you know, was a congressman at one time, and I don't know what other political office he held. Pearl Gates was known as "Pearly" Gates and she was a very hospitable sort of a person. I think I mentioned when I was about sixteen in high school, and would come to the Bartlett home to pick up my date to go somewhere, and I was dating Jean Bartlett in high school. Mrs. Bartlett would meet me at the door and say, "Well, goddamnit dearie, come on in and have a drink!" And we'd go in and they'd have all these bottles on the mantel. And actually, they were bottles with labels for good scotch, and good bourbon, and the best gin, and—but they were filled with the most horrible bootleg booze you

ever saw! But anything that had alcohol in it was acceptable, of course, during Prohibition.

But Pearl Gates and Judge used to fight—well, you should talk to John Belford sometime, who lived next door to 'em. And apparently they were always fighting over money and the judge was having a hard time making ends meet. They didn't pay judges very well. The family did a lot of entertaining. I think they were always broke, and so they were always fighting out in the backyard over money. And all the homes around were included in it.

The daughters, as I said, were beautiful. I remember my father telling a story that Judge Bartlett had told him. That he came back from the Elks Club one night, and he tiptoed in and kissed one of the girls goodnight, (and I guess it was Jean) . And Jean said, "Who is it?"

And he said, "Santa Claus."

And she said, "Santa Claus, you smell just like Daddy."

Montie Bartlett and Dottie Bartlett were a couple of characters. Montie was interested in aviation and aviators, and did a lot of flying. I understand she flew coast to coast at one time, establishing some kind of a record with some kind of a pilot, but I can't tell you any of the details. And Dottie used to spend some time talking to all the kids who used to hang out there—sort of a meeting place for all the teenagers in town. And it was through the Bartletts that I first became acquainted with Bob Caples. And I think I mentioned to you that Caples did the series of illustrations for the student magazine, *Desert Wolf*, which I edited. And we used to paint at Pyramid occasionally.

There was a great wealth in Reno during the twenties, from several standpoints. Divorcees who were here, they stayed six months, they brought big cars—some of 'em were big European cars. frequently, there

would be the girl who came out to get the divorce, a nursemaid, and a couple of small children, and a combination bodyguard and driver who would handle the car. And they would lease a house for six months, and wage a running feud with the newspapers. We had several full-size press bureaus here. Although it was a tiny town, the names were so big that Reno had a full-time staff from Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, and some of the newsreel companies even had stringers here with newsreel cameras.

I didn't know the Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks group at all. We read about it in the papers and that's about as close as we came to that one.

Clare Luce who was Clare Brokaw, went to Carson city and my wife knew her slightly when she was staying there. But I think that she kept pretty much out of Reno and kept pretty much out of sight. And I think her book *The Women*, came out of that experience at a local dude ranch.

When we were talking about Reno, in the twenties, there was a character here, Dr. LaRue Robinson, who was an eye, ear, nose and throat man. Well, Robinson, like all doctors was on every sucker list for every stock salesman that came to town. And he finally had a lot of this goin' on, and he was a great practical joker. So he worked up a method of handling it. And when a salesman would come in selling oil stock or something else, why, Robinson would be heavily interested and highly enthusiastic, and then he'd say, "Well, I'm a little short on cash right now, but I have some securities in a wonderful thing that I could trade you." And then he would bring out a prospectus with charts, and research, and everything else on operating a "whale dairy off of Monterey Bay." And he had studies on the butterfat content

of whale milk, and growth patterns on young whales—how much weight they put on—and how much milk they gave, and usually about this time the salesman had vanished out the door. But he had a complete and apparently pretty well-researched proposal, and a lot of fun.

We started skiing when we were in the Boy Scouts, Troop One, and then also in high school. Our scout troop used to take the train to Truckee and ski south of Truckee. There were no lifts, or tows, or anything of that kind. There were a group of us who had skis, and usually a Model T, and we'd drive up to the foot of Mount Rose. The general area of Mount Rose Lodge [was] as far as you'd go with a car. We'd get out with backpack and skis, and we'd hike in. I'm not sure of the exact area, but it had to be near Grass Lake, which is now Sky Tavern. And we built most of a log cabin—that was a project—and we'd go on weekends. It'd take us a half a day to pack in in the deep snow, just beating our way in there. And then we'd spend the day choppin' down trees and snakin' them over to the log cabin, notching them, and lifting them up. After a winter of this stuff, we got the four walls of the cabin, maybe about four feet high—was about as far as we ever got. We never did finish it. But I heard many years later about the "French Canadian trapper's cabin up near Grass Lake." We'd camp overnight, and then we'd learn something about winter survival in the process. Then we'd ski out Sunday afternoon. It'd take us about thirty minutes to get back down to the car. Those were the days when you didn't have steel edges on your skis when you didn't have sophisticated binding, but skis with toe straps only. And you did a lot of climbing, herringbone style and sidestepping. It was enjoyable, but it was sure primitive, and it was rough work.

Occasionally, while I was in high school, somebody would decide that I oughta be in the hands of a doctor who was a heart specialist. And so we'd spend a month or so in southern California, or maybe San Diego, where my aunt lived and my uncle lived. And these guys did their best, but I think they really didn't know a hell of a lot. I'd meet one doctor who'd let me play ball, and I'd see another doctor who wouldn't even let me play tennis. And this mix-up continued for a good many years. And then came the summer before I went to college. (I had to be seventeen that summer.) I spent it in San Diego with my grandmother and aunt. And I was pretty lonesome. I didn't know too many kids my own age, and so I took the allowance I had, and went to art school, the San Diego Academy of Fine Arts, which turned out to be a worthwhile summer, because this little two-bit art school which was in Balboa Park, had an extremely good faculty in the summer months, because the illustrators around the country used to come out and paint the birds and animals in the tremendous San Diego zoo. Those were the days when, if you advertised an automobile, it was very fashionable to show the automobile in a setting of exotic trees and plants, and bushes, and animals, and wildly colored birds. And so the top commercial artists would come Out to work in that zoo, and they'd teach a course or two at this little art school. So it blended into some excellent quality talent during the summer.

My aunt and grandmother lived in San Diego and my aunt, Nell Cave, taught piano. I also got to meet a friend of my aunt's who was the president of the San Diego Yacht Club, which was headquartered in Coronado. And he had about half a dozen kids my age who I got to know, and if we'd come over and polish the brass, and sand down the teakwood and other hardwood, and work for all week

putting his sloop in shape, we could go out and crew for him on the blue water races off Point Loma. And that was absolutely out of this world! It's not sailing like we have around here—it's blue water sailing, and a bigger boat. And those were the days when the sails were real canvas, and real rope (and nylon hadn't been invented, and plastic hulls hadn't been invented). And we got a taste of real sailing, and for a desert kid, this was an absolutely marvelous experience.

I had another tremendous advantage that summer. I learned to dance the Charleston at San Diego Yacht Club, at some of their parties. And when I came back to enter school (University of Nevada, Reno) , I entered as a freshman, and all of the kids I'd gone to high school with were rushed Sigma Nu. I was the only one on the entire University campus who could Charleston. This gave me a tremendous one-upmanship for an incoming frosh, and did me no end of good in all kinds of places. 'Course everybody else learned pretty quick, too, but for a few weeks there, I was really running ahead.

COLLEGE DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Registration was fun at University. Sigma Nu house assigned a sophomore to each of us incoming frosh to shepherd us through registration, and as we went through registration, I knew more faculty than my guide did, because I'd grown up with 'em as a kid. And the faculty guys had some fun with it. Margaret Hartman, who was the daughter of the head of the Physics department, didn't know where to fill out the forms on how much education her parents had, and said, "Where do you check it, if your father and mother both have Ph.D's?" This really tickled the faculty people. They were all giggling about it.

And the University of Nevada was a wonderful place. All freshmen had to have an activity. And because I'd been editor of my yearbook in high school, the Sigma Nu house decided I had to work on the *Sagebrush*, the school newspaper. And this again was a very lucky thing, because when I went over to *Sagebrush*, the editor who was older than most students (his name was Harve Buntin)—Buntin had actually worked on a

real live newspaper before he was editor of the *'brush*, and in 1925 he brought a lot of sophistication to the *Sagebrush* that it hadn't had. We had a Hearst makeup that early. Buntin had worked part-time as a stringer for International News Service in Reno. Reno was probably the smallest town in the world with a full-time—three full-time wire service bureaus—Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service, because of the big name divorcees who came here.

Buntin was a stringer for INS and it was not unusual for him to put on a white apron and a pair of coveralls, with a basket, and some loaves of bread, and cover 'em with a napkin and knock at the door of an apartment where a DuPont here for divorce, or somebody else, was staying, and say he was there to make a delivery. And they'd explain to him that he had the wrong place, and he'd step back and pull out an old Speed Graphic, which is a camera about eight inches square, and steal a couple of real fast exposures before they [had] brains enough to close the door. And that'd be on page one of the *New York News* or

something else right now! And this was how Buntin was working his way through school.

Well, he was the editor, and he was a hard taskmaster and a good one. I got a concentrated course, as we all did, in rewrite and news values and the structures of a story, without ever having been near a journalism class. If we had a school play at Campus Players, he'd send somebody over to interview the female star, who was a much older person—probably even a junior! And we'd interview 'em deadpan and in complete seriousness on the world situation, and arts on the campus level and all kinds of sophisticated subjects. And to us, it was big stuff!

We had all the usual things that happened at Nevada in those days. I remember all the freshmen were sent to set up the chairs for stag night in the old gym, and I guess all the pledges from all the fraternities were piling chairs, straightening 'em out, and in the course of this thing why, one of the senior students (Walter Cox) with a senior sombrero and everything, showed up. And there was no question but what he was drunk, right on the campus!

And he got in a pushing contest that turned into a fight with Ray Hendrickson, who was one of the seniors from the Sigma Nu house. Cox was an ATO. And finally they pulled them apart. We were all shocked that Cox would be drunk on the campus, pickin' a fight, and there were faculty members—we didn't know how they didn't happen to see this thing. Of course, we all went back to each fraternity house and by dinner time that night everybody on the campus knew that there'd been a fight between Cox and Hendrickson. (I think Hendrickson maybe is retired now, but he was an engineer. His brother, also a UN student, Earl Hendrickson was described in *Time* magazine as one of the nationally

outstanding gynecologists in Los Angeles, oh, ten, or fifteen years ago. Brilliant guy.)

Anyway, that night we were all there and the boxing matches were going on and we had a big crowd, and the air was blue with cigarette smoke, and the gym was packed from one wall to the other. There was a wild whoop and we look up on the balcony—at the far balcony and here's Cox, and he's so drunk he could hardly stand up. And he's got a half empty jug of whiskey, and he's got a gun! And so he staggered up to the railing, and he said, "Hendrickson, you son of a bitch, I'm really goin' to get you now." And he came down with this great big gun, and Hendrickson had been refereeing a boxing match, and so he was out alone in the middle of the ring. Somebody pulled the switch on the lights. Everything was dark except the blazing gun. And the next issue of the *Artemisia* had a double spread photo, and the headlines said, "Girls, pick your hero;" and here's every guy in the student body jumping under a chair to take cover! It was a gag, which we all bought, including the faculty and everybody else. And you know Walter Cox and the Yerington paper, which he now publishes. He was doing practical jokes even then.

There were several interesting people on the faculty. One of the outstanding members of faculty in the opinion of the students was Charles Haseman, math instructor, who was much broader in his interests than just math. He was concerned with the entire University, and the student body, and the state as a whole, and did a great deal to bridge the gap between town and gown. He was respected in the community and statewide as much as he was on campus. He had an independent glee club, which he organized, which sang at many occasions, and was quite good. I know, on several occasions, they were invited to

sing on radio network broadcasts originating in major stations at San Francisco.

Coffee Dan's, which used to be a great hangout in San Francisco for all kinds of people, and particularly students, used to have a host or an entertainer. When people'd come in, he'd make wisecrack remarks. One night the story goes—I was not there that particular evening— but fresh from their radio broadcast, the University of Nevada glee club came into Coffee Dan's, and the greeter said over his loud speaker, "And who have we coming in here in such a large group?"

And somebody said, "Oh, we're students from the University of Nevada up in Reno."

And he said, "Well, if you're from Nevada, why don't you sing one of your school songs?" And to everybody's amazement they hit one with all the arrangements and all the different parts. The audience had no idea they were a glee club. They were a tremendous hit. And they made them sing again and again down there. So they had a lot of fun with it.

Haseman was reputed to be a terribly difficult taskmaster in his courses—the stories about how tough he was— were a legend. Through a mistake in planning my own course of studies, my last semester in school as a graduating senior, we discovered that I was deficient in one semester credit in either math or science. And I couldn't get a science in. And in fear and trembling, I took the only course available, an advanced college algebra class from Haseman!

I had had a very difficult time with high school algebra. To my surprise, with Haseman, it was not hard at all! He was a great teacher, and he made it so clear that you really understood. You grasped it and you had a complete understanding. He had a terrific temper, though. And if he had about three students in a row who missed an easy answer, he'd throw one of his big erasers out

the window, and chase the class out, and dismiss 'em for the day, and give them all a zero! And it was a little tense sometimes if you had two or three people who couldn't answer something.

"Geology Jones," Professor [J. Claude] Jones in the school of mines was very close to students, and very likable, and understood their problems. He used to come down to the Sigma Nu house one night a week and just have a bull session with us students; answering our questions, and encouraging us to give with our ideas. And it was a very healthy exchange.

Other faculty members who were close to students included Doc Martie in P.E., who worked hard at being a rough, tough character, but really was a soft touch when you got to know him. And of course, there were others much too numerous to mention.

I knew most of the faculty. And of course, having been a faculty brat, I had a somewhat different relationship with 'em because I had known 'em since I was a small child. And there was very little faculty turnover on the campus. People came and stayed for perhaps a lifetime. It was really a pleasant thing from my standpoint. We had a registrar called Louisa M. Sissa, who had one of those total recall photographic memories. And you could come in aged ten with an older brother when he registered, and come back ten years later yourself to enter school and she'd call you by name, and ask how your parents were and call 'em by name, and knew what your home town was, and it was almost spooky! She also took kind of a motherly interest in the kids. And in a small student body that size, she kinda knew who was in trouble and who wasn't. She was a good person.

We had some eccentrics on the faculty. Our most famous probably was Professor [Silas C.] Feemster in the Political Science department. But Feemster was an excellent

teacher. He used to raise goats, and he used to do all kinds of odd things which caused all kinds of comment, both on the faculty and in the student body, and “downtown,” but Feemster knew, and knew his stuff well. I had only one course and I needed an easy credit. But I found out that he made it quite fascinating.

My wife took a number of courses from him, and she had a history major from Mills College. And to this day, she doesn’t understand how Feemster did it. He had memorized all the documents leading into World War I. He was an authority on it. He knew it frontwards and backwards, could speak from memory for a full hour just quoting certain documents that were exchanged as Europe drifted into that war.

Ed [Edwin] Duerr was a very young instructor in the English department. The English department was headed by H. [Herbert] W. Hill. But A. [Albert] E. Hill was the one I had the most contact with. I had a major in English lit. And I’d done a lot of outside reading in English literature when I had ill health as a small child. So it gave me a pretty good basis on which to build, and made the courses easy and enjoyable. But Hill was the kind of an instructor who made you do outside reading just because it challenged you to the point where you had to do something.

One of the slickest operators I had on the faculty— and that’s in a good sense— was Dr. [James R.] Young, over in the Psych department. I had a minor in psychology. And Dan McKnight, who was a very good friend of mine (we had terrible rivalry between the SAEs and the Sigma Nus politically. And Dan was the equivalent of president as Eminent Commander in the Sigma Nus, our senior years; and we were the closest of friends.) We both decided that Young “didn’t know very much in psychology.” And so we

knew Dr. [George R.] Smith who was the head of the state mental hospital, and so we got so we were going out there once a week; and going over the records of patients, and interviewing patients, and staff members of the mental hospital. So we could come back to our abnormal psych course the next week and “show up the prof.” And it wasn’t until I’d been out of school about two years ’til I realized that Young must have known all about this, and he was deliberately eggin’ us on. But he was doing it so well that we never caught on! We never quite showed him up. But he got four or five times the amount of work out of us in the course than we would have normally put into it.

Back to Duerr. Duerr was an extraordinary guy. A little, tiny guy, a very young guy, rather effeminate. But a genius on getting students to perform in student level dramatics. In my opinion, his courses were very tough. I took a series of courses under him, as part of my major. And one course we had to write an original one-act play, produce it, and direct it, and stage it. I was anything but successful, but I got passing grade. But the enjoyment I got from Duerr was the fact that he brought us the newest, most controversial new plays from Broadway. And we would study them and analyze ’em, and read the reviews, and subscribe to New York theatrical magazines.

My chief interest was in the design of settings for plays, and planning the lighting. We had to even build our own lights. I made one set (scenery) that was published in *Theatre Arts* monthly magazine. And he had a number of his student productions reviewed. He wasn’t afraid to tackle anything. We had a steady diet of Eugene O’Neill. Evelyn Anderson [Brussard], who’s in town here, had an extraordinary amount of talent for a kid. I thought then, and I still do, that she could have been a successful professional. But here’s

a kid nineteen years old, in the title role of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, and I think really carrying it off! I would write the whole thing off as just a bunch of student dramatics, in which we impressed each other, except for the fact that we would stage full, three-act plays in the Granada Theater downtown, and draw eighteen hundred Reno people, two nights running from the townspeople. So I think that Duerr and the student group he got around him were really delivering some pretty high class stuff. I think there was—I only sense this, I don't know it—a lot of rivalry about Duerr in the English department, because he was about ten years more current than anyone else. And he brought his classes up to date in what was happening, particularly in dramatics, but also in serious literature.

He had a number of things in which he was vulnerable, including the fact that he liked to go out and drink with the students who were not too far from his own age. I remember we took a play around the state one time in a bus. And we students put him to bed in two or three different communities. And I think it was Ely where we carried him through the hotel lobby. But he was a great guy. And he understood kids. And when they finally got to him, and got rid of him, cut him off the faculty, he went back to New York and got a job that paid almost as much as the president of the Nevada University with NBC network. I haven't seen him or corresponded with him. But I understand he was in Reno within the last few years, briefly, and had made quite a success in New York. A remarkable guy in many respects.

There were others on the faculty, but those are the ones that seem to stand out. I had a lot of pleasant relationships with almost all of 'em.

As far as students go, of course, much of it to start with, was in my own fraternity, and the group of kids that I palled around with in

high school. We all went Sigma Nu in a bunch. We met Jake Lawlor at that time. And Jake had come in from Iowa. His older brother, Mike, was about a year ahead of us. And Jake has always been a great guy, and an interesting character with a lot of substance to him.

I don't know what I can add; except that Jake was a great influence in the house on incoming freshmen, as long as he was there. He could work with younger people, and work with kids when he became coach. And like many of us who got out of school in the depths of the Depression, most of those who were active in college athletics went right on into coaching, and taught grammar school, high school, junior high school, two or three courses, and coached in addition. I guess everybody was on a team. And we had a strong athletic participation in our house.

Actually, Sigma Nu was pretty strong at that time. In many respects strong enough so that politically, they were usually fighting a coalition of other houses. And Si [Silas E.] Ross, chairman of the Board of Regents, used to come down and coach the SAEs. We didn't have anybody who would coach us politically. Consequently, we had an awful lot of people who didn't get elected. But I think we probably had our share, and we sure weren't hurt. I know I ran for student body and the ATOs who promised to back us entered one of their members who split our votes, and resulted in the election of an SAE (Carol Ross)! But strangely we all continued to be friends.

I think that looking back on it, that fraternities are a tremendous help to a lot of students in the first year or two, making that adjustment to college life. And with somebody to stand over 'em and shape 'em up, they can be an excellent influence. But I also think they tend to be very narrowing when you become an upper classman. As I reached the end of my junior year, and of course my

senior year—I was still another year ahead, having been out a year—I began to make friends in other houses. And as I mentioned, Dan McKnight, I also made some other very close and lasting ties finally, fortunately in other houses before I got out of school.

McKnight died tragically. Three of us had dates right after graduation—week after graduation—to go to the Lake Tahoe. And one of the three of us was going to another school. And McKnight rode with him in his mother’s car which was a big Lincoln. And I was dating the girl that I married (Ina Winters—about three years later), and she lived on the home ranch on the outskirts of Carson City. So her mother insisted that she come home early. And after we went to the different resorts around Tahoe for dancing, Ina and I left the others, and came down direct to Carson City. I took her to her home there and then drove to Reno. The other two couples went down to Truckee, apparently stopped in a speakeasy and had a couple of drinks. And coming down on old Highway Forty, on the bend of the Truckee River, oh, about a mile west of Boca— they hit the bridge abutment doing about eighty miles an hour, killed McKnight, and killed Peggy Johnstone, and crippled the other girl for life—I can’t remember her name. And the boy who was driving the car, as so often happens, wasn’t scratched. And of course, we were very fortunate we weren’t in that car.

Used to be quite a thing for students at the University to go out to the Willows; and if you could get in, why, it was a great distinction. And I knew the people at the Willows. And some of the gals that I dated had parents who knew people at the Willows. And so I had been pretty lucky in getting in. And they were remarkably tolerant of University kids, who never had any money. And we’d buy a drink and dance to their music, and have a wonderful time.

One night, I think it was Harry Frost, and a number of Phi Sigs, came in after a football game. And they’d been drinking a little too much, and they got in a fight in the Willows and got thrown out. This upset the Willows management no end. And they said, “No more University students.” And they closed us out, and none of us could get in. It had been a pretty rough fight. I think Harry Frost had two or three broken ribs. And [Herold] “Nig” Newton had a broken nose. But they also worked over the bouncers at the Willows pretty hard, too, so it was a real rough and tumble.

So the evening of graduation, McKnight and I decided we’d try to go out to Willows. So we went with dates and the man on the door, Matt Dromiack, had known us two or three years at least, said, “You know University students can’t come in here.”

And we said, “You’re absolutely right, but we’re not university students!” And we had our diplomas and showed him, and said, “We’re students no longer.”

He said, “That’s absolutely great,” and let us in and bought us a round of drinks. A great triumph! So they were surprisingly nice to kids. I really haven’t any idea why; kids were nothing but trouble.

But the Willows was a fabulous place, and all the interesting divorcees in town, and all the divorcees’ lawyers, and many of the townspeople would go there regularly. There’s been nothing that had quite the atmosphere since. It was on the old Rick DeBernardi ranch on South Verdi Road. There’s still a couple of concrete gates—concrete posts—that supported gates that are standing. You can locate it, but there’s nothing else there. And George Wingfield, Jr. later built a home on part of the property.

Other interesting students—[Robert] Merriman. Merriman was, I think, a year

behind me in school, in the Sigma Nu house. And he was dating Marion Stone, who he married later. And he was just another sophomore student in my book, who was interested in the usual student activities and carried the usual course of study. And I can't even remember what he took, except a lot of ROTC. Seems to me it might have been engineering, but I'm not sure. But I can't recall anything distinctive about him. Merriman was bright and it was only 'til after I'd been out of school a few years that I found out he had a major in ROTC, was I think a Cadet Lieutenant Colonel—maybe a higher grade eventually as the Cadet Battalion Commander. I learned later that he had been the commander of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Revolution. A number of times I have been questioned about him by officers who were in Reno from the Presidio on one thing or another. And they'd say, "Oh, by the way you were in school with Merriman." And ask me about him. And I really was a disappointment to 'em, because as you can see, I had not enough about him to describe really, what kind of person he was. It was much later, in fact twenty years perhaps, that I learned that Merriman was a good friend of Hemingway's and was the character on which Hemingway based his hero in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In fact, I read *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and never saw the connection. And it was even more remote when they made a movie out of it.

Other interesting students? I don't know. There were a number of them. There were a number of older fellows in the Sigma Nu house who were Federal Board men, which meant they had been in World War I and were like our G.I. Bill of Rights, were attending school. Many of 'em were in engineering and in mining engineering. We had many engineering students—in fact, the Mackay

School of Mines was an extremely good school.

They used to say that you had a job by the time you finished your junior year. And I think probably it was pretty close to being true. They lost their Mackay endowments during the Depression when the Clarence Mackay family took such a terrible beating in the stock market and lost everything.

There were a great many interesting students, particularly in Coffin and Keys, and Publications Board. Many of the people on Publications Board at that time went on to serious activity in the field of news media, or in writing. Dan Senseney was an *Artemisia* editor, became a successful writer on the east coast. Thor Smith, who was editor of the *Artemisia* became a vice president of the Hearst organization and a very high executive in the American Weekly magazine, which was Hearst-owned, of course.

I can't remember in the *Artemisia* or the 'brush or the *Desert Wolf* who—on the editorial side—who did not go into careers, related to serious journalism in one form or another. And I know that during the 1940s, a preponderance of agencies, advertising agencies, which were members of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, listed as one of their criteria for selecting student trainees, the fact that they had been an editor of a student publication in college. And I think it's not a bad thing to have, it's not all conclusive, but has certainly a marked bearing.

There wasn't much that was too exciting. Fred Siebert was editor of the *Desert Wolf*. A brilliant guy. I worked on the *Desert Wolf* and got on the staff, as well as the 'brush. Siebert graduated, was a Rhodes scholar, and went to Oxford, and became very sophisticated, and wrote a book. Can't remember the title of the book, but it just shocked the hell

out of everybody in Reno, including all the faculty, and later he died with—I think it was cerebral meningitis, on a ship, I think maybe coming home. And everybody then assumed that Fred really wasn't completely okay—he probably had this disease, you know, for quite a long time. He had all kinds of things which would be very tame in a book today, but it was very shocking then. I think the hero and the heroine shacked up, and oh, it was a terrible thing for anybody in Reno to write a book like that. Fred was a brilliant guy, and understood freshmen, and I think a bit ahead of his time. I admired him very much. Had a brilliant future.

Thor Smith was editor of the *Artemisia*. And Thor made me the “joke editor” of the *Artemisia* and I couldn't think of anything new to do. Finally, I made the *Artemisia* joke section a burlesque of the regular book with its own “graduating seniors,” and “athletic section,” and “imaginary organizations,” and a scenic section mocking those beautiful campus pictures in the yearbook.

I had a photographer go around, and we had an oil sump, and we photographed garbage cans, and all the trashy backyard of the campus everybody pretended wasn't there. It was our scenic section. And it got Thor in trouble; I mean in trouble with the Board of Regents! It got him in trouble with the administration. For some reason, they didn't bother me. It seems he was supposed to know better. And they just raised hell, because people around the state would see this thing, and it didn't show the University in a very good light.

I finally wound up as editor of the *Desert Wolf*, the student humor magazine, in my junior year. Student publications were completely independent of the University in those days, and they were run by a Publications Board, which consisted of editors

and business managers of the Yearbook, the *Sagebrush*, the *Desert Wolf*. And we had a very powerful organization.

We were all members of Coffin and Keys, which was the men's honorary secret society. Had a very mysterious and highly secret initiation. There were two or three faculty members that we liked that were members, including Haseman, who was an absolutely wonderful guy. And Geology Jones, and Doc Martie, and a couple of others. And of course, we realized later this was the way the University administration kept control of the student body. The captains of the athletic teams, the editorial management, publication people, other students who were upperclassmen, who were in positions of authority in the student body, were elected to Coffin and Keys.

We had Coffin and Keys running initiation, which was a burlesque. Our initiation was the “Fall of Troy.” I was Ulysses. The long, black ships were a bunch of canoes. Helen of Troy was Don Budge with a long blonde wig. And Troy was in front of Manzanita Hall, I think. The whole student body came out there to see the Trojan War. And it kind of fell apart when about half of the Greek ships got—everybody was so plastered they couldn't find the way across the lake, and they got lost up at the north end. And also it started to snow! And that might have had something to do with it. Anyway, it was very important being a member of Coffin and Keys in those days.

The Publications Board, used to meet regularly. There was more drinking, of course, in college than there had been in high school. And there'd been plenty in high school. And Doctor [Margaret] Mack, the dean of women, knew that there was drinking going on at the Publications Board functions. And we had meetings once a month, usually at “Dago Mary's.” Dago Mary was a little, old Italian gal

who made wonderful ravioli, and had a good Dago red wine. And our meetings originally were all at “Dago Mary’s” which was over somewhere on California Avenue, not far from where the cleaning shop is now, near the Ponderosa. Sometimes we’d have parties and take dates, but usually it was just the board itself.

And the spring of 1930—I’m getting ahead of myself, but I think it ties to this—she [Mack] was so close to catching us that we reverted to almost a James Bond-type operation. I’d get a phone call about four o’clock in the afternoon, and a voice would say, “We’re going to have our meeting tonight at the Toscano at six o’clock.” I would then be near the Sigma Nu house telephone at about five thirty, quarter to six—I’d get a call—no names, no nothin’ and he’d say, “It’s in Sparks” at such-and-such a place. We’d meet in Sparks and the Toscano’d be raided by the police! She was getting closer and closer, and closer, but she never quite got us. And it got to be so much fun for us that sometimes we’d even have three places that we’d go to. And it was a real rugged thing, because in those days you’d get kicked out of school, if you got caught.

Anyway, junior year was filled with this kind of stuff. And then at the end of the junior year, my mother wanted to— my mother wrote and sold articles to magazines. She wrote and sold one novel, but she published quite a bit under several handicaps, with a family to raise, and all the other stuff. And she had some contacts with the movie industry and she felt that if she could spend some time down there, that she might be able to crack that market. And so my “poor, suffering father” agreed. And so she took us three boys, and we all went down to Santa Monica.

Our landlady turned out to be a retired intelligence agent for the United States Army in World War I! A wonderful old gal who was surrounded with mystery, who would

never tell us anything, except that she had served. But it was necessary that I find a job, and also that my brother Fritz, who was in high school, find a job. I guess maybe he was in first year college. Anyway, our mysterious landlady knew somebody on the *Santa Monica Outlook*. And there was a real estate convention in town—California state real estate association—and the *Outlook* was kinda looking around for somebody to cover that convention. They didn’t have the manpower. And so she told me about it. I went down and applied for the job, and I got it!

On assignment I went over to the old Miramar Hotel. For a week, I covered all the sessions of the California state real estate annual convention. And it was a pretty dull convention. One day to liven it up (I realized later), one of the officers got up and introduced a resolution that the association memorialize the California legislature and the U.S. Congress to split California in half, and split Nevada in half, and that southern California and southern Nevada would be known as “California” (needless to say, he was from Los Angeles), and northern California and northern Nevada would be known as “Nevada.”

I had brains enough to go to the phone and phone the story in to the news room, which not only hit our paper on page one, but hit the wire services, and made a cute story all over California! Complete tongue-in-cheek deal, but nothing else was goin’ on at the time. So that and a few other lucky things made the guys at the *Outlook* decide to give me a regular full-time job as a reporter.

So I worked as a reporter. My first beat was the amusement zone, the Speedway, it was called. It was a little alley, ran through Venice and Ocean Park, and part of Santa Monica. And there were all the cotton candy, popcorn, cracker jack, freak shows, snake dancers, fat

men, fat women, and living skeletons, all through this area. And there were little slow trains—almost like toy cars—that you could sit on, that went slowly up and down the middle of this alley called the Speedway if you wanted to go from one place to another. And there were the big piers that reached out. Most of 'em had a ballroom on the end, like the Santa Monica pier, and the Ocean Park pier, and the Venice pier. And the Venice, I think it was Venice and Ocean Park, had tremendous roller coasters, and this was heaven for a kid my age. I had a pass for everything!

I got to know all the freaks. I remember Schnitzky the Pinhead, who used to pick up quite a little money in the movies. She was black as the ace of spades, and whether her head had been bent out of shape in Africa as a child or not, or whether it was a natural malformation, I don't know. She wasn't dumb or anything, but she pretended to be, in the moving pictures that I saw her in.

And I knew James Lick, and sometimes I used to get to shoot his .22 pistol with him at targets out on the end of Lick Pier. And it was just a wonderful, exciting experience.

Well, I covered the amusement zone without any difficulty, thanks to the experience I had with Harve Buntin as an editor. And so then I gradually got promoted. I didn't get any more money, but I got more titles.

I became real estate editor, and I'd go up to Pacific Palisades and cover all the new subdivisions. The Hollywood Riviera, which was being developed at that time—the promoters had spent a year or so on the Italian and French Riviera and come back, and they named all the streets for the famous boulevards on the Riviera, the Ainalfi Drive, and some of the others I can't remember. It was a very high-class promotion. They built the entire community, civic center—all the buildings before starting selling. They paved

all the streets. They put in all the curbs and gutters and sidewalks, street lights, underground utilities in those days. Only then did they bring the people out in buses. They served luncheon with all kinds of very finest foods and service, catered right out under the trees. And then would take these people through and sell them lots. And they sold that entire Riviera subdivision just before the 1929 crash! They got out intact, probably was one of the last big real estate developments in the entire country to make it. They were good people to get along with. And they did a lot of things that made news all the time. And I had a lot of fun reporting it, interviewing the people who they had there.

The men who wrote sports sometimes, if it was a particularly poor fight, they'd let me go cover it. And I did get sane passes to some of the sports events. And then when it began—polo season began to get active over on the Riviera and the Uplifters Club. They (the sports editor and the department) didn't want to ruin a good Sunday afternoon, so I was an eager enough beaver to go over and cover polo. And so I did. And I got to meet a lot of movie people—Will Rogers and his family; and they used to have family pickup polo games. I saw Hitchcock play one time, who I think was rated ten goals—one of the best in the world and some of the others. And I enjoyed the people who came out west—the big names from the New York stage plays. And the Ziegfeld girls and other people who would be out trying to become noticed and get movie contracts.

And through some of the contacts there, I used to get press passes to go down to Graumann's Chinese for the big movie openings. I got to see Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Mary Pickford open in "Rosarita." And those were "earthshaking events" in those days. There was just absolutely nothing going

on anywhere in the world as important as an opening at Graumann's Chinese!

This all had to come to an end when I had to go back to school. Just before going back, one of the men in the city room got a job as city editor of the *China Press* in Shanghai, and was allowed to pick three or four people to bring with him, and he offered a job to me. And I tell you, it was a real traumatic experience. My family held me to my promise that I'd go back and finish school. But it really was a terrible disappointment because there wasn't anything as glamorous as Shanghai in those days, particularly for anyone my age. But they made me go back to school. (Jim [Hammond] was editor of the *Sagebrush*, and took the same job on the *China Press*, I believe, that I had offered to me when I was working on the *Santa Monica Outlook*. And Jim Hammond stayed in the Orient for about twenty-five years, and came back with some serious health problem, but is still prominent in publishing business in Bay Area; I think he's probably retired by now, but was there for about ten years after he came back.)

So my city editor, who was a hell of a nice guy, wrote me a letter. He said, "Well, how do you like working in newspapers?"

I said, "I guess that's what I really want to do." I'd thought of being an engineer, but math was too difficult for me. So, I'd given up being an engineer, and I'd thought seriously of joining the French Foreign Legion, but that didn't seem to work out very well. I listened to a number of people with more practical ideas for a career, but this newspaper reporting thing was really exciting. I'd covered, I don't know how many murders. I'd ridden with the fire department and the pulmotor squad on rescues on the pier. I know one time—one of the first times—I'd gone out with an ambulance on the pulmotor squad, and they fished a gal out of the ocean off the pier. I

drove back in the ambulance with her to the hospital. She'd tried to kill herself.

I wrote the story up and turned it into the city editor, and he said, "Now look! She didn't die, she's got"—I'll never forget it—"she has to adjust to all of her friends and family and associates. Gonna be a terribly difficult thing for her to stay alive, and this paper isn't gonna make it any tougher on her." He tore my story up [gestures] threw it in the waste basket. And it's the first time I began to look at people like maybe they were people I was writing about.

He really was a fine editor. Anyway, he wrote me a letter to the journalism department of the University of Nevada, suggesting that I'd reached the point where they could skip the introductory courses, that in his opinion, I should be given credit, and go into advanced courses. So when I came back to school, I signed up for journalism and Professor Higginbotham said, "Not in this school, you don't." And although Higgie used to put all my stories—not *all* my stories—but Higgie used to put student stories on the bulletin board for examples of how to treat a story and different angles you could develop, particularly on rewrite—he and I never saw quite eye to eye, and I never could get a very good grade out of him. And now I think he was really making me stretch myself, as I look back on it. But I really felt mistreated as hell at the time.

And our biggest, most furious fight was over the thing he did every year. It was to give you an assignment at Eastertime to cover the story of the Crucifixion of Christ. You're working on a Jerusalem daily newspaper. And so you'd cover the trial, execution, and the whole bit. Well, I did a little thinking about it and I turned my story in. I made him mad as hell! My story said, "A Jewish political agitator, claiming to be the son of God, was

executed along with two other petty criminals today.” End of story.

He said, “This is the greatest event in the history of the world! How can you?” Everybody was turning in big long stories with headline treatment, with sidebars, and the whole bit.

I said, “That goddamn Jerusalem was a Roman province. The newspapers were dominated by the Romans. Their news values were Roman values, not Judean. This guy Jesus had been ‘exposed’ as a charlatan by all the leaders of the Jewish community. Hell, he’d rank about where the petty oil stocks went today. He’s lucky to have his name in the paper!” Oh, that was the wrong thing! He didn’t flunk me [laughs] but the next thing to it. But I think today I’d do it the same way. Its news value at that time was minor. Today, sure—earthshaking!

Anyway, we had a lot of fun in journalism. Another thing I’m sure that didn’t endear me was, as students, we all got pretty simple stories to write and I’d been writing much more complicated ones for a living, so I didn’t have brains enough—as students we’d have a whole afternoon to do one story in a lab course. I’d walk across the street to my father’s office in the Aggie building, and borrow his secretary’s telephone, and call downtown and get my story on the phone. And then I’d borrow her typewriter, and I’d write the thing up and in five minutes, I’d be back with the story.

If I hadn’t moved that fast on the paper I’d worked on, I’d have been canned. But really, what I should have done was goof off for three hours and come back and turn the thing in and get a respectable grade.

And my stories were acceptable, but I just simply was too naive to know how to treat the situation. Higgie [Professor Higginbotham] and I became good friends, but it was after I

was out of the journalism department. ‘Cause I’m sure I was a real smart aleck and a real pain in those classes. I must’ve known everything there was to know already!

The last year in school (Of course, I was behind my own class a year; I graduated in ’30 instead of ’29), Prof Charlie Haseman came to me and said, “We think the school needs some publicity and we think there oughta be another organization, parallel to the Yearbook and the *Sagebrush*, as a news bureau for the school. And it’ll pay a small salary. The Board of Regents have okayed it, and if [you] want to, you can have the job as director of this, and organize it with students as a student activity.”

This really started me toward what became my lifetime profession—advertising and publicity. I jumped at it! And I set up—had about thirty students on it before I was through. I had one section of it which was radio broadcasting, and Reno had a radio station then. And we covered— I think we were among the first schools to cover football games with a radio broadcast play-by-play. And then we covered other campus events. Our radio people in our radio section went downtown and got some helpful training from station KOH to know how to do it, how to handle a microphone, and a few other things.

Then we covered all the student activities for the state press. And if a kid from Elko made the debate team, we’d have a story that he made the debate team and what it meant, and sent it “special” with photo to the Elko papers, and so on, throughout the state. We also covered all of the athletic events. We had a section for sports press on football, basketball, track, tennis, and so on—the minor sports. And we covered many faculty events as well.

We had the empty third floor of old Stewart Hall to ourselves as a big newsroom. The sororities sent freshmen girls as tryees.

They had to have a campus activity. I'd ask them to give us kids who knew how to type, who had maybe done a little work in high school typing. So we had a good-sized corps of typists. And we had a lot of fun with that thing. I made a fairly good salary for that time, although I'd been spoiled by the *Desert Wolf*—the previous year. But the publicity service, the news bureau, gave me some real experience which I cashed in on of course years later. And it was a very valuable thing to me, and the News Bureau continued for several years. And then, I don't know—a number of years later in the Depression, I understand, it fell apart. But it wasn't in school then.

On the *Desert Wolf* when I was editor, I was always in trouble because it was very popular to see just how dirty you could make the jokes and still not get in serious trouble. And the farther you could go, preferably by using campus slang the faculty didn't understand, then the bigger person you were among your peers. It was really considered daring and smart to pull off some really stupid jokes, or dirty cartoons, and get away with it. And most of the faculty had known me since I was a child, and they were sure not amused. A number of them gave me very serious heart-to-heart talks about this thing, which meant absolutely nothing to me at all at the time.

Also, we had a very, "very independent editorial policy," with "freedom of the press" and all that. And I had a date one time who just couldn't eat the food in the "gow house" [dining hall], and there were a lot of rumbles about food in the gow house, as I guess always has been and always will be. So I wrote an editorial that we needed a soup line in Morrill Hall, that students were starving because they couldn't eat the food in the dining hall. And Dean Mack who managed the student dining hall, gave my father hell! And I remember how

angry he was—not at me—but at her, because as he told her, he didn't have anything to say about it. And furthermore, he wasn't going to. And I guess that didn't go over too well.

Along with our exciting adventures with the Publications Board, I had a very able business manager by the name of Herb Jacobs on the *Desert Wolf*. Herb and I are still friends, although we haven't been in touch for three or four years now. Herb lived in Piedmont. He's Sigma Phi Sigma. The Sigma Phi Sigmas and Sigma Nus were always very close, very friendly.

We had advertising like you wouldn't believe in that little comic, college magazine. We had advertising from all the big four cigarette companies, who used big four-color process ads. I remember we cooked up a printing contract, and those printers were dumb enough to sign it that any section of the magazine which had color in it because of an ad, could have that same color for the editorial content. They're sections called "signatures;" they're groups of pages which fold in together and are printed simultaneously, folded and bound in. So I simply dummied the magazine so that I placed a four-color process ad on each signature, and so we had four colors throughout the entire magazine at no extra cost! And we used this for our ads and backup for our cartoons and our articles—. By the way, artist Bob Caples did a—for free—did me a portrait of a beautiful co-ed for each issue, which was the frontispiece, not the cover. Those things would be collector's items today—if we could find any copies anywhere. They were charcoal sketches every bit as good as this [Caples] Indian series on my office wall.

Walter Clark used to occasionally write a story for us but we didn't use them too often, because they were clean stories beautifully written. And always very, terribly sophisticated we thought. Anyhow we made money.

In a sense the student body and the administration had decreed what the salaries were for editors and business managers, if they made enough money, for all student publications. But they had never thought about expense accounts. And my business manager was—I can't remember whether he was president and I was vice-president or whether I was president and he was vice-president—anyway, we were both officers of the student Western Association of College Comic Magazines. This association included the editors and managers of the *California Pelicans*, the *Stanford Chaparral*, the *U.S.C. Trojan*, *Colorado Dodo*, I can't remember the names for Washington and Oregon, but they were in it, too. And when we all got enough money in the bank, we'd call a meeting of the executive committee of the association. We'd usually call it to be in San Francisco. And Herb and I, on our expense accounts, would take a case of bootleg gin, and half a case of oranges, and half a case of lemons, and a sack of sugar, and a case of soda water with siphons, and eggs, for making silver or golden fizzies; we'd load this and go in a drawing room on the best deluxe train between Reno and San Francisco. And we'd have a room at the St. Francis. We'd arrive on the ferryboat at the Ferry Building, and the other members of the executive committee, who usually were from nearby Cal and Stanford, would meet us at the Ferry Building, and take us to the hotel, and they'd have dates for us, and then we'd go out on the town, and make all the speakeasies up on Russian Hill, and all the new places that a generation later were called "in" places in San Francisco.

We'd have an absolutely marvelous time, and then when the money began to go low, we'd adjourn the meeting, usually at the end of a weekend, and go back in our drawing room to dear old Reno. And then we'd save up our

money, and do it again. We never got caught. And actually, what we did was completely legal in the regulations and everything else, except it was just a little higher life style, I think, than anybody'd ever contemplated.

I don't know. I can't remember how many of those trips we made, or how many speakeasies we got to see. Some of 'em were—particularly those on Russian Hill—there was a pretty good sized art colony there—pretty sophisticated and pretty interesting places, where a number of artists who were doing murals to pay their bar bill—a trick which I did later myself. And I guess it was really quite common during Prohibition. But dear old *Desert Wolf* paid for an awful lot of fun.

My last year in school, Al Nichols and I got in the horse business. We bought wild horses from the Indians who had collected mustangs out near Pyramid Lake and brought 'em in. And usually we bought them from somebody else who had bought them from the Indians. Chaska West and Neil West and I can't remember half the names of the people who were dealing with the Indians and selling mustangs in those days. Some of 'em, like Neil West, also ran a dude ranch out at Pyramid Lake, and elsewhere.

Anyway, we used to try to cull any horses out that were halfway decent out of any bunch. And there were always some ranch-bred students who liked to break horses, and they'd ride 'em. We'd have informal rodeos on ranches around the edge of town. Then we'd make up a car (railroad cattle car) of mustangs and ship 'em to Petaluma, and we'd get three-fourths cents a pound. The horses were little and runty. They averaged only four hundred and fifty to seven and eight hundred pounds in weight. They were inbred, diseased, and really they were anything but the romantic Zane Grey wild horse. They not only were a pest on the range land when feed is limited,

but they had infectious diseases—would infect the range horses, the ranch stock, and were more than a nuisance. They were in some respects a menace.

Then one day, Al suggested that it would be fun to use some of these horses to play polo, and he had located a former cavalry captain who'd retired from the cavalry, who'd been an army polo coach in the Hawaiian Islands. And so we sent off and bought balls and polo mallets—and I'll bring one down to the office and show you, one of these times. I still have one. We picked up a few other students who were interested in horses, and formed an informal University of Nevada Polo Team, we called it. It had absolutely nothing to do with the University, except we were all students there. And we all had three or four horses we could ride for a change of horse.

And Joe Geyser, who ran a speakeasy, The Oxford Club, on Second Street near Virginia (northeast corner), up on the second floor. It was a buckaroo speakeasy and cowboys who were in town on a payday night knew Joe, because he was an old-time buckaroo himself, and that's where they'd all congregate. Was a pretty hard collection of hard cases. He had used to hang out there, but I never understood what Johnny did. He had one arm. He lost a hand in some kind of an accident with a horse, and had a hook. But anyway, Joe Geyser put together a polo team with Johnny Free, and himself, and a couple of other cowboys.

And on Sunday afternoon, we used to go out the flat— salt grass flat—on the Jones ranch, which is north of Hidden Valley. And we'd set up goal posts, and we'd play Sunday afternoon at polo. We didn't have enough money to put up sideboards around the field, but we marked 'em so we'd know we were out of bounds. And we had three or four changes of horse apiece. And sometimes a hundred or two hundred people'd drive out to see the

games. And they were so much fun that Al and I almost didn't graduate. We were just having too good a time with polo to study.

We had somebody in the hospital all the time; it's really a very rough sport. We had finally, also a pickup team from some of the local dude ranches. I remember Blackmer, who owned what is Washoe Pines now, had a polo team then. remember his horse fell on him and shattered his hip, and he was badly hurt. I got hurt one day. I had the ball and I was going for a goal at a dead run, and as I got down to the goal post, I had a slight angle shot to score, and I leaned hard in my right stirrup, to hit the ball, and my horse shied at the goal post (shied to the left), and I was extended with all my weight far out to the right, and my stirrup broke, and I fell—and I was dragged. Fortunately, I wasn't dragged very far because the rest of the stirrup gave way, or I could have been—well, I could have been killed, I guess. But what I did do, was pull the ligaments loose in my right knee, and I was several weeks healing over from that. A very painful deal. I was on crutches for a while, and a cane. Finally got back, and got to play some more before the end of the semester. We had a really marvelous time fooling around with horses. And it was a tough jolt to come back to reality when we graduated.

The summer before, the end of my junior year; I had been active in some of the dramatic productions of the drama group, Campus Players, and Masque and Dagger, although my part in that was designing stage settings.

I think it was the set I did for Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* which was published in *Theatre Arts Monthly*, which was a national theatrical magazine in those days. And I'd had a lot of fun designing stage settings, planning the lighting, etc.

A plumbing contractor here in Reno, by the name of William Wagner, who had a

subcontract on a large new home being built in Emerald Bay, mentioned my name to the owners when they were looking around for a student who might be able to do simple architectural drafting on the job. So I got a job at Emerald Bay that whole summer. And the home which was being built there, turned out to be Vikingsholm— a Viking castle. Mrs. Laura J. Knight of Santa Barbara had a hobby of building fantastic and elaborate homes, just for the joy of having them designed and watching them being built. Sometimes she would sell them later. Her home was in Montecito, where she built, as I understand it, a magnificent place. I have never seen it. She had a niece who married a Swedish architect, named Lennart Palme. They spent a couple of years in Scandinavia gathering research material on Viking architecture, Viking ships, Viking designs, furniture, interiors of all kinds.

And they brought this research material back, and Mrs. Knight bought Emerald Bay, which she felt resembled a Scandinavian fiord, and they built a tea house on the island. They built a road from the highway clear down to the valley floor; and in the middle of the pine forest valley, they built a real Viking castle. And my job was to adapt designs from their reference library to fit the plans for the castle, and do detail drawings.

There [was] a doorway into a wing of the castle. This door would be a massive, enormous thing itself, but it would be framed in elaborately carved timbers, fourteen by fourteen timbers. And I would take a design from a Viking ship, or from a Viking home, and adapt it to that particular doorway, make sketches of it which they would change or approve. Then I would adapt the sketches to full scale pattern. The pattern would then be cut with an adz, by an adzman from Finland, whose name was Makula (I can't spell it).

But Makula was a guy about six feet three, built like a halfback, who could swing an adz overhead—sharp as a razor—all day and cut within a quarter of an inch of a pattern. He was an artist. Very interesting guy. Then a German woodcarver, by the name of Wentz, went in and handcarved down to the precise detail of the pattern. And the timber would then be mounted over the doorway, stained with vegetable juices, and become a finished part of the castle.

They had an iron worker. We'd go through the same process with the iron which was wrought on the job. Stone was cut on the job. I learned how to design fireplaces and archways with a keystone. Make 'em fit, make 'em hold.

Each wing was different. The old sea lord, who had the original castle, supposedly had sons—the Viking princelings—who would take their dragon ships and their crews— you can imagine a bunch of Viking teenagers in a dragon ship! They'd go out and they'd raid the coast of Scotland, or England, or Ireland, or Normandy, or what-have-you, sack a couple of towns, knock over a couple of castles, claim somebody who looked good enough to be a bride, and bring 'em back to the old man's castle. Then they'd build a wing of their own, and maybe one son would like a peeled pole roof for his wing of the castle, so his roof treatment would be peeled pole, which were put on his one wing. Another son might prefer a sod roof with wildflowers. So this castle had a sprinkling system and grass along the top ridge and a grass roof. There were shakes which were hand cut and split on the job for other wings. And so the castle was a hodge-podge of Viking architecture, all true to real Viking design, but like the original, each resident personality was reflected in its wing.

The inside treatment was equally fascinating. They had a separate living

room, kitchen for the servants. I think there were fourteen bathrooms in the castle, if I remember correctly. It's been some time now. I remember, in the living room for the servants' quarters—the wall paneling. I had some books of peasant drawings from the Bible, which showed—one of them showed Elijah going to heaven, wearing brass buckles on his shoes, and a three-cornered hat and knee breeches. They were all eighteenth-century costumes, because that was when the art work supposedly was done for that wing. And all this was in natural vegetable stains. And the round tower contained the mistress's bedroom, which was a replica of a bedroom chamber of a little Norse queen, who lived about 800 A.D. The sea lord's chamber in the square tower was a larger version.

At the end of the summer or nearing the end of the summer, they asked me if I wanted to supervise the design and building of a couple of guest houses, and of course, I did. They were two-story houses—I don't know—maybe eight- or nine-room houses. I designed them to be compatible with the castle, with timbers, and peeled poles, and shake roofs, and so on. But I didn't know enough about construction, really, to get away with it.

So I went to a couple of the older carpenters and older plumbers and other artisans on the job, and asked them to help me, and they did. And so I got houses which were acceptable and approved and got to supervise the construction and building, which was just a lot of fun!

And at the conclusion of that, they invited my mother to come up one Sunday from Reno. She did, and had tea with Mrs. Knight. And Mrs. Knight offered me a scholarship to go to the Sorbonne and study architecture. And then Mr. Palme said that he would have a job waiting for me in his firm—he wasn't sure which office—maybe Paris, maybe New

York. But I would have a job waiting for me when I got through with the architectural school. And it really took some doing to reach a conclusion on that!

But I finally decided that I really didn't want that kind of a life, and I felt that I wasn't civilized enough for it. It'd be quite an adjustment. And I'd be a helluva lot happier as a newspaper reporter. So I didn't do it. And I still don't know whether it was a mistake or not, because I enjoy architecture, and I enjoy very much the building that results from it. But on the other hand, there's an excitement, and a thrill to newspaper work which you simply can't explain unless you've been there, but which has a very limited future. It doesn't lead anywhere, usually, either, in most cases. But anyway, I decided that newspapering was what I had to do, and that of course, was what I did.

There came a period of student unrest in '29 and the general attitude was that we really weren't getting as much out of school as we should, and that a lot of money was being spent by the state on the school, but it wasn't reflected in the quality of instruction.

I remember talking to one of the national inspectors of the Sigma Nu fraternity who came through here, and looked over the Sigma Nu house when I was Commander of the house. he said, "Well, you're a senior. What do you think of a college education at this point?"

And I said, "I think that for all the effort I put into it, I sure as hell don't know very much. I had always thought that by the time I'd finished the four years that I would know a great deal, and I'm surprised.

And he laughed and he said, "Okay, that's normal for senior year." He said, "You're not thinking and differently than about ninety percent of your classmates." And I've wondered if that was really one of the

contributing factors to this unrest that took place in '29.

I'm quite certain, but I don't think I could prove it that there was troublemaker behind the student unrest, who was attempting to get even with the Clark administration because of some relative who had had a minor faculty position, and had been fired. There usually is a spark of this kind in any uprising. And I was not aware of this 'til the whole thing was over. But I do know there was a genuine concern among the men students, seniors, that they just weren't getting a good enough education. And so they signed a petition seeking an investigation of the University, and it was very interesting! They would not allow any senior student who was a member of a faculty family to sign the petition because they'd get their families in trouble. You'd either have to hold out on the family and not tell 'em, and then the family faculty member might be blamed. So I did not sign the petition, but I was with it one hundred percent. I really believed the Regents were not seeking real quality. And I don't know anybody really in that class who was not in favor of it. And so the petition was delivered to the legislature by the students, and the legislature appointed an investigating committee. And the investigating committee concluded that the students were too young and immature to know what was going on, and disregarded it.

Two or three years later, when I was working on the *Las Vegas Age*, Senator [A. S.] Henderson recalled that I must have been a student about that time, and of course, I told him I was. And he wanted to know "what really went on." And [he] was very surprised when I told him the attitude of the students. They'd been described to the legislature of course, as "radicals" and "hot heads" and what not. But it was the most orderly revolution I think I've ever seen. There were no big parades

or bonfires, or destruction of property, or any of the public defiance that was common a generation later.

Some of the seniors had checked the required reading on a number of courses at other schools—compared them with ours. Ours at Nevada weren't as comprehensive. And I think this is valid. I know that I did as a child, a lot of reading, at home, that I was not required to do for a major in English lit. And it was, had to be, pretty elementary to begin with.

EARLY CAREER EXPERIENCES: WINNEMUCCA, LAS VEGAS

All right. Then we're through high school, and through college. And I was looking for a job in 1936. And I had been unable to—things were beginning to get tough after '29, and jobs were beginning to get very scarce. And I had worked all summer long doing architectural drafting in Reno. I did the detail. (I'd had the previous year at Emerald Bay on Vikingsholm.) So by this time I was an experienced (or somewhat experienced) technical draftsman. And so I did the detail on a number of Reno homes which were being built by Mrs. Johnston, who was one of the owners of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, a member of the Nixon family. I did all the detail work on the little Norman chateau that hangs over the side of the cliff at Newlands Circle, California Avenue. Every stone you see in that, I laid out the design for, and then I laid out the pattern, and it was cut to fit. And it was a fascinating project to work on because it's so intricate. I don't think there's more than two rooms on the same level in the entire place. There might be, but it would be the exception, and an impossible

place in which to live, but a very spectacular house. And then there are a number of houses in that immediate area, Marsh Avenue and upper Court Street, which are all Norman architecture, and all of which were designed by that particular architect—I think his name was [Daniel] Kirkoff—and were sold to Reno people. I worked on them.

Meantime, I was trying to get a newspaper job, pulling every string I could get, because I'd had a taste of it in Santa Monica, and that's really what I wanted to do. And at the end of summer, the publisher of the Winnemucca newspaper—it was a small daily, the *Humboldt Star*—came to Reno looking for a student to hire. And he stopped in at the University, and Higginbotham gave him my name. And he offered me a job in advertising department, not a reporter's job. He had an editor who was Warren Monroe, Snowy Monroe, who was a year ahead of me in school. So I went around with the advertising salesmen on the *Reno Gazette*, William Bears and Jack Reid, for a week. I watched how they worked, what they did, and asked questions. It was very

interesting. Then I went out to Winnemucca and sold advertising.

Got to Winnemucca, found a place to stay, and went to work. And it was a very small daily paper, and it was published by an unusual character, Rollin C. Stitser. He had been in the Navy as an enlisted man, and finished his enlistment. His family had some money, and he had some pay that he accumulated. And he managed to buy this weekly newspaper in Winnemucca and converted it to a daily.. And he'd had a little newspaper experience, I think in the Navy. And he was extremely intelligent, a brilliant mind, a thoroughly detestable personality, was hated with a passion by a great many people. And he enjoyed stirring people up, and making 'em angry. But he had devoted so much concentration in managing that little paper that he was an extremely able publisher.

I learned things from Rollin Stitser that helped me all the years I was in newspaper work and related work as well. He ran that tiny daily as though it were a metropolitan paper. His accounting system, his management procedures, the planning of the paper, even dummied the paper, were all done with a care and a quality that you don't find today on newspapers many, many times that size. He was a hard man to work for. But he usually had a good reason for what he wanted. And he was very strict. I learned to talk back to him and to stand up to him, because he'd walk right over anybody. But I realize that he was a good person to work for, and I was learning a lot.

We dummied every page of that paper; we dummied every ad; we dummied the stories that were on it. I drifted over into covering news part-time, because there really weren't enough advertisers out there to justify a full-time ad salesman. And also I'd been a reporter, so it was easy for me to pick up a story if I ran

into one. And so I backed up Snowy Monroe a bit. Snowy had gone to school with me. He was a year ahead of me. He married the daughter of a prominent Humboldt County ranching family, Mary Johnstone, who's a real swell gal. And we used to go out and hunt sagehen, and enjoy back country a great deal. And they did much to make my stay in Winnemucca very pleasant.

There was a gal there who, I think, is retired now from teaching at Miss Hamlin's school in San Francisco, Isabel Loring. Interestingly enough, my daughter-in-law went to school to her in San Francisco. Izzy Loring had been a basketball player in Fallon high school when Fallon girls' team had a men's coach, and it was no contest; they could whip any girls' team in the state easily, year after year. And Izzy Loring was, I guess, a couple of years older than I was, about six inches taller than I was, and she outweighed me about twenty pounds, and she was state women's tennis champ. And I spent one whole summer trying to beat her at tennis. She played a man's game, and a very aggressive game. There wasn't anybody else in Winnemucca who played serious tennis. And she was just good competition. She was an interesting person, too, but she was a hell of a strong tennis player. And I had a lot of fun when I could finally take her two sets Out of three, fairly consistently at the end of summer. Probably I got more out of my tennis game than any other recreation out there, than except perhaps hunting.

Winnemucca was interesting, and it was fun. I got to know a lot of people. It was a friendly town. We had to make our own fun. We used to round up all kinds of people and go out and have a beach party on the desert sand dunes, with beach umbrellas. One episode which took place out there was when one of the Tobin twins was elected to the state legislature.

The Tobin ranch had been an institution in the Winnemucca area for a long, long time, operated of course, by the Tobin family. And the Tobin twins were the Tobin boys who were, I would guess, five or six years older than I was, and identical. Phil Tobin was the serious twin. Frank Tobin was the fun-loving twin. They dressed identically. They wore the same Stetsons, same horsehide jackets, the same cowboy boots. Their mannerisms were the same: the way they'd sit, walk, the voice, everything was so close that you really couldn't tell them apart on the street. You'd have to be talking with them to tell one from the other. The personalities were different.

Phil ran for the assembly and was elected, and went down to Carson City. And he was very serious, very conscientious. He couldn't handle the lobbying, so he sent for Frank. Frank came down, and they stayed in some hotel or rooming house or something. And to make a long story short, when the day would come to an end, Frank would go forth and be entertained by the lobbyists who thought he was Phil. And they'd wine and dine him, and they'd go from one bar to another all night long, and Frank'd have a wonderful time. And at daybreak he'd "turn back into a pumpkin." He'd go back to the rooming house and sack in.

And an hour later, Phil would be bright-eyed and bushytailed on the floor of the assembly. And nobody could figure out how in the world he could take it night and day. And those kids got away with that thing for—I don't know— maybe two or more weeks before Carson City finally tumbled to it.

The significant thing about them, though, was that Phil was the one who was selected by the Wingfield organization to introduce the legalized gambling act, which he did on March eighth, 1931. The act to legalize gambling was first introduced in a session

in '29. It lost by one vote in that session I am told. And the last man to vote was a man who voted against it—who turned the tide—was my future father-in-law, Senator Ira Winters. He was the senator from Ormsby county. Great old guy, much like Will Rogers and told the same kind of stories. And didn't believe in gambling. His family had seen a lot of it on the losing end in the early pioneer days. And he turned it down and faced a lot of pressure in voting against it. At a later session, when he came back and when Phil Tobin introduced it, his was the *only* vote against it (I was told).

I looked up what happened when that thing was passed. Balzar signed it on the nineteenth [of March, 1931] and it became law instantly. The *Reno Journal* did not run an editorial on it. But the newspapers outside Nevada, around the nation, just had a field day. Some of 'em had headlines that Nevada should give up its statehood! Others said we were overrun with gangsters, and whatnot.

I had orders from my boss at the Winnemucca newspaper to write an editorial in favor of legalized gambling, which I did. And to the best of my knowledge, it was the only favorable editorial in the state or anywhere else. There may have been one, but we did not see it in any of our exchanges. I've never made a serious attempt to document it.

Of course, it just put the casinos on Main Street. They'd been operating all along on the alleys, and it really didn't shake up anybody very much at the time, or make major changes. We had had gambling all along.

The [Winnemucca] city council meetings used to be interesting, because Carl Haviland was mayor and almost totally deaf. And he'd sit at one end of this long table for council meetings and conduct the meeting, and all the other members of the council would be down the other end conducting their meeting, and passing motions. They weren't

in conflict with each other, but they just had no communication. Most of the business was done with a group, which had a quorum.

One part of life in Winnemucca was that in the winter time, many of the ranchers, who had ranches some distance out of Winnemucca, who had children who were old enough to go to high school, would move to town and rent a house. The mother would come to town, and bring the children. And they would go to high school—Humboldt County High School— during the school year. And then at the end of the year, they'd go back out to the ranch. I remember that was particularly true with the Johnstones, who had two or three ranches out toward Paiute Meadows. I think one was out near Quinn River Crossing. And both Sam and Mary Johnstone lived in town with their mother when they were in high school. And then they'd go back out to the ranch summers. And this was true of many ranch families. They could have an elementary school on the ranch if they had five children, at that time. But no way could they have a high school.

At that time, in the early thirties, if you went to Winnemucca from Reno, nine times out of ten you'd go on a train. And if you went anywhere from Winnemucca, you went on a train. And I went once a week from Winnemucca up to Battle Mountain. Stitser published also the *Battle Mountain Scout*. And in Battle Mountain I covered local news and local ads. And Battle Mountain was divided into two camps: the Lemaires and the Shovelins who didn't speak to each other. There was something which happened a long time ago; I don't know what. I'd come up to Battle Mountain on a morning train, on a Friday morning, and Mr. Hancock who kept the station would meet me with a light truck at the Western Pacific depot. And we'd come two or three miles across the Humboldt

Valley to Battle Mountain itself. Winter time, there would be six to eight inches of snow, and it'd be below freezing. The willows would be snowy on top and frosty on the bottom. And the whole Humboldt Valley was just like a Japanese print. The colors were pastel. It was beautiful in a most "un-Nevada" landscape.

At the end of my day's activity, the great prestigious "Overland Limited, Train Number One" would stop at Battle Mountain just to pick *me* up. Now the train, the Overland Limited, would not stop at Elko, but it would stop at Carlin where it took on water and fuel. And it came down the Humboldt doing a good seventy, eighty miles an hour with a string of—it was an all-Pullman express train. It would not stop in Reno, but it'd stop in Sparks to service the train. And the next stop was Sacramento. And it was a great train.

But my boss, Rollin Stitser and his newspaper, had the Southern Pacific pretty well buffaloed with his anti-railroad editorials and policy. He maintained a continuous running battle for better service out of the S.P. And they would stop that great train at tiny Battle Mountain to pick up me, the kid combination reporter and ad man, and take me thirty miles on down to Winnemucca! And the train crew people were nice to me. They must have really been bent out of shape, because they had to make up the time they lost at both Battle Mountain and Winnemucca stops.

I remember one dark December evening when I was waiting for the train, which came in—oh, I don't know—somewhere between five and six o'clock—at the little station in Battle Mountain, and it was snowing and dark. And you could see the snowflakes come down into where the station lights would pick out the flakes. All of a sudden, we heard a tremendous roar, and the air mail plane came over, and it was, if I remember—I can't remember now if

it was [William F.] Blanchfield or [Edison E. “Monte”] Mouton—I think it was Blanchfield was the pilot. They were all former Army pilots. I guess the Army was still flying ‘em then?! They flew a biplane DeHaviland with a Liberty engine in it. And this guy was flying between the telegraph wires on each side of the tracks, watching the rails in the dark. Had no sophisticated navigational aids of any kind in those days. They flew mostly by the “iron compass.” And when he got down above the station, he recognized the lights and the pattern for Battle Mountain. And he’d been flying, oh, maybe fifty to a hundred feet off the ground.

He pulled up and then went over and landed on the old gravel runway on the west side of town. And all of us at the station climbed on two or three old rickety trucks; and we all went over to the strip and helped unload the mail sacks off the plane, and picked up the pilot who was gonna stay with the plane at the airport. Then we put the mail sacks on the train, which then came in. And the train carried the mail from that point on. The plane was weathered in, and the pilot stayed with it until he could fly it out next day.

But the air mail people really—there’s no wonder a good many of them were killed in that experiment; the Army and the ex-Army pilots flying that thing with the limits they had on navigation. And of course, the airport where they put down was nothing but gravel, but no paved runways and no runway lights.

I got a request one time from United Press. There’d been a big gold strike in the Basque mine north of Winnemucca. And I can’t tell you exactly where it was now. I don’t remember. But there also was a gold rush going on into the new mining camp of Scossa, which is north of Lovelock, and in the Rabbit Hole Springs country. So a bunch of us decided it’d be a nice day to make a picnic out of it.

So we got a couple of cars, and the first stop was McDermitt. And [Fort] McDermitt at that time was still well preserved and in good shape, although it was Indian reservation. The parade ground, which was large enough for a squadron of cavalry to parade in, was planted in alfalfa. And the cottonwood trees around it were full grown—big, thick trunks, luxurious growth. The buildings were all stone or adobe and were standing around the square, and were whitewashed.

And the medical building, which was small and by itself, still had most of the 1860-style surgical instruments in a glass case. And nobody was paying any attention. The doors were unlocked. We went in, took a look. But nobody ever bothered the place apparently, and it was in surprisingly good shape. (A couple of years ago, when I was showing ma some of the country up over Hinky Summit—deer hunting country—and the town of McDermitt. I said, “Well, we’ll stop in. I’d like to show you Fort McDermitt, and what a beautiful little fort it is, and how much more attractive it is than Fort Churchill.” And we drove in and the whole thing was gone! Part of one building left, but the Indian Service apparently let the Indians take ‘em apart for building materials a few years ago. And it’s a shame because it was a most picturesque little fort.)

We went on up to McDermitt itself. The town hasn’t changed much today; big wide places to turn teams around in, freighters, and nothing too distinctive. We went over to the Basque mine. I went into the mine with the engineer-in-charge. And the strike was very spectacular—there was white quartz hanging in the face of the discovery tunnel. The tunnel was so small that you had to crawl on your hands and knees. And this wire gold was just gleaming like jewelry, in this white quartz! I’d never seen anything like this, and I was very impressed. And we got back out of the tunnel.

I went over and interviewed the mining engineer-in-charge. He was interesting. He was an English mining engineer. And the name of the mine was the Basque mine, and it was opened by the Matsui Trading Company of Tokyo. He had a little pine board shack with a couple of drafting tables, and a big, old iron safe that was about five feet high and about four feet square, and an old desk. And the floor was just piled with this high grade ore, white quartz with the free gold in it. And after I got my story, and how much a pound—and I think it was two or three dollars a pound at that time they were recovering from this ore—he asked me if I'd like a drink. And I said, "I sure would." And he went over and opened the safe, and took out his whiskey. (Prohibition was still on then.) And it tickled me that he had his gold on the floor, and the whiskey in the safe. But I think he knew what he was doing.

Then we drove over to Scossa. And Scossa was—I, of course, read of gold rushes and boom camps—but this was the only one I really got to see, and I guess it was the last one that was for real in the state. And Scossa's in the desert country which is pretty high elevation and rolling sagebrush hills with shallow ravines. A thick sagebrush cover at that time. And people were living in tents, and they were camping.

Then what there was of a business community was also in tents. There was a bootleg joint with a bar, and a board floor for a tent. The barber shop was a tent. The boarding house had plank tables and plank benches. And it was a large camp. And they told me, at night they took the tables and benches out, and they had dances. Some guy would play an accordion in the boarding house tent.

And people were still coming in—oh, the white tents dotted all over the hills with a lot of people who'd come and made camp. Just standing there in the middle of the day you'd

see three, or four, or five Model T Fords with families, and kids, and dogs, and bedsprings and mattresses tied on top, and all their belongings tied on the outside and inside of the car. And they all knew each other! The thing that impressed me so much was that these people all apparently followed gold strikes all over the world. Because they'd drive past somebody's tent, and they'd wave at each other and say, "George, I haven't seen you since you were in Rhodesia," or "I haven't seen you since you were in Australia." Or—from all over the four corners of the globe, these people were following one strike after another. 'Course I interviewed the people who made the discovery and I rode the skip down the shaft, and I knew enough about it to stand on the lip of the iron bucket instead of inside, fortunately. And I saw the ore that they had uncovered at the bottom, and the samples off the top. didn't know enough to know whether it meant anything or not, but the camp did not last very long. Most activity was a matter of months, and then it finally petered out. I imagine quite a bit of mining stock changed hands in Scossa. There wasn't a newspaper there at that time or much else, but I understand that there were attempts at one later. But it was interesting.

The rodeo in Winnemucca was a hometown affair. And the people who rode the buckin' horses were not like they are today. They were kids off the neighborhood ranches. And the stock they used was not leased from somebody like they do it today, but they just rounded up a bunch of range horses, and brought 'em in. And they did not need buckin' straps. They were big, strong horses who were really wild as they could be, and they would put on a great show with no encouragement at all.

The rodeo was so homespun and so much fun—and everybody knew everybody in it—that word got out, and there were a few

people who quietly showed up every year to take this in. I saw at the Owl saloon, which was a bootleg joint on the main street, Will Rogers, Death Valley Scotty, and Pop Warner (he was coaching in those days) I don't know how many others, who just quietly would not tell anybody where they were going, but take a train and come out to Winnemucca to see this wonderful, little, genuine, small town rodeo.

I mentioned Stitser—what kinda person he was. They had a little girl who was about two years old. And Stits used to go down, and take Avery (his wife) and the baby and they'd stay at the St. Francis in San Francisco for a week or two weeks, and he would sell national advertising; go 'round and see the agencies, and see his publisher's rep. And he had a virtual monopoly on the insurance company statements in Nevada, which brought him several thousand dollars every year. But he earned the business he got, 'cause he went around and really sold it.

They had a big Pierce Arrow, big tan-colored touring car. And as I said they usually stayed at the St. Francis. And this was the time of the Lindbergh kidnapping. And the FBI, and I don't know who else were combing the nation. And word got out in San Francisco to the police department, and I guess it was the FBI, that there was a blond two-year-old child staying with a couple at the St. Francis—with blue eyes, and so on, and so on, and so on.

And so there came a knock at their door; and the door swung open—I can't remember the little gal's name—Phyllis it was—the door opened, and out came this tiny kid, and here's all these people, with all these guns, filling up the hallway. And the youngster said, "My name's Phyllis! What's yours?" And that was the end of the whole business! They were, of course, looking for the boy.

[What was Avery Stitser like? She took over after Stits died.]

Well, Avery was everybody's (from childhood) sweetheart, and grew up in Winnemucca. She was Avery Bjorn. And she was just a lovely gal. And it was—the whole town was really bent out of shape when she married this smart, wisecrackin' new guy who came into town and took over the newspaper. Everybody liked her. And everybody tolerated Stitser because she was such a lovable character. Living for a good many years with Stits, she picked up his vocabulary, which was right off of the waterfront. And she got to be a pretty hard-nosed, cold-blooded "businessman eventually.

And just holding that newspaper together, and raising the kids (because Stitser died of a brain tumor oh, sometime in the early thirties). And we have corresponded with Avery, and remained close friends for all the years since then but the last three or four. Her daughter, I believe, is living in Greece. And she made several trips to see the daughter. And then we lost track of her. And I don't know whether Avery's still alive, or whether she's in a rest home down the peninsula somewhere, where she was for a while. We heard a rumor she has died. I'm uncertain.

Of course, there's Bob Stitser, who is the attorney for the Paiute Tribal Council—I haven't seen him in four or five years, but he looks so much like his father, and his voice is the same, that it is just spooky! I don't know whether he still does or not. But I thought I was almost talkin' to Stitser himself, the time I met him.

He's a much nicer guy than Stits. Stits was real rough, rugged guy, who loved makin' people unhappy. But he was brilliant! Really good guy to work for, but not forever.

Winnemucca was interesting, but I felt I wasn't getting anywhere. I felt I was goin' to be buried if I didn't get out of there. The Depression was getting tough, but we didn't

realize how tough. And my mother had rented—she was a great fan of Hollywood, you must realize—and she had rented our family home for the summer to Jack Dempsey. (By the way, when we got the house back, it was spotless. Nothing was damaged.)

My father survived. He was not enthusiastic over the whole thing. But they had taken a three-month lease on a house on Hollywood Boulevard. And they wanted me to come join 'em, and I thought well, I'd see if I could get a job in southern California on a newspaper. So I asked for a raise. And a raise was ridiculous, and so then I quit.

And I had saved my money and I came down to Reno on the train, which was the usual way of travel. And I thought, well, there's an airline operating now between Reno and San Francisco to southern California. And maybe'd be fun to go by air. So I went out to the old Reno "tin shed" airport and asked about a ticket. And I found that I could finance the fifty-seven—bought one from Reno to Burbank, which was the nearest L.A. terminal and flew on an old Boeing, not an old Boeing, but the Boeing of that period, from Reno to Alameda.

The flight was very uneventful. Nothing happened. We landed at Alameda, and got off the plane, and were handed our baggage. And the agent for the airline said, "Now here's an order on the cab company to go over from here and take the Key Route cars, and here's your ticket on the Key Route system to the Oakland Mole. And here's your ferry boat ticket from Oakland Mole to the Ferry Building in San Francisco. And here's your cab order to take you from the Ferry Building to Third and Townsend Southern Pacific station. And here's your railroad ticket to Mills Field, and that's where you'll get yourself on the flight to Burbank."

And I really don't know what made me say it. It was like somebody else was talking. But I said, "Look, my ticket says By Air. Doesn't that mean I can fly there?"

And they said, "Well, let's see." And they took a look at my ticket, and they went over and talked to some other people, and went over and talked to some other people. And they came back and said, "You're right. We never sold a ticket between Reno and Los Angeles before. The ticket says by air; and you'll go by air. Just wait."

And they brought an airplane out of the hangar; they warmed it up, got a crew, put me on board, and they flew me all by myself across the Bay to Mills Field. At Mills Field, I caught the southbound flight. And I'm sure it must have been the last ticket sold direct (Reno to L.A.) for a long time, because they hadn't expected it. They must have really lost money on it.

The plane that flew between Mills Field and Burbank was a Tri-Motor Ford—all metal, with a stewardess, comfortable seats, and was a fascinating experience although nothing happened. We got off at Burbank.

My family knew I'd been in Reno, but I hadn't told 'em I was flying. And so I took a streetcar and then a cab and I arrived a day early. And they were sure that I'd risked my life in coming by air! I gave you the detail on the airplane, 'cause later I'm going to tell you what the military planes of that period were like. And the commercial aviation at that time was a good ten years ahead of latest and newest military stuff we had.

That summer in Hollywood was interesting. I spent a lot of time at the beach swimming. And when I wasn't looking for the job, I called on the people that I had been corresponding with from Winnemucca newspaper, and I remember a number of publishers' representatives—represented

the newspaper as advertising brokers and salesmen in Los Angeles, and they went to the various advertising agencies to get business for the newspapers, on which they'd make a commission. So I knew them; that is, I knew them by correspondence. And they were much older men.

And so I told them that I was looking for a job, that I'd quit my job in Winnemucca, and I wanted somethin' better. And I remember one of them, Paul West, said, "Now look, let me get this straight. You weren't fired? You quit your job of your own free will?"

I said, "Absolutely right."

"And you quit it 'cause you couldn't get more money?"

"Yes," I said, "I wanted five dollars a week more."

He said, "Of all the goddamn kid tricks I ever heard! Do you know that there are men with children, four and five children, and families who are on the street and men with ten and twenty years experience who can't get work?" He said, "I never heard of anything so dumb." He says, "Don't you know there's a Depression on?"

And that was the first inkling I really had of what I was getting into. And although I did a lot of job looking, I did not get one. And meantime, I had a friend of mine who I'd gone to school with, Dan Pyzel from the Sigma Nu house. Pyzel's family were with Royal Dutch Shell. Dan had two older brothers who were engineering students at Nevada. Because Nevada was such a good mining school, their family had sent them there. Dan himself was putting in time in school. He wasn't an engineer, but he was having a lot of fun. The father'd been one of Shell's major executives in the Dutch East Indies. They lived in Piedmont. I'd spent weekends in their home before. It was full of Indonesian furniture. And they were a fascinating family. I went to

a party they had. They had a ballroom on the third floor, and I was the only person there who didn't speak Dutch or French. I had about six years of college French, and I could understand some of it. They were very nice to me; I had a great time. But it was the first time I ever met the Dutch colony, which was considerable, in San Francisco. And they all worked in the Shell building in the financial district in San Francisco.

They were interesting people. I remember one time, late afternoon, we were having a drink, and Mr. Pyzel said, "Excuse me," and something about he had to go pack.

And I said, "Are you taking a long trip?"

He said, "I'm going to London." And he was back in about ten minutes.

And I said, "Did I misunderstand you? You went to pack— did you decide not to go?"

He said, "No, it only takes me ten minutes. This will be my sixtieth crossing." The headquarters of the firm, of course, was in London.

They were all fun. They were very interesting people, and very friendly. And I met a lot of people who were Dutch, met a lot of people who were English. They used to say that, on the Shell building after four o'clock in the afternoon, you either had to drink tea or chocolate. And they were about fifty-fifty English and Dutch.

Dan Pyzel had become interested in getting a job as a movie actor. And he had a lot of contacts. And he'd met a lot of people. And he was in Hollywood that summer, and I ran into him. And he said, "I have an invitation tonight and I can bring a guest, at the home of James Cruze."

Well, Cruze was the director who produced *Birth of a Nation*, which was the great motion picture at that time— silent, black and white movies. And Cruze had struck it rich, and he was spending it as fast

as he could. And he had several million to spend. Had a big home up in Flintridge. And when we got there, I couldn't believe it. It was run like a hotel. It was Spanish mission architecture, with a huge patio in the middle, which had a large swimming pool, but also must have had a couple of acres of ground in it— all landscaped. And under the archway, colonnades, Spanish mission architecture on the inside—were table after table after table with bottles with Gilbey's gin and Gordon's gin labels, and scotch, and siphon bottles, and tubs of ice. And there must have been two or three hundred people there. I'm sure that Cruze knew less than half of them. They were all Hollywood freeloaders. Everybody drinking, and drinking hard, during Prohibition. And it was really my only inside view into a movie colony, and it wasn't good. I'd seen a lot of stuff in Reno, but Hollywood was repelling. And although I had a number of opportunities to go back there, that thing really was enough.

I had a lot of fun at the beach clubs. I no longer had a pass, so I couldn't use 'em as much as I had when I had a press pass when I worked on the Santa Monica paper. I did a lot of swimming in the surf, which I always enjoyed tremendously. And just at the end of summer, I saw an article that a new newspaper was starting in Las Vegas because of the construction of Boulder Dam, and the new editor's name was Harve Buntin. And Harve Buntin had been the editor of *Sagebrush* when I went on the *Sagebrush* staff.

So I called him up, asked for a job. Told him I'd worked as advertising manager on a one-man staff in Winnemucca. And he said, "We need one. You're hired as ad manager. How fast can you come?" So I took my stuff and went back to Reno. I packed—I hadn't planned on anything longer than just a Hollywood summer—and went to Las Vegas.

That's 1931 when I went to Las Vegas, the first leg of the trip on the Southern Pacific. I got on a Pullman car which was standing on a siding in downtown Reno by the express company. Had a Pullman porter—berths were made up. Went to bed. Just a car by itself—Pullman. Sometime during the night they hooked it on a train. And when I woke up, we were not far from Luning. And at Luning, that was as far as the Pullman went; we changed to a dirty baggage car with seats in part of it, and not as good as a bus.

And we rode into Tonopah in that. At Tonopah we had breakfast. There was a stage where I bought my tickets. The stage was a big black limousine, and I think carried nine passengers. I remember they put a five-gallon thermos jug on the stage, with ice water. And I thought that was very considerate. It was August and hot. But we never got any of that water. That was for the radiator. And we drove with Mikulich at the wheel. Sebastian Mikulich owns the LTR stage line in Las Vegas, which today is one of my clients and has been now for about ten years. He started in Goldfield as a very young man with a stage.

It took us all day to get to Las Vegas. We got to Las Vegas in late afternoon—maybe four-thirty—and came down the street, and I was sitting behind the driver. And I asked, "Was there going to be a parade or something?"

He said, "Why do you ask?"

I said, "Well, the streets are just black with people standing on the sidewalk—all these crowds."

He said, "Oh, those are men waiting for jobs on the dam." And they were I

I stayed in a hotel, the Las Vegas hotel, which a few months later had a brilliant inspiration and spelled the name backwards, called it Sal Sagev. Finally got a room in a private home, and reported in for work.

And the newspaper office was about the size of this room. It was tiny, two reporters' desks, and there was a little room off of it that had a small room for the editor. The publisher was Pop Squires of the *Las Vegas Morning Age*. It had been a daily paper just a matter of months, and was a weekly before, and was competing with the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*. The *Review-Journal* was owned by Frank Garside, who'd been the postmaster in Tonopah, and who'd also been the publisher of the *Tonopah Times-Bonanza*. And he had moved down to Las Vegas, consolidated a couple of weeklies, the *Review* and the *Journal*. And about that time Al Cahlan, who'd been editor of the, I think it was, *Elko Free Press*, latched on with Garside, and came in as Garside's editor of the new *Review-Journal*. Cahlan was an extremely capable guy, very intelligent.

And they ran a strong newspaper, and we were the weaker of the two papers. We had an interesting crew. Harve Buntin, as I said, was the editor. Big, fat, young man. He looked about ten years older than he was. He must have been—perhaps twenty-nine, twenty-eight years old. He looked a good thirty-eight because of his weight and the fact that he was prematurely bald. Good editor. Good judgment, hard working, and a fine person.

There was a reporter by the name of Selby Calkins, who was a mining engineer by education, who'd arrived in Las Vegas on a freight train and had dropped in the police station, and made friends with the little police department there—just shooting the breeze. And they had a murder out at Searchlight. And so Calkins went with the sheriff's people, and I guess somebody from the police department went along as a special deputy to handle it. And he had helped turn up evidence, and helped in questioning—a very alert mind—to the extent that they were

considering him for some kind of a job in one of the other departments.

But Calkins, who was a pretty ingenious guy, borrowed a typewriter, and wrote up the story of the murder, and the arrest, and the apprehension of the suspect, and brought them into the *Age* and showed them to Harve Buntin, who hired him as a reporter.

Calkins had a lot of native intelligence with no training in newspaper work, but an instinctive feel for news values, and I used to write his leads for him. He'd write a story, and get all the facts, get 'em all straight. He was an excellent investigative reporter.

We had a circulation man, who was a hard working guy from Salt Lake City, young. And we had what just fell into place as a very effective team. We all helped each other. And if I saw a story, I'd bring one in. If Calkins saw an ad, he'd bring one in. If any of us could sell a subscription, we'd do it. We did everything. And we had a lot of fun on that newspaper, cracking the opposition, which was so much stronger than we were.

I would go down to the *Review-Journal* and time the press. Both papers were lying about circulation, but that old press would pump loudly every time it went around once, and we could count the revolutions per minute, project them by the total press time, and know how many were really printing. And so we knew we were gaining on 'em. We'd do this about every week or so. And we were taking circulation away from 'em, our paper had been lying so badly about our own circulation, we couldn't make any public claim—it simply would have been unbelievable. Only thing was, the merchants began to say things like, "Gee, I'm getting more results from my ads now that I'm with you." And of course, we knew why, but we couldn't tell 'em.

We had a lot of our own entertainment in the morning paper. And a favorite trick

that Calkins and I used to do on dull days—we'd set the clock a half hour forward in the news room. Then we'd go out to the repeater station of Bell telephone system which was on Paradise Road on the way to the airport—it's still on the intersection of Flamingo and Paradise. And that was where the Bell system long distance trunk lines came in, and then the local telephone company hooked on there. But it's also where the teletype went through the system, and there were teletypes hooked in out there to monitor the quality of service we were getting over INS and United Press.

We'd go out there and tell the Bell company people that we wanted to practice on the teletype, which was legitimate. And we'd sit down and we'd send "stories" in that we knew were being picked up on our teletypes in our own news room. And the story would start out as a—we knew all the codes and the serial numbers, and the dating, and structure of the teletype approach, so we would send it in maybe on the INS machine, the INS structure.

It would be a story with maybe a Rome dateline. And it would tell that maybe there was a crisis in the Vatican, and that nobody was talking, and a convocation of a committee of cardinals was being held to cover what was evidently a very serious matter to the church. And then there'd be a follow-up later to the Vatican story. And I would be on a totally different subject, and we'd gradually bring in a paragraph at a time, adding to the original with new leads, until we get to the point where "Pope Pius, or whoever he was had eloped with Mary Garden of the Metropolitan Opera Company!" And the church was attempting to apprehend them. They were at sea on such-and-such an ocean liner and so on. The whole story would, of course, be a ridiculous fake. Then we'd go back to the news room and set the clock a half hour later and wait.

And pretty soon it'd be time for Buntin to come to work, and he'd come in, and do like he always did. He'd come in and take off his coat, and about that time he'd see the clock. And he'd look at his watch, and think his watch was slow. So he'd set his watch up. And then he'd go over and see what was coming in on the teletypes. Well, nothing is new, so help me, in the wire news on newspapers today; they still are doing nothing that wasn't being done then. They'd give you a summary of stories, and you'd look at it and then you'd plan your paper. And you'd know whether you'd have a lot of street sales; if Clara Bow's name was in the paper, it'd be worth one thousand plus street sales, and so on.

Well, Buntin would take a look at this "story" on the teletype and see there was a "crisis at the Vatican." And gosh, he'd go through fishing the news out, and of course, as he went through the stuff, it'd get more and more Outrageous until *finally* he realized we had had him! And then we'd all catch hell for playing with the teletype! But he never—he never got wise. I don't know how many times we did that. And we nailed him every time on it. He'd always get mad and he'd stay mad for about an hour, and then he'd get over it. But we had to make our own fun.

And we had a lot of fun. There were just all kinds of things happening. People were—I think there were something like five homicides and no indictments the first couple of weeks that I was there. There were hundreds and hundreds of people coming in looking for work—all kinds of people—good, bad, indifferent. They used to say that every day laborer on Boulder Dam had a civil engineering degree in his hip pocket.

The little Las Vegas high school used to have a time. It was difficult for them to play football against anybody. They were so isolated. And they used to have an alumni

team that was really made up of former “stars” from Las Vegas high school. And they were pretty cocky. And so finally there was a pickup football team out on the Dam. And these guys used to finish their shifts, and they’d throw a football around and practice, and choose up sides, and play out there. And when the high school season was pretty well advanced, the Boulder Dam guys one time, sent in a challenge to play, not the high school team, but the alumni team. And it was going to be a massacre because the alumni team was so good—playing those “dumb laborers out at the Dam.” But when the guys from the Dam showed up, they had almost a complete backfield from Notre Dame. They had college stars from all over the country. And they called the game off. I don’t know what the score—sixty to nothing or something like that. It was no contest.

There was all kinds of fantastic talent, in all kinds of positions, working on that project. It was the, only job that out-of-work people could get. Any kind of a job was good!

Did I tell you that I was a federal parole officer in the Boulder Dam area? Well, I had rented a Reno service station a couple of summers when I was in high school and early college, from Jake Wainwright in Reno—right across from Si Ross’s mortuary.

Now, Jake Wainwright was quite an interesting guy. He was the head official of the Ku Klux Klan in Reno. I remember in high school when they were burning fiery crosses around, a couple of us got dates with girls who were either Catholics or Jews, and went out to watch them burn the fiery cross, just because we thought it was a helluva lotta fun to do. And it made a lot of noise, but nobody ’round here got hurt. And if it looked dumb to kids of high school age, I sometimes wonder what it must have really looked to the adult community.

But Jake was a good guy other than he was a nut on the Klan thing. One time, my service station grease monkey— we didn’t have a lift—we had a pit, a pit down under the car in the pit. And my partner and grease monkey was a teenager named Dale Smith, who was so tall that he had to crouch to get under the cars to put the grease in. And of course, I think you know, now Dale has retired as a major general, West Point graduate and a good friend. It was great— living in Reno. Dale still says that he “was certainly browbeaten during our relationship working at that service station.” He had a great and heroic record.

But Jake was also the federal probation officer for Nevada. And Judge [Frank] Norcross was the federal judge. Jake called me and he said, “Your father tells me you’re goin’ to Las Vegas to work on a newspaper.” (And Las Vegas was then the end of the world.) It was just—nobody could understand why *anybody* would ever go to Las Vegas. And I said, “Yeah.”

He said, “I’m having a terrible time.” He said, “I have seventy-five federal parolees down there who are supposed to report to me every thirty days. I don’t have any travel money. I can’t go down there to check on ’em. I don’t know what they’re doing, but I’m responsible for ’em. In Washington they don’t understand why I can’t go there on a streetcar. He said, “Would you do me a favor? Would you act without pay as parole and probation officer for southern Nevada until I can get somebody to pay to do it?”

And I asked what would it be? And he said, “Once a month these guys’d come and give a report on how they are making a living, what they’re doing, and if they were obeying the provisions of the regulations of federal parole.”

So I said, “Sure!” You know—like it’d be an interesting experience. And it was!

I had seventy-five parolees, most of 'em were old enough to be my father. They were totally at my mercy. In those days, you could send them back to prison with little or no hearings or technicalities. And they had all been convicted. Most of 'em were bootleg cases. I had a couple of Dyer Act, a couple of counterfeiting offenders. But really, pretty near all of 'em were bootlegging. And bootlegging really didn't seem to be too much of a crime in those days.

They'd come in once a month, and tell me—most of 'em would tell me they're having a hard time getting work. And if you had a clean record, it was tough enough, but if you were on parole, it was really almost impossible. And the parole regulations said that you couldn't be seen with people who're criminals, you couldn't go near a place where a criminal act was going on. You couldn't do this, you couldn't do that. And there were an awful lot of bootleg joints in Las Vegas. And so I finally said to hell with it. I went to the different bootleggers that I knew in the course of my newspaper work, couldn't get a job. But I'd look the other way if they'd give them janitors jobs or work in which they did not have any contact at all with liquor. And we began to open up jobs for 'em.

Then they had the Boulder Canyon Project Reservation which was pretty much a "Stanford" deal. Ray Lyman Wilbur was the Secretary of Interior. The Bureau of Reclamation was loaded with Stanford graduates. [Walker] Young, who was the reclamation service chief—I'm not sure whether he was a Stanford graduate or not—I know that we got along fine after I identified the Sigma Xi key that he wore. I knew that it was 'cause my father had one.

Young was friendly, and I occasionally interviewed him. And Sims Ely ran the reservation (more Stanford). They were

violent prohibitionists. And they had some terrible regulations. If you were caught on the reservation with half a pint of whiskey in your locker or on your person, you not only lost your job, but you couldn't even get a hearing! You're just taken right off the reservation by a marshal right now, and you never could come back. Never could get a job—you're on the blacklist. And I went to Sims Ely and told him of my problem getting jobs for my people. One of the guys had got a job on the reservation. And I don't know whether it was true or not—he told me that somebody'd framed him. Somebody'd put a pint of whiskey in his locker so that he'd lost his job so that somebody's friend could get the job. If it wasn't true, I figured it probably had been true in a hell of a lot of other instances.

So I went to Ely with this, and I said, "My guys have a right to at least be heard. This is the kind of stuff that's going on." Which was news to him!

It seemed to me he was a hundred years old (he must have been fifty). Wore knickers and cap, tweed suit with knickers, and a Norfolk jacket. And he changed the regulations! And he made a report. I don't know how the report got into the hands of the judiciary, but I got a commendation on it, without ever thinking to tell anybody about it. Later—it was very interesting—I got to know all my parolees real well.

Some of 'em had a hard time. They had families with bad health in the Middle West or someplace. Some of them were Just bad guys and always would be, but there were quite a few pretty decent characters among them. And I felt it was sure worth trying to accomplish something for them. And apparently nobody ever had done anything for them. So if you did even a little thing, it was magnified.

The whole place down there was in a constant state of flux. Did I tell you about the Cornero boys? The Cornero boys, who I guess nowadays use the name of Stralla—I don't know which is their real name. Tony and Louis, and Frank, had the Meadows, which was a resort on Boulder Highway, and burnt down, and then rebuilt. And they were the wholesalers with gangster connections in Los Angeles. And they brought the liquor in—the alcohol into Las Vegas area—which supplied to the retail outlets which were various bootleg saloons. And they were pleasant.

I used to go to the Meadows, and take a date when we had the money to buy a couple of drinks. And they were very pleasant. And of course, people from the newspapers particularly got along well with 'em.

But one day, I felt that I was being followed. And I went a lot of places, and it seemed to me that somebody familiar was around most of the time. And when I got back to the office, I mentioned to Buntin, I said to him, "Am I wearing a tail? I have a funny feeling."

And he said, "I hoped you wouldn't notice." And he explained that a guy named Woody who had been working on the paper as a reporter had gotten drunk, and gotten into a real mess at one of the bootleg joints, and became so obnoxious that they'd thrown him out. And after they threw him out, he said, "You can't do this to a newspaperman. I'll get even with you."

And a couple of days later, or so, a federal flying Prohi squadron hit town without warning, and knocked over several speakeasies, and one of them was this one. And the federal agent with the flying squadron signed the complaint, signing the name of "Wilson." And somebody in the speakeasy said, "Hey, there's a guy named Wilson who works for the Age."

And somebody said, "Well, remember the guy from the Age who said he's going to get even with us."

And so there was a "contract out" on *me*. So said the stool pigeon that tipped off the detective bureau of the police department on this. And the police department had checked with Buntin. And Buntin said it was a case of mistaken identity. And so the police department was trying to get the word back through channels to the hoodlums who had the contract on Wilson. The Age Wilson was the wrong Wilson. But in the meantime, I'd had a detective tailing me to protect me, for several days before I caught on.

And of course, this just scared the hell out of me. So I stayed at different places nights with different friends. And for a while I tried carrying a gun, but it really was too bulky. And, at last, word came through that there was no longer a question about it. The mistake had been acknowledged, and everything was clear, and there was no problem, and that the tail was being removed, and to relax. Well, I didn't relax for a few days, but apparently things were okay, and gradually I kind of forgot about it.

New Year's Eve, which was a month or so later, the Cornero boys sent me an invitation to come out to their New Year's Eve party! And this was black tie. And there were other people in Las Vegas who were invited. But it was a private party of their own. And when I got out there, the youngest Cornero boy, who was Louis, introduced me to his other guests, and his brothers, and some of the gals in the chorus, and some of his friends who came up from Los Angeles.

And then he said, "I gotta identify you, right?" We had starched white tux shirts in those days, and they were stiff. And he drew with a pencil, a U.S. shield like a badge on my shirt front. And put "U.S. Prohi" lettered

on the shield. And, gee they thought that was just funnier than hell! And from there on everybody was just as nice as could be. It was sort of like being on the set of a grade B gangster movie.

I had a wonderful time—all the scotch in the world, all the champagne in the world—all these crazy characters that were having a wonderful time. The Corneros later leased the—I thought they owned, the *Rex*. The *Rex* was a barge off Long Beach, a gambling barge, which was outside the jurisdiction of the United States, off Long Beach. And there were all kinds of technicalities involved in their evading the law. And I was telling this to Jimmy Lloyd. You know, Jim Lloyd ran the Golden, and owned the building. He was a very pleasant guy, here in Reno. This was oh, maybe ten years ago, maybe a little less. I was telling Jim about it, and he said, “Do you know who owned the *Rex* and who the Cornero boys rented it from?”

And I said, “I haven’t the slightest idea.”

He says, “Me!” And so he told me a few things about the *Rex* and how they finally got raided. And the Cornero boys, and it was Tony Stralla (or Tony Cornero) who purchased the Stardust in Las Vegas, and he had a massive coronary, and died on their opening night. I lost track of the others—I don’t know whether they’re there, or whether they’re alive, or what happened to ’em. But it was an interesting episode.

I just happened to be the right age, in the right place, at the right time for a lot of exciting and interesting things.

There was another newspaper started in town called the *Desert Sun*, not related in any way to the present *Las Vegas Sun*. It was published by a man named [A.] Fink—I’m not sure of his first name. We never quite understood the *Desert Sun*. Here’s a town—a tiny, little town out on a desert with three daily

newspapers! The *Sun* had Hearst makeup. It carried the Hearst columnist, Brisbane, the bold eight-column banner headlines on page one, the heavy black headlines, the sensational policies. It had good equipment. It had a staff that had a lot of changes, lot of turnover, but a larger staff than we did. Seemed to be well financed.

And they—one day, they just scooped the hell out of us. They had a tremendous page one story about a strike—gold strike—up in Hidden Forest, which is now on the Atomic Energy reservation. This was just like the gold strikes of early days, Goldfield and Tonopah, with fabulous high grade rock. And we just—we couldn’t get near the story. The mine itself had a fence around it. They wouldn’t let anybody in. They had dogs, they had watchtowers and searchlights. They had big limousines that they drove in from Vegas. And then a lot of people began coming in from Hollywood by train. They’d take a deluxe bus and go up a dirt road in to see the mine. And the *Desert Sun* was then sold on hundreds of newsstands up and down Hollywood and Sunset Boulevard. We were mystified.

I knew Governor Scrugham. He’d been dean of engineering when I was a youngster, and was a good friend of the family’s. And he used to come down to Las Vegas often. He was interested in the prehistoric Lost City. And he used to stay at the National Hotel. So I went to see him one day when I knew he was in town. And he knew mines and mining thoroughly.

And I said, “What goes with this Hidden Forest strike that’s on?” I said, “We, at the *Age* can’t get a line on Hidden Forest. And I notice the *R-J* isn’t carrying anything on it either. What goes?”

And he said, “Well,” he said, “Hidden Forest is a sedimentary district.” (I should mention that I’d had freshman geology, and that’s all.) He said, “It’s a sedimentary district.” He said, “The ore samples that I have seen are

igneous.” And he said, “In fact, I can’t tell ’em from ore samples I’ve seen in Goldfield. Tom, that’s all I’m going to tell ya!” It was enough!

So, we realized what it was. And then we decided that it was like so many mining camp newspapers—the *Sun* probably belonged to the promoters who were promoting the mining deal. So we didn’t worry too much about ’em from then on. We realized they weren’t really a Las Vegas paper; they were a Hollywood promotion. And we began to get feedback from some of the Hollywood movie people, who had come out to see the mine, and it became more apparent what it was.

And one day, the *Sun* just quit operating. Their publisher, Mr. Fink, had been gone for two or three weeks on a business trip; and nobody knew where he was. And they’d missed two payrolls, and staff had stayed on and worked. Anyhow, they thought he’d come back and meet the payroll, and finally it dawned on ’em that he wasn’t ever going to come back. And so the *Sun* folded. And that was the end of it. And there were reverberations all over hell in Hollywood, on what happened to the stock, and the mine itself. We got a little taste of what had been going on in the earlier days of Nevada mining stock promotions.

Scrugham showed me the Lost City, in which he was very interested. He and a group of associates had brought in Dr. Harrington from the Museum of the Southwest to do some professional archaeological exploring. And the Lost City Museum of course, is an outgrowth of that.

Scrugham really was a Renaissance man. He had tremendous interests in all directions. He was intelligent. He was really about thirty years ahead of his time, I think. Lot of respect for him. One night out at the Cornero boys’ Meadows, when legal gambling was new, Senator Key Pittman and his wife were there.

And Mrs. Pittman came over to Key (I was standing next to him) and she said, in a very low voice, “I just won two hundred dollars! What do I *do* with it?”

And Senator Pittman whispers, “Give it to the Red Cross!”

When I was in San Mateo working on the *Times*, Key Pittman, chairman of the foreign affairs or foreign relations committee in the Senate, made a statement to United Press that “the United States was going to be in a shooting war with the Japanese.” And the State Department just died. They came out with clarifications, and denials, and restatements, and, “What the senator really meant to say was—.” And when the United Press brought this to the attention of Pittman, he said, “I meant every goddamn word I said, and we oughta be doing something about it.” [Laughs] And then it really was—. of course, he was so right, and everybody knew it. I’ll touch on the Japanese later.

When I was in Las Vegas, the Japanese were invading China. And I don’t know how far they’d gone at the time, I don’t remember whether they’d gone into Shanghai yet or not. But I wouldn’t have believed this, except that I experienced it myself, and I know. There were a couple of young Chinese in town who had a very nice Chinese restaurant and on dull afternoons I used to go over and talk with ’em and shoot the breeze back and forth. And we’d always go back out in the kitchen (which was immaculate), and they’d pour me a cup—teacup— of rice whiskey, and they’d have some cold pork, and we’d sit there and discuss the war in China. I don’t know whether it’s hard to gauge the age of a Chinese, but I think they couldn’t have been much older than I was. They’d sit there and tell me what was going on in China. How far the Japs were, what areas they’d conquered, what cities they’d taken, and it wouldn’t be

on our United Press wire for a couple of days, and then we'd get it! And they had a grapevine that was just fascinating. It was ahead of us and it was accurate. And to this day, it's a thing that I've never been able to understand. And there's a thing that ties to this when I worked later on a San Pedro newspaper.

Anyway, we had a link with the war in China. About this time I got interested in—I'd always been interested in the Army—I had wanted to go to West Point, and I couldn't pass the physical. And there were some reserve Army officers in Las Vegas. And they interested me in the reserve. With the ROTC I had, I had no problem at all doing what was possible at that time, which was to enlist as a reserve enlisted man, and then study for a commission.

And this meant that I could ride in military aircraft. And there was a heavy bomber squadron based at March Field. And for cross-country training they used to fly up to Las Vegas. It just happened that Vegas was a helluva entertaining town for an overnight stay. And so they'd fly up, and the local reserve officers would put on a party for 'em. And then the next day, we all had terrain familiarization training, and flying.

I flew with them a number of times in the old Keystone bombers, which were our biggest military airplane at that time. And they were biplanes, fabric covered, wooden wingspars, wooden frame, World War I type bombers. (And I told you what the all-metal commercial airliners were like, flying from San Francisco to Burbank at the same time.) These bombers had two engines suspended between the two wings. They had a gunner in the nose. The pilot and co-pilot sat a little bit in back and higher, above the gunner in the nose, and then there was a gunner about midway to the tail in the fuselage. I usually had one or the other of the gunners' cockpits when I rode. Real interesting.

You could see a lot of country. And we'd fly—one time we flew over the Kaibab Forest and found a big liquor still, and the squadron commander took the whole squadron in formation (V-formation), and flew a tight circle around and over the still. And the still guys ran out and took a look at all the Army airplanes flying over 'em, and thought they were being raided, and they all ran off and hid under the trees. We had a lot of fun buzzing 'em.

Another time, we flew down into parts of the Grand Canyon, not all of it, but enough to be able to say that we had been in the canyon. And I was unaware that there was a news camera in one of the planes in back of us, and I was in the lead plane. I saw the thing later in a movie newsreel, and I wondered who the idiot was who was hanging halfway out of that gunner's cockpit on that lead plane, until it dawned on me—it was *me*! Of course, we had parachutes, but I don't think you could survive a jump in the Grand Canyon.

But it was a lot of fun. We saw a lot of country. And it was a real thrilling experience for a kid to fly in that kind of equipment; primitive as it was (it didn't seem like it was primitive to us.) I had seen military aircraft, covering air shows at Clover Field when I worked in Santa Monica. We had a fighter (I think it was a Boeing, but I'm not sure) which was a much more sophisticated fighter than those bombers were about three years previous. But a lot of fun and enjoyment, and it got me interested in flying. Something that I've never gotten over, although I don't have a ticket to this day, but some bootleg pilot time.

We had all kinds of nuts who came to Las Vegas. Aimee Semple McPherson had a mother, Ma Kennedy, and the mother was jealous of Aimee and Aimee's world-wide publicity. The mother was an ordained minister in Aimee's Four Square Gospel

Church. The story that I got from International News Service people in San Francisco—and I think it's true—was that [Minnie Pearce] Ma Kennedy went to INS in L.A. and said, "What do I do to get some publicity like my daughter gets?"

And INS said, "We'll tell you what to do if you'll do everything exactly as we say." And she did. And they arranged the following: Ma Kennedy married a guy named [Guy Edward] Hudson, who was from somewhere up in Seattle. And Hudson was called "Whataman" Hudson because in the interviews that she had almost all the time, continuously with INS (and they had the story locked up), somebody said, "What kind of a husband is he?"

And she said, "Whataman!" So he was immediately named Whataman Hudson in all of the INS stories.

Well, after they wrung every drop out of this thing on the coast, then it was necessary for Ma Kennedy to come to Las Vegas where Whataman could get a divorce, because it developed that all the time Whataman had a wife that he hadn't really quite divorced! They got a lot of stories out of that. So she came to Las Vegas, and I covered it while she was in Vegas.

And she gave a sermon at the Pair O'Dice, which was a speakeasy out on the Los Angeles road where the Strip is now. It was the end of nothing in those days. All the action was down towards Boulder Dam. And Boulder Highway was the place where everything was that really amounted to something. But she stood on a crap table and gave a sermon at the top of her lungs in the Pair O'Dice on a Sunday morning. And we whipped up a congregation for her, and we (I had a cameraman come out and we covered it for INS in L.A.) And then we covered the trial when Whataman got his divorce; he got it and she went to be with him, because he was "so

excited and so nervous about it all." And we got stories on all this nonsense.

Ham and Taylor were Whataman's attorneys. (I suspect that Art Ham, Jr. would die if anybody today were to mention this to him. But Ham and Taylor were very cooperative, and I always saw to it that their names were included in the stories, for which they were—never said anything, but I know they were—quite grateful.) And finally Hudson got his divorce, and then they were married again, and then, thank God, they left Las Vegas. But they were—we gave 'em coverage in the *Age*, but really, they were page one in the Hearst press for gee, I don't know, two or three months in a row.

Then the election was coming, and that was the great 1932 election that swept out Hoover and Curtis—people have forgotten—Curtis was vice president, part Cherokee Indian, I believe. A big man with a rugged face. And you didn't hear much about vice presidents then. And Curtis came through Las Vegas on a train at night. And the train stopped in the yards, and he gave a talk from the rear platform. And all the Republicans in Las Vegas went down to the yards to hear the talk. And I was working up in the newsroom. This was, I don't know, maybe eight or nine o'clock at night.

The phone rang, and it was Calkins. He says, "I'm goin' have to talk fast, take it down quick." He said, "I'm talkin' from a phone I found in a switchman's shanty, and they got me connected over on to the local telephone system from the railroad phone system, but I don't know how long the connection will hold." And he said, "You gotta do all this before the old man gets back." (Our boss, Squires, was a devout Republican.)

Calkins said, "There was a heckler in the crowd tonight, it was a big crowd, and he heckled, and he heckled, and he heckled to the point where Curtis completely lost

his temper, lost control of himself, climbed down off the observation car to the ground, and whipped this guy in a slugging match in front of everybody! Then got back on the car and is now finishing his speech.” And he said, “The old man’ll kill the story. You better, you better move it.”

So hell, such a good story, I gee—you know how things were—a pretty hot campaign. So I went over, put it on the wire, the teletype, the way Calkins had given it to me. Then I took all of the teletype paper that was our file copy, and tore it up, and put it under the seat in my car, which was parked out in back, and went back and went to work.

Well, I hadn’t been working at my typewriter more than four or five minutes when in came the old man, C. P. Squires. The first damn thing he did was just charge right across the room to the teletype and took a look. I said, “What’re you looking for?”

He says, “Oh, nothing, nothing.” And he looked all around, looked at everything, went over all the desks, and wandered around for a while. And then went into his own office.

Of course, I knew what he was looking for. And when Calkins came back, I winked at him, and he nodded. Nobody said anything. We didn’t have anything on it in our paper. But the Los Angeles papers and all the papers in the United States had the headlines this big [gesture three feet] the next morning. And the old man never did figure how the hell that story got out of Las Vegas! But I now understand a lot better about Watergate and the leaks, when I look back at the fun we had smuggling a story out. It was [laughs] it was forbidden that far back.

We had a lot of nutty things like that that happened. We had a lot of fun. We had a murder case which Calkins cracked. He got the name of the murderer from one of the gals down the line, who gave it to him.

They were—of course, prostitutes have always been an excellent source of leads on criminal stories for the press—. And like all news sources, you have to protect ’em. And this gal gave Calkins a lead on it. The guy was drunk at the bar in the Arizona Club, I think it was, and talked too much. And then Calkins of all guys, got a little tight and talked too much. And he came to me, and he was absolutely terrified, because word was out that he knew the identity of the murderer in this particular case.

So we didn’t know quite what to do about it. We felt that we didn’t trust the local police department at that point. And so Calkins gave me a copy of the evidence in an envelope, which I stamped and addressed to the United States Marshal, who I knew in Reno. And I didn’t leave it in my room. I didn’t dare. I carried it around with me for two or three weeks, ’til things kinda calmed down, ’cause we were afraid that Calkins might get it. And if he got it, it would lead back to the same guy. So the thing blew over and nothing much happened.

But in the meantime, Calkins became very interested in other crime stories known to some of the gals down the line. He learned they had a health examination done by the city health officer. And I think it was a weekly checkup. And one of the gals told Calkins that she didn’t think they were getting the medicine they were supposed to get. She was— seems to me that the medicine given in those days was arsphenamine for syphilis. And the theory was that a person who used it, who was under treatment was not infectious. And if they were on treatment, they could still have a ticket. So the city health officer would give ’em a shot, charge ’em ten bucks, and clear their ticket for them. And the city health officer was a—we didn’t know it—was a very close buddy of our publisher.

One of these gals told Calkins, she said, "I'm not—I just don't feel the same way I do when I've had a shot. I'm not sure what's going on, but somethin's wrong."

So Calkins had a very close friend who was a very fine doctor in town; he's dead now. I think the doctor's sister was the wife of Hugh Shamberger. Anyway, he was a fine person. I happen to know because we knew of the charity cases this guy did. I remember some Mexican kid was born—a little girl—with a badly cleft palate—and he did a series rebuilding her palate—a series of operations, which our photographer on the paper took photographs so he could gauge the recovery rate, and what additional repairs would be due the next operation—all for free. And it must have—even in those days—amounted to thousands of dollars worth of time in surgery. A tremendous guy.

Calkins went to him and told him about the prostitute's tests. And so he said, "Well, I will examine this woman, give her blood tests after each inoculation. But I will have to give my findings to the medical association." (I doubt if they had a county medical society there at that time. So it must have been the state association.)

Anyway he did. And these gals were gettin' a shot of *distilled water* and charged ten bucks. So Calkins came back, but he made one mistake. He told the boss. And the public health doctor, of course, was the boss's best friend. The gal disappeared overnight, and was no longer in Las Vegas. And she was the witness and it was the end of the case. Calkins was told to forget it.

Later, when Calkins was up here in Reno one time, he said, "I've heard a lot about the line in Reno. I'd like to see it." So I took him down (when they had the old Stockade down by the river). And we were walking down the middle of it, it was a big open square—one of

the gals hung her head out the window and says, "Hey Calkins!" And this was the gal from Las Vegas! We weren't sure what had happened to her, whether she'd been killed or what. What they did was just run her out of town. But kinda rough stuff.

We had a problem with the police department in Vegas. The *Review-Journal* had the police department "locked up." We could not get a story out of the police department until the *Review-Journal* had had it for about half a day or more ahead of us. And the competition was intense. And, of course, we gave 'em the usual treatment that happens in cases like that. If a motorcycle cop went down the street with his siren going, why, we carried a story about how he was goin' "for the chief's dog meat or somethin'." But it didn't make any difference. We were just still havin' a hard time.

And then the chief of police staged a raid. They had a little Prohi law in Vegas. And all the speakeasies were raided once a month on a certain specified date. And they all had a half a pint of whiskey sitting on the bar, and the city cops'd come in and grab the evidence and that was all they'd take. And they'd convict 'em in police court, and fine 'em, I think it was one hundred and fifty bucks or something, and that was in lieu of a city license. The city ordinance was just a money-raising proposition.

Well, the chief had staged this big raid; and he'd nailed a truck load of alcohol that came in tins. I don't know whether they were one-gallon, or two and a half-gallon tins, or whether they were even five-gallon tins. Anyway, they had no labels on them, and they were bright and shiny. And I can't remember the amount, but Calkins got a photograph of the police with their hatchets, and their axes standing behind a row of these cans, and the caption says, "Chief of Police and his men

destroy the confiscated alcohol.” We’ll say two hundred cans. And then it said underneath, “All the cans are in the photograph. Count ‘em.” And there were only a hundred cans in the photograph. And the chief left town that night. There was a federal warrant out for him the next day. Nobody’s ever heard from him since; and from then on, we got on with the new chief much better. [Laughs].

Calkins was an instinctive reporter, and a good one. We all had a lot of fun with stories. He was one of the best investigative reporters I’ve ever known.

Oh, I guess there’s another episode I should mention, and that’s the fact that everybody was starving—not everybody—but two or three thousand men were starving, and couldn’t get work. There was no Red Cross, there was no charity, no nothin’. And sometimes you’d see people collapse on the street from hunger. And a fellow working with me, Louis Porter, selling advertising on the *Age* had an idea that maybe we could do something about it. So he and I went to the bakeries, and we got day-old bread, and we went to the produce markets, and got wilted vegetables, and we got some of the stores to supply free groceries. We got two Greek guys (Chris and Johnny) that ran the Busy Bee restaurant down near the police department to cook the stuff. We fed about fifteen hundred men every morning for about two weeks. They’d line up before daybreak in an alley that was parallel to Fremont Street, and they’d police themselves. They’d form a committee, and somebody’d wash the dishes and the pans, and somebody’d hand out’ the food. They’d parcel out the jobs, so they helped a lot.

Porter would take the supervising one morning, and I would take it the next. You had to be there about five. And the guys would already be lined up, two or three blocks or more long. And they’d all get—or most of

’em—would get something to eat—pretty simple, whatever it was, but at least it kept ’em alive. And then every day we would run a page one editorial on, “Where’s the Red Cross?” and, “Where’s the Salvation Army?” and, “Why doesn’t the Red Cross do something?” And we put the heat on our congressional delegation. And after ten days or so of this, we got it hot enough so the Red Cross, nationally, sent people in. They organized and set up a soup kitchen and a few more things. Our deal was over with. But nobody gave a damn about anybody. It was a real, rough, tough, little town then.

I think Louis was about ten years older than I was. He had an Ivy League education, and had been the editor of a financial magazine, I was told, which was published in Florida, and which went under during the stock market crash. And he had bummed his way into Las Vegas, and acquired a job. And he was quite a remarkable guy in many respects.

I remember one time he was having a hard time paying a bar bill at one of the local speakeasies, and he sold me a first edition Shakespeare & Company edition of James Joyce’s classic *Ulysses* for—I don’t know, fifteen, twenty dollars. Those were the days when *Ulysses* had to be smuggled into the United States. That was supposedly pornographic or something. I still have it.

And the guys working on the dam. I mentioned their football team. Work on the dam was very strenuous, and terribly hot. You had to be big physically to handle that kind of work under those conditions. And there was absolute prohibition, of course, on the reservation; no gambling, no booze, no nothing. Get paid every two weeks. On payday nights, I’d usually go out and sit in the doctor’s library, which was next to emergency in the little hospital, while they’d bring ’em in.

And I'd phone the news down to the paper until the paper went to bed on Saturday night. We'd always have all kinds of accidents. And they always had an extra crew on emergency at the hospital for that.

The dam workers would all come down on payday evenings to Block Sixteen, which was the line, and take over. And I remember one payday night goin' down there to see what the action was, and the whole street was just full—sidewalk to sidewalk, just a mass of humanity. There were some old cottonwood tree stumps; the trees had been cut off of stumps about—maybe a couple of feet high. I stood up on top of one of those, and I could look out over the top of the crowd, and I could see a ripple here, and a ripple there. Well, those were fights goin' on in different places. And then every once in a while you'd hear a helluva crash, and somebody—some bouncer had thrown some drunk out of one of the houses—and they'd throw him right through the screen door, usually. And they'd land out in the street.

One time a police car came. In those days, the police used open touring cars, the top down, "squad cars," they were called. And there were two policemen in the front seat, two in the back seat. They came in and they had the siren going slowly, and making a low growl. And the crowd opened up, and they came down the street, and they got in about a third of a block, the crowd filling in behind 'em. And some guy yelled, "Hey, it's the cops."

And somebody yelled, "What'll we do with them?"

And somebody shouted, "Let's hang 'em."

Well, there were three thousand drunks, irresponsible, ready for anything. The police just turned white. You could just—they might shoot their way out of part of it, but they were completely engulfed. They backed slowly out with their siren goin' just the same, low

growl, crowd opened up, backed up. [Laughs] They got out of that without any incident at all, and never came back. And from then on, there really wasn't any kind of law down at Block Sixteen that you could speak of, except bouncers in the joints. And it was a rough and tumble go. But it was just like an oil town, I guess, when it was really boomin'.

The old man sold the paper out from under us. We all scattered. I heard, by accident when one of the merchants I was selling advertising to said, "I think I'll wait and get the combination advertising rate."

And I said, "What do you mean combination rate?"

And he said, "Oh combination *Review-Journal* and *Age*. Then the advertising rate'll be cheaper. I'm not planning this sale for a month."

So I went back to the paper, and asked the old man about it. He said, "You'll have to ask Al Cahlan."

Well, Cahlan had offered each of us a job prior to that, and none of us would go. We had a winning combination, and we felt we were really beating the *R-J*. We knew we were gaining on them in circulation. We felt that Cahlan's offer was because we had a good team and he'd break it up. And none of us would go. So the old man said, "You'll have to ask Al Cahlan!"

Well, I was goin' get married in two weeks! And, of course, the job situation was impossible. So I went down to see Al, and he said, "No, Tom, you had your chance." So I came back and told Pop Squires.

And I said, "I would never leave you like this, but you've known about this for some time, and we haven't. And you know I'm planning to get married in two weeks. So I'm goin' to quit right now and start lookin' for another job. can't start any sooner. You can send me my paycheck, but I'm gone." And

so I packed my stuff, and got in my car and drove back to Reno. He owed me several weeks' back pay.

I'd been commuting to Tonopah every time I could get five bucks for gas. Ina was teaching school in Tonopah. She had finished going to college and then taught in Tonopah. And this was her second year teaching. During this year, when I could get about five or ten bucks, I would buy enough gas to get to Tonopah, spend a night at the Mizpah Hotel, and get back to Vegas. And it was a dirt road all the way. And I mean most of it was on the old railroad bed, formerly single track with brush growing, 'cept for the two ruts. When I'd make a trip to Tonopah, I'd carry a couple of days' grub, extra water, tools, blankets, sheepskin coat (even in the summertime 'cause the nights sometimes got cold when you got towards Tonopah), gun and ammunition.

You could drive a hundred miles front Beatty to Tonopah, and not see a car. Very, very primitive. I drove down Goldfield Canyon on Thanksgiving vacation, coming back to Vegas, when there'd been a terrible storm. The road was closed. And I got out before daybreak—out of Tonopah, went down to Goldfield, left the highway or road at Goldfield, drove out cross-country over the hills, which were frozen iron hard, and swept clean by the wind. The snow was only a half-inch deep on hilltops. I could look down where the road was in the canyon, and I could see just the tops of nine cars—just the tops above the snowdrifts—on the road where they'd been stuck or snowed in. I drove all the way down the side hills off of the road to the bottom of the grade. The hardest time I had was diggin' my way back onto the road from out in the sagebrush. I got back on the road. I drove about ten miles, took my chains off, and drove into Beatty. I was the only car through in a couple of days! They couldn't believe me

when I told them I'd come from Tonopah. But the timing was just right. That ground would turn soft when the sun was on it. And I had just lucked into getting through, when it was frozen hard and windswept clean.

There were some robberies on the road between Goldfield— between Vegas and Beatty. Somebody'd been killed. And everybody was a little nervous. I was driving up to Tonopah one night, it was turning dark. And I came down a long grade, and I saw a light or something moving at the bottom. I had a deluxe sport phaeton Model A, which today would be worth a fortune. It was a classic car. Cost me four hundred and fifty dollars used. It had wire wheels, a low, sporty-looking frame, a top that folded back into a boot, windshield folded down in front, low center of gravity. I could cruise at about seventy-two miles an hour on a dirt road, sliding the turns. I had the most expensive, heavy-duty tires made. They were U.S. heavy-duty, and they cost eight dollars and fifty cents each, I think. And I'd really motor with that car. I equaled Garside's record between Vegas and Tonopah, which was four hours and (I think) thirty minutes or four hours and twenty minutes—something like that—in his heavy Lincoln.

Anyway, as I started down this hill, I saw some light or something moving at the bottom, and I was apprehensive in view of what'd been going on. I had a Colt (.38 special revolver) on the seat under my blanket, and I had a sheepskin coat on. And the heater was underneath on the floor, and by covering your feet with a blanket you'd keep your feet and legs warm if you had a blanket over your lap. So I had put a blanket up over my waist, and the heavy sheepskin coat from the blanket up. So as I got down this road, I could see what looked like a man, it was darker than the surroundings, and a car off the road. So I

took my .38 under the blanket, held it in my right hand, on my lap under the blanket, and shifted down into second gear. I pulled up and this guy started to come toward me. He stepped out in the road. And I'd made up my mind I was goin' to shoot him if I had to. I had thoughts of a trial, a mess, but I realized I had no real choice. I was sweating! And he came up within about two feet of the car, and he said, "Is there anybody behind you?"

Well, there wasn't, but I said, "Yeah, there's another car, maybe two coming. Why?"

He didn't say anything. And I cocked the damn gun, and I don't know whether he heard, or whether I was so tense that I just transmitted the feeling to him. I was going to shoot him in the belly right through the door (which was just tin, you know), if he made any move at all. But instead he backed up a little bit and said, "Well nothin'. Go ahead. I have no trouble." So I let the clutch out and drove on. But I had completely reached a decision as to what I was goin' to do, and thought of the consequences, and figured it was the only thing; I wasn't gonna let him kill me, that was for sure.

I had a few close escapes on that road. (I hit the Amargosa River one time when there was water in it. And it wasn't a close thing; but it just got me wet, 'cause I had the top down. It was a summer night.) Another time, I was coming into Tonopah and it was dusk and turning dark pretty fast. And as I came over the Divide, where you come from Goldfield, and you come up and you go over the Divide and you go down into the main street of Tonopah, but before I was in Tonopah, and still on the Divide—there's a long deep cut at that time. I've been back a couple of times lookin' for it, but the road's been so rebuilt that it's all gone. There was a deep cut through it. I could see the black silhouette against the sky ahead of me—in the cut—I could see a car

with a tail light in the cut, but the left-hand side of the road was open. And so I kept goin' at my usual seventy miles an hour. And it was a dirt road. As I got right up on top of this car, I realized it wasn't a car; it was a motor patrol, and it had a blade, and the blade was out and filling the left-hand side of the road. And they were scraping dirt goin' through this cut. And I didn't have time to think, or plan, or do anything! I just instinctively turned the car up, left, and I had enough momentum so I went up on the steep-banked side of that cut, went past the thing, and then back down on the road—and on without a scratch! And it was really maybe only a few— not a minute, maybe just a matter of seconds. Then minutes later when I was on the main Street and down at the Mizpah Hotel, I got out of the car and my knees wouldn't hold me up. I had to hang on to the damn car [laughs] for a couple of minutes, because I began to realize what the hell had happened. If I'd planned it, I'd have never made it. But the rest of the time, it was really fast dirt driving and lots of fun.

But on the trip home, I got back to Reno and I started looking for a job. And I had a helluva time. I didn't get a real job for oh, almost a year. Finally Buntin and Calkins and I pooled our money; we managed twelve hundred miles on eleven dollars and ninety cents apiece. We'd go into California newspaper after newspaper, and offer 'em a staff. We'd come in, take their newspaper over for 'em. We had a good team. We had a good record. We had good references. Nothin' doin'. We worked our way from San Diego to San Francisco, and Sacramento, and Santa Barbara; and all the newspapers in between—no jobs. Then I sold ads for groups of newspapers. I covered as a stringer. Did all kinds of odd jobs. They did too. Buntin wrote for pulp magazines under three or four different names. Calkins finally wangled a job

part-time on the *San Pedro News-Pilot*, where I later got a job. And my wedding to Ina was postponed almost a year. And that depression was really, really somethin' terrible.

Well in Vegas, I have covered Ma Kennedy, and the gangsters, and the Hidden Forest, and the payday nights, parole office, and all those things, the public health officer. I don't think I touched on "Major Mac."

MacDonald was a veteran from World War I, and a pilot. He'd been shot in the lungs with tracer ammunition, apparently phosphorus and had triggered something similar to tuberculosis. And he evidently had some very high connections in the War Department at that time. And they got him a job as an inspector with the Department of Commerce for aviation and stationed him in Las Vegas, I think just because it had a climate in which he could live. And we all knew Mac. He was a great, great guy. And all of us in the newspaper knew him—were very close to him. And I know that Calkins and I were over his apartment one time when he was getting something to show us. I don't remember what the discussion was about. But he opened up a small case to get out something, and the case was full of every decoration I've ever heard of—French, English, Belgian, American—he had a fantastic war record. I'll touch on MacDonald again when I get to San Pedro. But he was a great guy. We were very impressed by him.

Sam Gay was an ex-sheriff in Vegas. And for a while, a couple of guys and I rented a small cottage in Gay Court. We had an awfully good time; and in fact, we had such a good time that finally, he tactfully suggested that we move somewhere else when it was convenient. 'Cause we had a—three bachelors—and we had a lot of things goin' there all the time that were great for us, but I am sure we must have annoyed some of the people there.

And Gay used to tell me things of Vegas. And the story that I remember particularly was: when he first came there as a railroad cop for—I guess it was the Salt Lake and San Pedro Railroad—and in Las Vegas in those days, the railroad ran right along Main Street. And the center of the town, and the town's activity was the corner of Main Street and Fremont. And the whole town used to come down to see the larger trains go through. There wasn't much else in the way of entertainment.

Gay had only been on the job, I guess a day or two, and everybody was down to watch for some train coming through, and Gay looked down the track, and there was a string of boxcars on the siding, and he saw a man get out of one of the boxcars. So he yelled at him to stop walkin' away—to stop. And instead, the man broke into a run. And Gay said he made a serious mistake. He shouted, "Stop or I'll shoot." And the man ran all the harder. The whole town's watching! So Gay pulled out his gun, and fired a shot over the fella's head to show him he meant business. And the man fell flat on his face, and slid in the gravel. Gay thought he'd killed him. He ran up to him. And he'd shot the heel off of one shoe. He said the smartest thing he ever did all the years he was in Las Vegas was not talk about it. And people felt that he had deliberately shot the heel off to stop him, and he had a hell of a reputation as a marksman with a revolver.

He was a great old guy, and looked like what a sheriff should look like. He was well over six feet tall, and stood very erect, and he had a full head of thick, white hair, and craggy features, and an inexhaustible supply of stories. He got crosswise in a libel suit with the *Review-Journal*, and they ran him out of office. I don't know the details. That had happened before I ever got there.

NEWSPAPER WORK IN CALIFORNIA

After all our jobs collapsed with the “almost” sale of the *Las Vegas Morning Age* to the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, Buntin, the editor, and Calkins and I traveled twelve hundred and ninety miles on eleven dollars and ninety cents each, looking for newspaper jobs. We had all kinds of minor adventures on this trip. We did not turn up a job. We talked to publishers in all cities all up and down—and small towns, too—up and down California. And we simply just couldn’t sell the concept of a new staff coming in and taking over a paper. We did get as far as, in the Los Angeles area, where we ran into some people we’d gone to school with; and Thor Smith was working down there for Hearst, and Thor put us in touch with a German who had brought into the Los Angeles area a new type of printing press. And we took a look at this press. And what it was, was a grandfather of today’s offset multi-lith.

During World War I, the Germans were getting very low on lead and other metals for ammunition. And they developed an offset printing process, which did not require much

type metal, nothing like the regular letterpress method. And this machine kinda looked like a—it’s very primitive; it was a small thing—looked like an Oliver typewriter, only about twice that size.

We took one look at it, and we thought this was the ideal printing method for rural newspapers! And we had an idea that if we could get one of those somehow—or a larger, slightly larger version of it—that you could put it on a truck in a van body, and you could print a paper in one county in Nevada (and the legal notices, which had to be printed in a paper printed in the county, were a major source of revenue to small publishers; and they always had been). Our legal notice rates were set by law to encourage newspapers in the early days of Nevada mining camps. The rates remained high. We felt we could put a complete print shop on a van body, and we could print it—maybe a paper in Eureka, to get the Eureka legal notices. And on the next day, we could move it over into Lander County and do the same thing in that county.

And then maybe the next day we could move into White Pine or Lincoln or some other nearby county, and qualify for perhaps all the legal publishing in three counties, which would be enough to finance a chain of small, weekly newspapers.

So for the next ten years, every dime that we could scrape together we put into the construction of an offset press that was slightly larger, designed to print weekly papers. Offset printing for newspapers was still unheard of. Buntin was a chemist by training in school. And Calkins was an engineer by training in school. And I could do simple art work. And we all could do photography. And we thought that we had the necessary skills to operate this type of thing, and build this kind of press. But we never quite got the press done. We got it *almost* finished. And it was a duplicate of the later Webendorfer offset press, which was later sold in this country right after World War II—highly successful. And today the offset process is being adopted by one newspaper after another, both the big and small all over the United States.

We were about twenty years ahead of our time, and probably two or three thousand dollars short! But we were on target with this. We finally sold it for scrap during World War II. But we have all been interested in offset since, because we got so close to the thing.

Buntin had a hard time surviving. He stayed—was the only one who stayed—in Las Vegas. And he sold fiction to the pulp magazines. And I know one of the stories, he almost got me in trouble. Being a chemist, he was aware that methylene blue had been discovered about that time as having possibilities of restoring a person who was a victim of hydrocyanic acid gas. Well, that's what was used in the death chamber in the Carson state prison in those days. So Buntin wrote a story about—I think the man's name

was White, the first white man—or maybe I'm wrong on that, it could have been Gee John (Chinese) was the first prisoner to be executed.

But there was a white man who was executed, and Buntin wrote a story about how somebody recognized him later up in Alaska, after he'd been declared dead. And then Buntin went back and collected a whole bunch of pretty dubious testimony about how the widow had demanded and took immediate possession of the body after the execution. And she rented a house near the prison on—just off the prison road in Carson City—how an undertaker from out of town came in (the family had retained him), and built up a lot of things which if all put together, and all happened to be true, would indicate that they got that body within the time limits. And he was treated, presumably with methylene blue, brought back to life, smuggled out of the country, and was alive and living in Alaska!

Well, this story created a hell of a furor! And Associated Press queried everybody in Nevada on it. Buntin always wrote under an assumed name. And then he asked me—. (I was working at odd jobs in Reno, trying by mail and by occasional trips to get a job on a newspaper, 'cause I was long overdue in getting married. Ina and I'd planned on being married just when the *Age* was sold out. In fact, I had rented an apartment in Las Vegas.) And so Buntin wrote a story in an interview with a scientist—a fictional scientist—for another pulp magazine on why the rescue of this man with the methylene blue was scientifically impossible: And he needed some detail about the death chamber. And he asked me.

I was dumb enough to go over to the prison. And a lot of people looked at it, and I looked at it, but I asked too many questions.

And I can't remember who was the warden then. I don't think it was [Matti Penrose; I can't recall. But they were very anxious to find out who was writing these articles about Nevada State Prison. And they questioned the hell out of me on it. But I was lucky enough they didn't break my story. They were pretty sure that I might know somebody who was writing this stuff. They had finally, I think, decided that I wasn't writing it. They were kind of unfriendly, but they couldn't break it down, and I got away with it. But I wouldn't run any more gas chamber errands for Buntin for a long, long time! That was too touchy.

Finally got a job with a new daily newspaper that was starting in Salinas. Went down, got the job, advertising manager. And there was a large, prosperous, well-managed, well-run, well-financed, well-equipped newspaper, the *Salinas Index-Journal*, which was the established competition. We had some nice people working on our paper, and they were pleasant to work with, but we were badly outgunned on circulation and equipment, news, and everything else. Nonetheless, after first payday I went back to Carson City, and Ina and I were married. And we returned back down to Salinas. And we had a very enjoyable time there in the Salinas-Monterey area.

We used to go over to Carmel. There was a lot of interesting entertainment in Carmel. They had a concert series which was outstanding. I think we heard Heifetz; I don't remember who else in Carmel. We used to go picnicking in Carmel Valley. And the lettuce packers made a lot of money that year and they used to play polo with the officers from the field artillery, stationed at the Presidio of Monterey. One of the fellows in the newspaper owned a thirty-six foot sailboat which he had rigged as a *schooner*, which was an excessive amount of rigging for the size of the boat. But he liked to work the sails. And so we used to go

over on weekends, and I enjoyed sailing from my experience in San Diego as a teenager. So we used to take a bottle of whiskey, and a picnic lunch, and that boat and go out and sail up and down Monterey Bay, and see how close we could come around Cypress Point without piling it up. We had a lotta fun with it. It was a good boat. And those were the days when you had the old-fashioned canvas, and the old-fashioned masts and rigging. But it was really a lot of fun. And we had a lot of pleasant experiences there without any money to spend, because my salary was real low.

The paper finally ran out of financing. The financing money was put up by a man by the name of Cornell, who owned Cornell Tractor, a dealer there for Caterpillar tractors. And when he got to the point where he couldn't put any more money in this paper, which was a morning daily, they cut the paper back to a weekly—called it the *Monterey County Post*. And we all lost our jobs except an old, very elderly man who'd been an editor in Monterey County, and knew the people quite well. They kept him on at about half salary, and kept the paper alive as a weekly for about another six months. And then I think the whole thing finally folded.

I picked up a job that only paid fifteen dollars a week in San Pedro, on the *San Pedro News-Pilot*, and we drove down to San Pedro. I had an uncle, who I mentioned to you before by the name of Cave, Wayne Bea Cave, working on the *Los Angeles Times* on the harbor beat; we stayed with him and my aunt for about a week until we got an apartment. The apartment cost us thirty-two dollars a month. It was out on Point Firmin, overlooked the breakwater. We were the only civilians in the apartment house. All the other people were junior Navy officers. Senior Navy officers lived in Long Beach, and the junior Navy officers lived in San Pedro. And so we

spent half our total income on rent for a very nice apartment. And we could go down and have picnics on the sandy beach right there at the breakwater, swim in the surf. And it was very pleasant.

The big ships of the Pacific battle fleet were anchored in “Battleship Row,” which was just off Point Firmin in the harbor—inside the harbor. We could tell time day and night with ships’ bells. And when a visiting cruiser from the Royal Navy came in from West Indies, why you could hear ‘em firing salutes for the commodore, admiral, or whoever was on board her.

The newspaper, *San Pedro News-Pilot*, was one of Colonel Ira Copley’s papers, and he had many. He had quite a few in the Los Angeles area. And Colonel Copley was an accountant, and he felt that it was wrong to have payday on the traditional Saturday, because he believed his employees would just waste their money over the weekend. He’d never heard of the Saturday grocery specials, which were a way of life if you had a small income, and very important. So he paid on *Monday*. I don’t know what it really cost him ‘cause the whole newspaper used to draw an advance to buy groceries on Saturday - And the paperwork must have been really somethin’.

This was my first experience on a newspaper where they had a very large accounting department, and where you had all kinds of statistical information on all advertisers in the area, and you knew what each advertiser had spent year after year, and their trends and how they were doing, and about what they could afford to spend, and it was a great help in selling.

The Long Beach earthquake had just been over a few weeks. At that time, you could drive around the harbor district, and every so often you’d see a pile of rubble, and these were all former public schools! There

were—apparently some people who had the contracts to build schools for a number of years in the harbor area, had really shorted the school board and the only buildings that collapsed were the school buildings! All the business buildings and all of the industries, and all of the major governmental structures were intact. But each school, almost without exception, in the elementary school system, was just a pile of trash— plaster and boards. And I don’t think anybody went to jail. There was a lot of talk about it. But they must have had a lotta, lotta clout—weren’t bothered.

During that time we had the great longshoremen strike, which was very big in the Los Angeles harbor district. The Los Angeles harbor, I guess, was one of the two greatest petroleum harbors in the world—enormous size. And it got pretty rough. The longshoremen were beating up people with chains who were not striking, or strike breakers. The warehouses and wharf’s were surrounded with barbed wire, watch towers, and dogs, and floodlights at night.

Our newspaper was strongly anti-labor. And there was supposedly a strong Communist influence in the unions, or always was supposed to be in a big strike in those days. And they threatened to dynamite our press. And we were all issued baseball bats, which we kept under our desks in the newsroom and in the advertising department. And downstairs in the newspaper building—was occupied by the classified department with counters; and then there was a flight of stairs that came up to the mezzanine. Had a large mezzanine where the advertising department was—that’s where I had my desk—and then on upstairs on the second floor, was a large newsroom.

One day oh, twenty or thirty longshoremen in work clothes came running in the front door, and ran up the stairs, past the ad department, and on up into the newsroom.

So we all looked at each other, picked up our baseball bats we had under our desks and moved in behind 'em. We got up in the newsroom and on one side of the newsroom were all the reporters and editors with their baseball bats. In the middle of the room were all the longshoremen. We came in; we had 'em on the other side. We had 'em outnumbered 'bout two to one, and we had the baseball bats!

So it was the nicest, most pleasant conversation you ever heard! *Everybody* was very friendly. They were misunderstood," they wanted the people in the newsroom to "understand their side of the story," they didn't believe in any "violence." And finally they filed out, and nobody took a poke at anybody [chuckle]. But our planning—we'd had a couple of rehearsals really—really paid off. And, of course, we had armed guards on the press and mechanical department.

During the course of this thing somebody—a sniper shot and killed a longshoreman. And they had a funeral. And it's the first time I've ever seen ten thousand men march down a street—ten in a rank—and it just petrified the entire community. They marched down, I think it was Pacific Boulevard. And all the Stores closed, locked their doors, pulled their blinds, sent their employees home. And there wasn't a sound made. All these guys had the black arm bands on, but they weren't armed. They just marched quietly down the street to where the mortuary was; and then they formed up and went out to the cemetery. But it really shook the community.

San Pedro was a pretty lively town. When the fleet was movin' out, the Shore Patrol would go all along Front Street and chase all the sailors out of all the dives down on the waterfront. And sometimes there'd be a—if there was a Japanese cruiser came in, the Japanese would come ashore four or five in

a group; they'd never go individually. And they'd—the sailors or the marines—and they'd carry their own canteens, and drink their own water. Their medical officers insisted they could not drink Los Angeles water, or the harbor water. They had to carry their own.

When the British cruisers came in on visits, the sailors all went up and down the alleys, and they had big gunnybags, and they'd fill 'em full of junk! I don't know what they did with it after they collected it. But they were a collection of rag pickers. I've never seen anything like it. And I always had a lot of respect for the Royal Navy, but I really lost a lot of it, watchin' how they behaved in a foreign port. It was strange!

I mentioned that we lived in a apartment out on the beach, out on Point Firmin. And I had this Model A phaeton, and of course, we were always short of gas money. And it was a little downhill so I'd usually cut the ignition and coast oh, maybe thirty, forty yards to where I parked it at the apartment, and come home for lunch. And this particular day, I did the usual thing; and the car made no noise as it rolled up to the parking area. As it did, I looked over, and over on the grass in the shrubbery that was around the apartment house was our old gardener.

He was about a seventy-year-old Japanese with a great, big, beautiful pair of expensive binoculars, watching Battleship Row down below us. (And the big battleships were always signaling each other with blinkers. And we all "knew" there was going to be a war with Japan. It was just a case of *when*. Many of the reporters on the Los Angeles metropolitan newspapers, and reporters on our paper, were members of the U. S. Naval Intelligence Reserve. And many of them carried canes. When they'd go aboard a Japanese liner or freighter in the harbor, they had calibrated walking sticks, and they would—when nobody was watching, they

could reach down inside an open hatch, and the calibrations would tell them how thick the deck plates were; and if they knew how strong the deck plates were, they knew what size cannon the deck would take, so that they'd made a report on each ship that put in. There was a lot of other information too that I'm sure that none of us knew they were acquiring on performance of the ships, and the Japanese were doin' the same thing to us, I'm sure, in Japan. We all knew that there was a Japanese war comin'.)

So I picked up my phone and I called the Navy intelligence downtown, and told 'em I had a Japanese spy up here. And they said, "Is he an old guy about seventy years old?"

And I said, "Yeah."

"Long white hair?"

And I said, "Yeah."

"Is he wearing bib overalls of white and blue pinstripe?"

I said, "Yeah."

"He's got a straw hat?"

"Yeah."

And they said, "For Christ's sake, leave him alone! Just act like nothing ever happened. And when you finish work today, come down and we want to have a talk with you."

So when I finished work that day—I was kinda frustrated, 'cause I was sure I'd just saved the entire United States. They put me in a car, and they took me out around Point Firmin where the bean fields, or other kinds of truck gardening, and they'd point to a bunch of Japanese working out in the vegetables; and they'd say, "The one on the left is Lt. Commander so and so and so and so, Imperial Japanese Navy Intelligence. The one over on the right is Lt. so and so, Imperial Japanese Navy." We'd go around another bean patch, or whatever it was, and they'd point out a couple of more.

I asked, "Why'n'tcha grab 'em?"

They said, "Oh no! We know *who* they are! We know what they're doin'. If they were transferred, if they became suspicious, and were transferred, or if we locked 'em up, we wouldn't know the replacements. As it is now, we've got a pretty good idea what's goin' on most of the time. And we don't want any amateurs messing around. Now just butt out, see." So that was the end of my great spy hunt.

I remember Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, came in with her yacht, and anchored it off "Battleship Row" for awhile. And it was a full-sized sailing ship, a steel black hull, magnificent thing. Reportedly had three hundred people on the crew. I never went on board. It was supposedly loaded with all kinds of fine art and tapestries and superb carpeting; very, very plush, luxurious thing.

During that time I made some advertising layouts for the crew of special edition salesmen, who worked for the Copley chain. They would put out a special edition this month for the *News-Pilot*, and they'd put one out next month for the *Monrovia Post*, or the *Alhambra* newspaper, or some of the other Copley owned papers in the area. They made this circuit. They were continually selling special editions. Special editions for Christmas, special editions for Fourth of July, special editions for Mother's Day, special editions for historic anniversaries of various kinds.

Having done architectural drafting, I could make newspaper advertising layouts very easily and very fast. And they asked me if I'd make some, and they'd pay me a dollar a layout. And I could make 'em at home at night. I had a drawing board at home. And I got so I was very fast. I really think I probably was one of the fastest layout men in the country. I never told them. I never brought back one night's production. Fortunately, I knew enough not to do that. And they

thought they were stealing me blind paying a dollar, and I could make almost fifty bucks a week! They weren't the world's greatest layouts, but they were better than they were used to getting. And with that kind of performance, Ina could get an occasional new dress, and I could get an occasional new suit. And it made it possible for us to get by on the fifteen-dollar-a-week salary we were getting.

Then about that time, Ina discovered she was pregnant. That was Spike who was on the way. And we could no way make it on fifteen dollars a week. So I began pulling strings up in northern California, and with everybody I'd ever heard of. Again I picked up a trade press story that Johnny Seamans had landed a job as advertising manager for the *San Mateo Times*.

And I knew Johnny. He and Bill Bearss were the two Reno ad men, along with Jack Reed, who took me in tow and gave me a two weeks cram course in advertising selling before I went out to Winnemucca. So I wrote Johnny Seamans and asked for a job in his advertising department. And he wrote back and said, "You're hired—forty-five dollars a week—can you report in two weeks?" So we went to San Mateo [chuckle].

And San Mateo was interesting. The paper was in a terrible position. The story was that old Horace Amphlett, who owned it, had been out with printing equipment salesmen, and somehow the salesmen had sold him a big press—about four times bigger than he really needed for circulation, and other equipment. And when Amphlett finally realized he had non-cancelable contracts, and what he'd obligated the paper for, the story was that he killed himself. And the stockholders hired a new publisher. A number of members of the family worked on the paper. I can't vouch for the truth of this, but it was what we all believed.

So there was great pressure to make more revenue because of this terrible overhead. They had a brand new building. It was an unusually fine building at that time for a newspaper to have. They were paying on it, and paying on this new equipment. So the paper was in terrible shape, and we had great demand on us, and there was a lot of competition. In Burlingame—there was a strong daily in Burlingame, *Burlingame Advance-Star*; there was a strong daily at Redwood City, *Redwood City Tribune*; and the *Palo Alto Times* was a strong daily. And then of course, we had the metropolitan papers which were beating on us all the time. There was the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *Call-Bulletin*, and the *News*, and the *Examiner*. We didn't get any competition from the *Oakland Tribune* or the *Post-Inquirer*.

Anyway, we worked like dogs, and we sold a lot of advertising, and we did a lot of things that hadn't been done before. But it was a great deal of pressure. It wasn't too long before Seamans just couldn't take the pressure. It was a killer. He got himself a better job up in Washington state.

I was made advertising manager. I not only had to be manager, but I had to carry a full load of selling advertising. The only way I could carry the load that I had, was to get the people that I sold ads to plan their advertising ahead so I would sit down and plan a month's at a time. I'd go home, make the layouts, write the copy, put it in booklet form, bring it back, get an okay on a month's schedule. And this way, I could handle a very heavy volume of advertising. But what I didn't know was, I was learning to give what amounted to advertising agency service. But I didn't realize at the time that's what I was doing.

I had a lotta fun selling some people. There were a couple of guys who ran a butcher shop by the name of Olinghouse. And they

were havin' kind of a hard time, because the grocery end of this market, which had separate ownership, was pretty dead on its feet. One day I said, "That's an old Nevada name. Are you guys claiming Nevada connections?"

And they said, "Sure. We grew up on the Olinghouse ranch, and Olinghouse, Nevada, is named for it." They were real nice guys.

So I came back with an idea, and I said, "Look, you're gonna be selling meat from the Olinghouse ranch; and we're gonna have photographs of roundup time on the Olinghouse ranch; and we're gonna have cattle brands, and the Olinghouse spread hanging back in your butcher shop. We're gonna dramatize the fact that you've got better meat. It's a family concern.

Well, they were in pain, so they went along for it. And we advertised the hell out of the "Olinghouse spread"—what it was like, with the buckaroos on the ranch. I got pictures from all over hell in Nevada that we used. And do you know, it worked!

The selling of meat, even today, is the most unimaginative thing, but I had a hunch that it might be possible to work it because women would always insist on being waited on by this butcher, or that butcher, and they were all selling the same cuts, the same price, but each customer was positive that she had a little better treatment in the kind of meat she got. So there's a lot of imagination in the buying of meat. And so I felt that there'd be some imagination possible in the advertising and selling end of it, and it worked.

It's getting to the point now where I think it'll soon be possible to market *Nevada* beef. The identity of it can be well established, and you can keep track of it. But grass-fed beef is going to be fashionable the next few years. And the grading system is gonna change. And I've had a couple of discussions with Cattlemen's Association in Nevada on this thing. And I

think that in the next few years, we might be able to get it on. And I'm convinced that there's room for a little romance and glamour in the sale of meat. It's wide open.

Anyway, it was one of a number of experiences that were interesting in San Mateo. In the newspaper business, almost nobody has worked on both the advertising side and the news side. It's just it's just unheard of. It's like finding a lawyer who's also an engineer. It does happen, but it's rare. And I had done this. And the people on the news side did not know it. And as advertising manager, I had control of the newspaper's shopping news and its content, which was mostly ads and publicity. And I got myself in real hot water, because I did what I felt was the right thing, and I still think it was.

They had a murder in San Mateo. And you never had a murder in San Mateo or Burlingame. They were nice, quiet, gentle suburban communities where nothing ever happened in the way of crime. But they had this murder. And the police had a guy locked up, and he wouldn't confess. And he'd been locked up for two or three weeks. And on this particular night, Colonel Marchbanks, who owned Tanforan race track had a big press night. And he invited all the reporters, and all the editors from all the papers in San Francisco and the peninsula, but none of the advertising people, of course, and so we were really bent out of shape. We were missing all the fun, and the free booze, and the entertainment, and everything else. And the phone rang out in the print shop as we were getting ready to go to press with the *Shopping News*, and it was the desk sergeant down at the police department in San Mateo. He says, "So and so finally confessed, and you can go ahead and break the story, and will you tell Jeff so and so.

And I said, "Yeah."

Well, Jeff, the reporter who had been covering this story, was up at Tanforan. There was no way to reach him for an hour or so. I knew the San Francisco morning papers would have the story. They'd beat us, because we were an afternoon paper. We wouldn't carry the story for twenty hours, and so we couldn't break it. But we're now sittin' on it and nobody else had it at this point.

So I thought, well, let's see. If I were on that story and I knew it was going to break, I think I'd have a cut already made of the guy's photograph, and I think maybe I'd have a statement from him, and I might even have a pretty accurate near confession. So I went over and looked on the type bank, and sure enough here's a photograph already made up into a cut of the guy holding the bars on his cell—great photograph and a story all in type. Jeff had done a good job. And it checked with what the desk sergeant had given me, except *now* we had the confession.

So I called the circulation manager and had him bring down his kids. I remade up page one of my *Shopping News* as an extra. We broke the story! I used all the type that was already set, and the pictures, and everything else. Then I sent fifty copies up by motorcycle courier to the press dinner at Tanforan! And our newsroom hated my guts from then on as long as I stayed in San Mateo! [Chuckled] It wasn't a very smart move on my part.

I rationalized the thing on the basis that they had a lot of press passes to races at Bay Meadows, and they had press passes to football games, and they never got down as far as the advertising department. I felt they really had it comin'. And they couldn't have done anything else with the story either. But they didn't like it a damn bit, and they particularly didn't like it being done by an *advertising* man.

About this time, I got a notice that the extension courses I'd been taking in the Army

Reserve had received an acceptable grade, and I was ordered to take a physical, then report for an interview before a board of officers for a commission. So the nearest Army hospital where I could get a physical exam was in Palo Alto. And I was a little concerned because I've always had a slight heart murmur. And I went down to the Veteran's Hospital, an enormous place with a campus like a university, and brick buildings—and I met a young medical lieutenant who was very pleasant, and gave me a thoroughly businesslike physical.

And I said to him, "You know the way these doors and the windows are screened, and the way these buildings are organized, it reminds me of a mental hospital at home where another guy and I used to go down and pick up information for an abnormal psych course.

This officer says, "Yeah." He said, "This is a mental hospital, and it's entirely for veterans of World War I."

I said, "Oh!" I said, "What have you got here?"

He said, "About five thousand."

I said, "I had no idea you had that many mental cases.

And he said, "Well the pressures of war are tremendous, particularly in combat, but even non-combat there is a great deal of pressure, and many people who are on the borderline go over the edge from the stresses that are placed on 'em. And then of course, many people under heavy bombardment just simply cannot take it." And he said, "We have a lot of 'em here. It's a—we don't know how much good we're doin' them, but we're trying."

And I said, "Well it's something to be able to pass an exam in a mental hospital!" And he laughed.

But that murmur showed on my record, so when I went to the Presidio of San Francisco, they insisted I take another one, and I was

right in the middle of that exam—it was by an old medical colonel, due for retirement, giving me the exam. Suddenly, they had an emergency fire in the Presidio’s officer’s quarters, and I think some children, and maybe a mother suffered some burns. They called an ambulance, and called him to clear the decks for the emergency cases. He just said, “Well I can’t fool with you any more. I gotta take care of *this*.” And he just signed it, “Okay” for me. And I got passed without any trouble!

And the next day, I took a board, an *oral* exam at the Presidio. And they really wanted people in the service in those days, but still that damn exam went all morning. I know it was longer than three hours, and broke up at noon. Before a full board of officers.

They were all civilian clothes. The Army was under great opposition from part of the public then as it is today. An officer in uniform was almost unheard of unless he was on duty. The Officer of the Day at the Presidio was in uniform. But at the Presidio all the other officers were wearing tweed suits, and the enlisted men were all in uniform. But the board that sat on my exam were all in civilian clothes, and were all oh, I would guess all company grade. Maybe the president of the board was maybe a major or lieutenant colonel, but the rest of them were captains and first lieutenants.

And they hit me with questions for this whole period. And I had been interested in what I studied. And it was fairly elementary, and so I did okay with the questions. Exams never used to bother me much in school, either. For some reason, I rarely get up tight, I don’t know why. Today I make a presentation for a hundred thousand-dollar account, and I still don’t get up tight. I may afterwards, but not during the course of it. So I handled it without too much difficulty.

But I began to run into questions that I hadn’t heard before, that I hadn’t studied, and I knew damn well that I hadn’t studied. And some of ’em were getting more and more and more technical.

Finally I said, “I’m guessing at these answers, you know. I haven’t studied the things that you are asking me. Did I miss part of the course or what is it?”

They said, “No, you passed the second lieutenant’s commission some time ago, and we thought we’d see how far you can go into first.” And I almost made it. I blew two or three questions on the theory of patrolling that I hadn’t studied, which were simple questions once you—. I think I could probably pass the damn thing now, without any trouble. But I got my commission as an Infantry second lieutenant. And then I started going to what they call reserve troop school, which was once a week, we had training sessions. And they had that in San Mateo.

About this time, they were really putting the pressure on at the paper for more and more and more business, and I had access to the statistics, and we were way ahead of the previous year, and the pressure was still on. And it rained seventeen days and seventeen nights, and everything was wet, and Spike’s diapers were wet, and we couldn’t get anything dry. Even the sheets on the beds were clammy.

And we got a phone call from Ina’s family that, on the Ira Winters home ranch, they had a string of—they were essentially a cattle ranching outfit, but they had a string of dairy cows. And they’d been selling milk to some guy who had a small dairy. And he got into ’em for all kinds of money and then skipped town. And here they had all this dairy equipment and this dairy business near Carson City, and nobody to run it. And they said, “We know that you would both like to come back to Nevada. Do you want to come back and try

this for awhile, and perhaps later sell it?" Well, I don't know anything about dairies, but they said, "We have a milker on the ranch."

I said, "Well, hell, let's try it." So I quit the job in San Mateo, packed everything up, and came up to Carson City. Spent the first few weeks at the ranch, until we rented a house downtown.

RETURN TO NEVADA: WESTERN NEVADA LIFE AND BUSINESS

It was the first time I'd ever been in business for myself. So it was a new experience, and I realized what I'd been missing, 'cause I'd always been working for wages. The dairy operation itself was very elementary, but it was hard work. It started at four o'clock in the morning and I had a driver who drove a light delivery truck but sometimes they wouldn't show up, or they'd quit, or they'd walk off the job; then I'd be the delivery boy.

Sometimes the man who went out and picked up the milk and cream off the ranches—'cause I began to increase sales, and ma's family herd wasn't big enough, so I was buying more milk and cream from ranches in Washoe Valley and some in Carson Valley. We had to pick up that stuff. And sometimes my man wouldn't show up, and my plant man (these were all about high school age or a little older, the school dropouts) sometimes they wouldn't be there. So I worked at any vacancy that was open on these jobs, and I also went out after new customers.

And then it turned into the terrible winter of '37 '38. The temperature dropped to twenty

below zero and stayed there for a month. And the highway was closed between Carson and Reno. And I went into Washoe Valley with a light truck every damn day during that month, and picked up five- and ten-gallon cans of milk and cream over near where Steen's ranch is now, and some of those farm houses in there, and barns.

I'd wade through chest-deep snow and pick up this stuff. I figured then that if my physical exam had indicated any heart problem, I sure as hell didn't have it, with what I was goin' through, because it was really tough. But I got through that winter okay.

Denver Dickerson was running the *Carson Chronicle*. There were a bunch of us about the same age in Carson. We had a very pleasant time of it between the people working for the highway department, who were our age, and others around town, and we made some friends then who we still have. And came election time for city elections, and Denver said, "You know," he said, "they haven't had an election in Carson for about ten years." He said, "They never put out the

election notices. Anybody calls them on it, the city council says, ‘Well we’re saving the city the cost of an election.’”

And Carson City would go past the deadline, and it’d be too late to have one. So the incumbents would all be blanked into office. These guys had been doin’ this, I don’t know, it seems to me it was ten years, but he said they’d been doing it for a long time. So we used to meet with a case of beer down at the newspaper office, nights, and plot on how to get an election on. And we went around town and we got a slate that would actually run for the office. And when time came, Denver put a “page-one” headline that filing was open for city council, and announced the candidacy of our slate. And the incumbents all refused to run, and our guys were blanked in, and so we *still* didn’t have an election! But from then on, Carson’s had city elections.

And then we formed a Rotary Club over there. And that summer [William T.] Billy Holcomb was the president. We’re all charter members. And Raby Newton, who I think worked for the highway department, Raby had an idea that somebody’d told him—I don’t know who it was—that the Native Nevadans in Reno, who’d had a celebration every year on Admission Day, had been getting smaller and smaller, and occasionally they’d skip the year, and they now were gonna give it up entirely. They hadn’t had one for a year or two at that point.

So Billy Holcomb turned to me during a Rotary Club meeting and said, “Tom, you’re a committee of one to see whether or not it’s feasible to carry out Raby’s idea, and have an Admission Day celebration in Carson City. Maybe we oughta have one.”

So I went up and down the full length of Carson Street, and I talked to every businessman, without any exception, on the whole damn street. And there wasn’t a single

one who thought that we could have any kind of a celebration of any kind in Carson. I thought the first couple of them who told me they hadn’t had one since the Spanish-America War were kidding me, but I was finally satisfied it was true. They hadn’t had one for generations.

So meantime, Doris Cavanaugh, who now lives in Winnemucca, was working in [Robert A.] Bob Allen’s office. He was the state Highway Engineer. And I asked him for some clerical help, and he said, sure, he’d give me anything I wanted. So I wrote a letter, which Doris and some other girls mimeographed and mailed to every patriotic and civic and service club, any organization throughout the entire state, that we could find any record of. And there were fifty some letters. The letter said essentially, “We’re thinking of having a celebration on Admission Day in the state capital, and we want it to be a statewide celebration. If we have it will you enter a float in a parade? Will you have a marching group? Will you bring your high school band? Will you have some people take part in a historical pageant? And so on.”

Gee, out of about fifty letters, we must have had forty-five enthusiastic replies, *right now!* The timing—we just walked into it. So I went back to the Rotary Club, made a report, said “There isn’t anybody in town thinks we can have it—hundred percent No. But on the basis of our letters *out* of town, I recommend that we do have it” And then I told ‘em—the letters and passed ‘em around. They decided to have it.

And they appointed a committee—there were three of us—and we asked the other service clubs, the Lions Club, who were the older guys, and the 20-30 guys, who were younger. And we met at the courthouse, but we were locked out. We couldn’t get in, so we met on the steps one evening about seven o’clock in summertime.

I realized that we needed some mature guidance and judgment and some clout. So I nominated the President of the Lion's Club, who was Judge [Clark] Guild, to be the first chairman of what became Nevada Day. And we all voted for him, and then we voted a slate of officers on the Nevada Day Committee. And because I'd been working on it, I was asked to recommend some committees and organization. So I went back and I drew up on a big piece of paper, blueprint paper about the size of that desk top [3' x 5'], all the committees I could possibly dream of to work on this thing, 'cause I wanted *everybody in town* on a committee! I felt if they were all on committees, they all had a piece of the action, they'd be part of it. They'd have community support. We literally had somebody from every family in town on some kind of a committee! Some were a little far reaching, but we got it. And we had a meeting. Practically all of 'em showed up. And we were off and running for the first celebration that Carson had had in thirty or forty years.

I went to the V and T railroad, and Sam Bigelow was running it then. And I don't know yet what prompted me to say it, but I asked them if they'd put on a special train to bring people over from Reno. And they said, "No way!" That we were having trouble getting people to ride the train on work days. "And they're sure not gonna come for a celebration. They'll come in automobiles. And we're not interested in having any special train of any kind."

And I said, "All right. Now suppose the Nevada Day Committee has an advance sale of tickets, and we collect the money an advance. And we do our own advertising. Will you supply the rolling stock to honor those tickets?"

Well, they said, "Well, you're out of your mind. Well, yeah, we'll do it."

So I wrote out just a simple note that said that. And I said, "Sign here, please." And they did.

And then we put on a campaign. I wrote some ads in the Reno papers, and they finally had to rent twelve passenger cars from the Southern Pacific, extra cars in addition to the v and T's cars [laughs] to honor all the tickets that we had sold. And from then on, everybody realized that we really had something in the V and T; it wasn't just a pile of junk. It was a treasure. And of course, what happened on Nevada Day from then on is history, twenty-five thousand people! A year later, Governor Carville appointed me one of the commissioners for the State's Diamond Jubilee. That was 1939.

There were a lot of things that were fun type in Carson back in 1938-39. For instance, the whole community used to gather at Berger's pool hall, which is right in the middle of town on the main Street. They'd gather at Berger's and play pool at the end of the day. And at the end of the day, the evening newspaper in Reno, the *Reno Evening Gazette*, would come over on the V and T train, arriving in Carson along about five o'clock in the afternoon. The papers were then delivered in an open Model T Ford, no top on it, touring car. And one boy would drive it, and two boys would sit in the back seat with all the newspapers rolled up, and they would throw the *Gazettes* onto the lawns and porches on each side of the street as they drove down all the streets. Incidentally, the streets in Carson City in those days were not paved, they had decomposed granite on them. The city had all kinds of trees. On every street, the trees literally met overhead. The houses did not have numbers on them. The streets did not have names. And if you wanted to know where somebody lived, "Uh, it's across the street from the Yerington home," or, "it's next door to the John Smith home."

And everybody knew where those were, and so there was no problem in locating you in Carson City.

Well, between the time the V and T train arrived with the papers, which came flat, or with one fold, and the time they were thrown out of the car tightly rolled, obviously all the papers had to be rolled up. And the agent for the *Reno Gazette* in Carson City was Berger's pool hall.

So the papers would be brought from the V and T directly to the pool hall, and the minute they came in, all action stopped in the pool hall, and everybody stopped whatever he was doing and rolled papers. The reward was a free beer at the bar when the papers were all rolled. But if you didn't, you were a bad sport, or if you left, or if you didn't pitch in and help. And no one gave it a second thought. It happened night after night after night, year after year, and it was the accepted thing. I have seen the governor, attorney general, and chief justice of the supreme court all rolling newspapers for a free beer in Berger's pool hall.

Of course, state officials were the center of the community. Everybody knew them. Everybody knew Bob Allen, who was the head of the highway department. Everybody knew all the others, and it was a small, closely-knit community, regardless of which political party happened to be in power. After Bob Allen retired, the highway department for many years was run alternately by [William T.] Billy Holcomb, and the other one [Huston Mills]. One was a Republican; one was a Democrat. Each one would appoint the other one assistant highway engineer when he was chief engineer. Billy Holcomb was a great guy particularly.

He stood about five feet tall. And he told me one day— it was on his last day in the Army (World War I). When Billy was

a lieutenant, and when he finally got his discharge from the Army—everybody was eagerly awaiting this thing at the time—he just happened to be Officer of the Day. And “Officer of the Day” in those days meant that you were the officer in charge of all operations, and any emergency things that happened on the base or post. And the Officer of the Day wore a sabre. And they loved to frame Billy to make him Officer of the Day as often as possible, because the sabre was almost as tall as he was, and it dragged, and he'd trip over it, and everybody on the base would enjoy this. Well, Billy tried to get somebody to take over as Officer of the Day, and nobody would give—the base commander's staff or nobody else. He had to serve the whole final day dragging that infernal sabre around with him until he could turn the duty over to somebody else, and finally get off. They really framed him.

Anyway, things that happened in Carson City include the Warren Engine Company No. 1, which I'm sure you've got plenty on; it is a year older than the state of Nevada, and is the most exclusive men's club in Carson City, if not the entire state. The Warren Engine Company No. 1 must have members who are the third generation of the same family as members of the company. Very exclusive, and they have resisted modernization somewhat. In the early days when they had horse-drawn vehicles, Ina's father was a member of the Curry Engine Company. Abe Curry sponsored this fire department in Carson. And the Currys and the Warrens were bitter enemies, and it was always a contest to get to a fire first. And the company that had its people at the fire first then “owned the fire”, and had the honor of puttin' it out. So they'd race to each fire.

And I know my father-in-law, Ira Winters, who was a member of the Currys, told me,

one time, that the fire bell rang, and 'course his ranch, where he grew up, was just at the edge of town, so he threw his saddle on his favorite horse, and took off in the night at a dead run down to Carson Street. He got down to Carson Street, and he saw the Currys with a hose cart, hand-drawn, and the Warrens with a hose cart, going neck-and-neck down Carson Street to the fire at the other end of town. And the Currys were dropping gradually behind the Warrens. So he thought he'd help 'em, so rode up alongside of 'em, and he roped the tongue of the Currys' hose cart with his lasso, and then took off down the street. But he went too fast, the bells on the carts panicked his horse which bolted, and the Currys couldn't keep up with it, and they would fall by the wayside, and the hose came off the hose reel and unreeled, and so they were out of the contest, and the *Warrens* got to the fire! And the Currys debated for a long time at their next meeting whether or not they were gonna expel him from membership.

The Currys refused to modernize when it became apparent that they had to have an automobile-type truck replace the horse-and hand-drawn vehicles, and the city could only afford one truck. The Warrens were apparently willing to merge, but the Currys would have none of it, and they quit and gave up the organization forthwith. (You may have this from other sources.) But the Currys then were out. The Warrens are still goin', and they now have modern equipment.

The founding of the Rotary Club in Carson was kinda fun. I was not one of the organizing committee; Raby Newton, and Billy Holcomb, and I'm not sure who else were a small group who acted as a committee to form the club. I was a charter member, however. And it was a very important event when we got our charter, and the Reno club people came over and gave it to us. There are several charter members

still active in Carson City. They had a charter night—charter luncheon—which I attended a few months ago. And very few of the original members are still left in Carson City. But the Rotary Club had as one of its first projects, the Nevada Day celebration project, which we covered other places.

There were some other things in Carson that terribly cold winter. The milk all froze and the bottles would pop up an inch or two above the bottle top. I had to make deliveries to Virginia City to Paul Giraudo's grocery. And that was a real trip in the snow. Early mornings, driving around Carson City in a milk truck, and the cold—the sky would be just a slate blue. And the roof tops; I don't know if you've ever looked at the roof tops in Carson City, but they're absolutely wonderful. There're forty million different kinds of chimneys, and guy wires, some of 'em are brick, some of 'em are tin, and some of 'em are pipes, and there's all kinds of cupolas. And poplars, of course, were all bare, but all the great detail on the branches—was a sharp black relief against a sky.

And I always used to think there oughta be some way to photograph this thing, or some way to paint it, but I never got close to it. I enjoyed those early morning hours, after I was up and moving. But I never got used to getting up that early. And it was wonderful to be back on civilized hours in Reno. So I think that's about all that happened in Carson.

CIVIL AIR PATROL AND JEEP SQUADRON ACTIVITIES

About this time [1939], I got orders from the Presidio that I'd been assigned to the 264th Infantry Regiment. I would probably be called to duty by telegram sometime in the next few weeks, and to hold myself in readiness for immediate duty. So I transferred all my papers and files and everything else to cardboard boxes, and I completed what uniforms I needed from Roos Brothers uniform shop in San Francisco. They were a great outfit to deal with in those days.

Those were the days when uniforms consisted of (we were not in the war yet)—still consisted of riding boots with spurs. I still have all this junk—riding britches; chino for summer, and whipcord, bedford cord for winter; blouse; and a uniform service cap, garrison cap; Sam Brown belt; campaign hat—you know the “Boy Scout-type campaign hat” with a leather chin strap and the hat cord, and the whole thing. They're now museum pieces. I've still got 'em packed away.

So every once in a while, I'd get a reminder from 'em. In the meantime, I was trying to get ordered to active duty. I don't know why

it was so important to go to war but it sure was at the time.

So I applied for a physical. I finally took eight final-type physical examinations at my own expense, trying to get active duty. And the only thing particularly noteworthy about them was the state of, condition of our military installation after Pearl Harbor. I had one exam at McClellan Field, Sacramento, and went down a day early. Drank lots of carrot juice (this was supposed to be good for your eyes) with the vitamins in those days. And they had a real strict eye exam. I watched what I ate, and I made sure I was in real good shape. And the next day I went out to the base, presented my orders, went through the main gate, and went in and waited. And it was the most confused mess you ever saw. We were expanding every base and installation in the country, just as fast as they could put the buildings up, and sometimes before they had buildings, they'd move people in, give 'em a cram session in training, move 'em on out, bring some more.

I remember in taking a physical, when I went through the dental section, some dental officer said, "Oh, you're trying to get in."

I said, "That's right."

He said, "Your dental work is beautiful. Who did it?"

And I said, "Cafferata in Reno."

He said, "I went to dental school with him."

I ran into another dentist on another base who recognized Caffey's work without being told the name. So he was well known in his field in those days.

I went to all kinds of military installations. And finally—I used to handle publicity as a free public service for officer procurement in Nevada, and I got to know the men on the Army Air Force officer procurement board that used to come into Reno. I had met one of them in newspaper work before, and they'd tell me when they were coming. I'd get their publicity in the newspapers.

I talked to many about enlisting. There were a lot of young men in Reno who eventually flew fighter pilots—Guido Lucini is one. He was little, and they took little guys for fighters in those days. And he was kinda interested in getting in the service, and I told 'em to apply for "fighters" and recommend him to the board. And he passed and had a highly successful career. But there were—a lot of that goin' on.

The board tried to bend the regulations to get me active duty. They gave me a real thorough exam, and I couldn't clear it. And so then I demanded a review, and I was ordered to report into Fort Douglas; so I went over to Fort Douglas. (And this is true!) I went up to the main gate. There was a kid on the main gate who had a rifle, and as I started to walk in, he just waved at me. And I went over to him and I said, "Why didn't you ask to see my pass?" It was wartime.

And he said, "Mister, I've only been in this Army one day, and I wouldn't know a pass if I saw one!" The training that's necessary for a sentry to be on post is extensive.

So I went on in, and I went to Reserve headquarters, which was a one of those long, big temporary buildings they had. And I walked into "reception," and there were a bunch of sergeants running to and fro with pieces of paper, and phones ringing, and they were charging back and forth. And so finally I said, "I got orders to report in to the chief of Reserves. Who do I see?"

And one of the sergeants stopped long enough to say, "We can't handle what's goin' on here. You can see what it is. Just go that way, and keep goin' 'til you get to the end of the hallway."

So I did. And I ran into a colonel in the last room. And he was just bawlin' the hell out of some National Guard general at Monterey on long distance. I have *never* heard a colonel bawl out a general before, but it must have been pretty grim. And this guy was regular Army. And when he got through, he turned around, and he slammed the phone down, and he said, "Now what the goddamn hell do *you* want?" And he had me scared to death.

I decided the only thing to do was to act the same way he was acting. So I said, "I want to get in this goddamn army. Whose head do I have to beat on next?"

And he said, "Where'd you come from, whatta you got?"

And I said, "Just Reserve training."

And he said, "I can use you. I got all kinds of jobs for you. What's your problem?"

And I said, "A physical."

And he said, "Well, this is great!" And he picked up the phone, and said, "I'll call the surgeon." And he called the chief medical officer over at the hospital. And I could hear

the voice on the other end come back. And he repeated my name, my serial number.

And the surgeon said, "Hell that son of a bitch should have been kicked out long ago" [laughs]. The end of my career in the Army. So it didn't work.

About that time, I was on a committee to raise money for the Alumni Association. I was director of the University Alumni Association. A good bunch of guys, and they were just bitchin' like hell when I went to my first meeting. It seems that an officer procurement—a naval officer procurement—board had come to Reno, and they had previously written letters to all the Stanford and Cal graduates who were living in the Reno area, made appointments for interviews for officers training for them. They hadn't written any University of Nevada engineers. And they came in, saw the Cal and Stanford guys, and picked up their baggage and went home. And there were a lot of Nevada kids with engineering training who were interested in serving in the Navy.

So I said, "I'll take care of that one, if you want. Make me a committee of one with power to act, and let me see what I can do. Because I've been goin' round and round with the Army officer procurement boards, and I know some of the procedures and methods. Give me power to act."

So they said okay. So I did a little figuring. I had heard about Frank Knox who was Secretary of the Navy. Frank Knox was a newspaper publisher. He was famous for having a very fiery temper, and a very short fuse. He got mad real easy. When he got mad, he did all kinds of things. And so I decided that the best way to get action was to make him mad. So I sat down, and I wrote a letter deliberately calculated to infuriate him. I spent some time with it. I spent—I wrote it, and then I'd revise it a day later, and let it soak, worked it over 'til it made me mad to read it.

It went along the lines that, "I had always heard that the Navy was a socialite outfit, and that who your family was, and what school you went to was of *great* importance. But I thought that maybe since there was a war on, they'd cut out this tea party stuff and get down to using some he-men, and that Nevada's engineers had hairy ears all right, but would make damn fine Naval officers. And what the hell did they mean by bringing these rich kids up to Nevada, and just pickin' their own classmates and goin' home again? I think it's about time the Navy got a little hair on its chest—" And a few more things along the same general thing. And I signed it and mailed it off. Got a letter back from some yeoman saying, "Acknowledge receipt of your letter. You'll get an answer in due time."

All of a sudden the newspapers reported that "the lightning hit down at Twelfth Naval District headquarters. And all the officer procurement people were being investigated. And then they turned up the Tony Martin scandal where they were getting commissions for movie stars, and influential people of all kinds. And they sent the whole *damn bunch* to Guadalcanal on twenty-four hour notice!

Then I got a letter that said simply, "Thank you for your letter." And then suddenly we had a series of Naval officer procurement boards who came into Reno, and spent a lotta time working over every Nevada kid they could lay their hands on. So, we got a lotta guys in the Navy. It was fun! And real easy to touch off.

'Bout that time, the army air force procurement board that I got to know when they turned me down, they'd made one remark to me that I forgot momentarily; they had said, "We don't think you're gonna make it. You're not gonna get active duty unless the war gets to be a helluva lot worse. But, there will be a civilian auxiliary organized—we don't know what the name of it will be—to

the Army Air Force, and it will be a working auxiliary, doing needed things at home.

“It won’t be air raid wardens; it’ll be much more meaningful. We’ve seen the paperwork on it, and our suggestion to you is, when that is organized in Nevada, you join, and you be active in it as much as you can. If this turns into a real rough war, it’s quite possible that this civilian auxiliary could be given active duty. And you might get in the back door. It’s a longshot, but our recommendation is that, try it, because it’s the only way we can see that you can get in.”

So a few months later, the Civil Air Patrol was organized in Reno. And Ed Questa of FNB [First National Bank of Nevada] was the first Wing State Commander. And I knew Ed, I had no business connection with him at that time. Later, the bank became a client of mine, but at that time, no. So I went in that CAP as a private in the rear rank. And because I’d had a little military training, I had no problems advancing in it. And they had about three hundred members. They had a lot of *good* pilots; Harry Frost was one, Ted Morrill—anybody who had a pilot’s ticket in town—Bert Acrea was one of them—signed up in that thing. We also had a training program to train observers to look for missing aircraft. We had a cavalry arm that was trained by—let’s see, McKaig and Paddy Doyle and a couple other guys organized the cavalry part of it.

The commander of it was a retired sergeant major of the English Royal Household Cavalry, by the name of Jack Leyland. And Jack had served in the “Tins”—I can’t remember the official name of the regiment, but they used to tell some wonderful stories.

The regiment saw duty in England, and then every so often they had to go to Ireland, and they’d serve in Dublin. And they didn’t like that. And once a month or so, they had to parade which meant for four or five

days they were polishing equipment and cleaning clothes. They wore dress uniforms with jackboots and white pants, and silver breastplates, and plumed helmets, and sabres, and the whole thing. And they’d ride down those cobblestone streets in Dublin, and the Irish thought it was great sport to pick up fresh horse manure and see if they could make it stick on those breastplates—throw it at ’em. And if you’d flinch, you’d get thirty days confined to barracks! They used to hate that with a passion.

Well, Leyland whipped that collection of local buckaroos into a real sharp cavalry outfit. They weren’t a parade outfit, although they could parade quite well. And they turned into a very useful outfit. They all had horse trailers, and they had trucks, and they could carry their own rations and also for their animals for two or three days, and camping gear, and they could take off in the middle of the night, and set up—they learned how to set up a perimeter guard. They learned all the stuff out of the cavalry field manuals. I later commanded them on a number of searches. And I memorized the damn cavalry manual before I took ’em out. They were a real interesting group, and they worked hard, and they were swell, and they performed very well.

We had all kinds of searches. Nevada was a place where the army trained navigators. And they put these kids in an airplane, and they’d fly ’em at night, and it had to fly a triangular course and return to home base. And there were planes flying out of Wendover air force base, planes flying out of Mountain Home, Idaho. Planes flying out of Las Vegas, out of Tucson, out of Sacramento, and in Nevada, which was behind the ADIZ, a defense zone of the interior boundary which went down the backbone of the Sierras. You couldn’t fly civilian aircraft over on the coast, but they could train here.

At the start, Ed Questa who had had some training, in military school was commander. And he had an application out for a commission in the Navy. And he finally was commissioned a lieutenant commander, and stationed at, I think it was Corpus Christi or Brownsville, where he spent most of the war. It was an anti-submarine base. He was replaced as CAP Wing Commander by an elderly, sportsman pilot, a very wealthy guy by the name of Carl Johnson. Carl Johnson had invented, or his family's invented the thermostat that controls the heating system in almost all furnaces. He was quite wealthy, and had a couple of very fancy airplanes, was a sportsman pilot, and had a tax residence in Nevada at Lake Tahoe. And he had been the wing executive officer under Questa. And I had gone up from rear rank to the wing (state) staff. About that time, they had military commissions in Civil Air Patrol (which we in Nevada thought was a mistake) , because we weren't trained adequately to hold rank.

My first assignment was in public information, as you would expect. And then I got moved over into operations which is much more interesting job, and promoted to captain. And Johnson—can't remember who was his executive officer was number two officer, at that time.

They began to pick up National Guard officers, and Reserve officers in the wing headquarters (which was the state headquarters) . And there were Units in Reno and Carson City, and smaller ones in different communities all around the state. But essentially their major activity was largely in western Nevada.

Our first big search was in Elko. A large airplane, I guess it was a B-17, out of Wendover air base, was filled with young student navigators. They were on a triangular training course at night in a storm, and they

turned up missing. Wendover Base called for Civil Air Patrol help. They had such high pressure training programs for processing civilians for military duty, that they hated to divert military aircraft for any search. And they had a real use for a civilian auxiliary, which knew the country.

So we took about twenty airplanes, and about fifty people and went up to Elko by automobile in the middle of winter—it was cold and—. We got to Elko, and we got our planes on the ground, and then had a ground fog, and it went down to eleven below zero, and stayed there. We were stuck on the ground for several days. It'd open up for a day, and we'd put all our planes in the air, run a search. We were using the Army Air Force search procedure, which is flying in certain prescribed patterns, like an expanding box, or a continuing line, depending on the terrain. We took our horses up there, and our horse outfits. And they had borrowed pack radios from the Forest Service; they had radio on horses, so they had an air-ground operation. And to make a long story short, we got a lot of valuable experience in working together under pressure, and in difficult circumstances. We all slept in a gymnasium in the Elko high school.

But we could not find the airplane. And it was just one storm after another came in, and snow got deeper and deeper. I was very impressed with this first big search. I sent a copy of the operations report to my brother, who was working for an airplane outfit in Long Island (Brewster Aircraft) . And he wrote back and said, "You won't believe this, but," he said, "I'm so glad you sent me a copy of that report with all the search detail that your people went through, because the man at the desk next to mine is the father of one of the kids who were in the missing airplane. And he really appreciated knowing what an intensive search was put on."

We didn't find the airplane. We recommended to Wendover (they had aerial photography equipment) that come the spring thaw, if they would fly up and down Star Valley and the sides of the Ruby Mountains and give us a pattern of aerial photographs, we would put 'em under magnifying glasses and see if we could find any traces to go back and resume the search the next spring.

Well, they did this. And it worked out that Wendover Air Force Base found a wheel in the photograph below a high granite cliff in the Rubys months later. Meantime, we'd run all kinds of searches over in western Nevada, but when Wendover turned up the wheel, the army put on an intensive search of their own, half a day. And they found the wreckage plastered against a granite cliff. It had hit so hard that it was just like wet paper thrown against a wall. It just stuck! And it was like a thousand or two feet down to the valley below and several hundred feet to the crest on top. So they sent for a couple of companies of mountain infantry at Camp Carson. And the Camp Carson people spent almost a—I don't know how long, how many weeks—getting to that crash site, getting the bodies out. They finally set up a system of tramways down to the valley floor, in which they took out the bodies and essential parts of the wreckage.

Meantime, we were racking up all kinds of search time over here. We began to get used to movin' fast in the middle of the night, and what to do, and how to organize and where to set up, and how to use land lines. I learned there were all kinds of phone lines. (By this time I'm handling operations, which is supposed to call for a rated pilot, but I took a cram course in commercial navigation and I talked my way into it.) And there were phone systems for the two railroads that went across the state, in addition to the Bell System. There were radio phone systems for Indian Service,

for the Bureau of Land Management, for, I don't know how many governmental agencies. Most of the mines had a private wire that went in, that hooked on somewhere.

You could patch across at many switchmen's shanties. I got so that Army Air Rescue Service would call me at home in the middle of the night, and give me a proposed course for a B-24 that had been out of gas for twenty minutes. I'd sit down and take a look at my communications net. And I'd run a ground interrogation by telephone. I found an awful lot of airplanes by telephone, without callin' anybody out. Somebody'd seen something flaming in the sky at such and such a place. And the sheriff had people out lookin'. Or other things related to it. Ground interrogation today is one of the principle procedures in missing aircraft search run by Air Rescue Service. But we were inventing as we went, on a lot of stuff. And we'd developed that technique very early.

We were getting search requests—I don't think we ever went more than three weeks without a major search of some kind—there was just all kinds of stuff in the air. These army kids were getting training under such pressure that they'd make all kinds of navigational errors. And they'd wind up flying into mountains, and runnin' out of gas, and all kinds of things happened to 'em.

In the meantime, Carl Johnson got in a big fight with the Civil Air Patrol. He was, in many ways, a real nice guy, but he also had some strange hangups. And he had listening devices all over the headquarters. We had most of the top floor of the Armanko Building as headquarters for the CAP state organization. Some gal ran an answering service, and had a big switchboard, volunteered to man her switchboard to alert the Civil Air Patrol. And her gals could really make a lot of calls in a hell of a short time. All kinds of people in

wartime would volunteer help. So we had a large headquarters. We had a National Guard adjutant who knew all the paperwork. Our paperwork with national headquarters was in apple pie order all the time, just great, and sharp! Our reports were well done. Our headquarters detachment consisted of a number of gals who were good typists, who were dying to do somethin' in the war effort. We had a real goin' concern.

I know one night, some plane out at the Reno airport out here, loaded with Army people, had an engine failure on takeoff; nosed down, hit a wire at the end of the runway, turned over [gesture somersault], and they were all trapped in there, and couldn't get out. And somebody in the tower got rattled, and instead of callin' the fire department, which they should have done (the thing didn't burn fortunately) they called the Civil Air Patrol emergency number.

This switchboard gal called everybody at his own office—it was just before five o'clock in the afternoon, turning dark—everybody in the Reno units of the Civil Air Patrol drove to the airport as fast as we could go with our lights blinking, and our horns goin' to get through traffic before the plane burned. We drove right out on the runway, and right across the runway, and the tower saw us comin' and stopped all air traffic. We got over to the other side, and through the fence, and forced open the doors, and got these guys out before it went. But the thing was only possible because she had so many times alerted everybody so fast. She could really, really hit it! And we must have had fifty people out there in just a matter of minutes. We weren't geared to that kind of activity or operation, but we found that we could do it.

By this time, Civil Air Patrol national headquarters sent in a team of wing

commanders from California, Arizona, and Idaho. And I got to know wing commanders from these adjoining states, and became good friends with 'em for many years after the war was over. And Wing Commander Frank Beer from Arizona Wing, was an attorney, Bert Rhine from California Wing had a good search and rescue outfit. Although we had the best, I think, in the entire United States—more experienced and better trained. And we ultimately wound up running searches outside our own state, when they had a real tough one elsewhere.

Johnson was retired from Civil Air Patrol and was bitter. And they brought in somebody for a while, and then I was made executive officer. And [Eugene H.] Gene Howell, who was a major in the National Guard, was made Wing Commander. Gene was completely frustrated. He'd spent twenty years training for war, and couldn't get active duty—much like *my* problem.

And together we had a real workin' outfit. Our people all knew; they were all pros. I was still—'cause I'd had that stint in operations, and occasionally I had had command when Howell was away, I'd still get calls from Air Rescue Service, I think largely because I knew 'em and had become acquainted with 'em when I was in operations. And the phone'd ring, middle of the night, and they'd say, "We got a plane missing. It's been out of fuel for so and so at this area; this is its mission, experience of the crew, what'ya think you oughta do?"

And I'd say, "Well, I think I oughta take so many airplanes, and I think we oughta establish a search base, landing strip at such and such a place" (Austin or somewhere else), "and we oughta take rations for two days, and fuel to the operation. We oughta take twenty or thirty horses. We gotta establish their bivouac at such and such a point where

they could get into mountain area. And we'll proceed to search the area in this—"

They'd say, "Fine, that's an order; here's the mission number." And we'd do it.

We had I remember, one night we had—well, I'll just tell you two or three of these, because they're typical of the kind of thing we did.

We became very familiar with Reno Army Air Base. Became very close friends of its commander, Colonel Marlowe Merrick, who was later General Merrick. Merrick had been an old-timer in the Army Air Force. He'd been a second lieutenant of cavalry with Pershing in the Mexican punitive expedition. He had transferred to the old Signal Corps, and came into the airplane business in the Signal Corps when the Signal Corps became the Army Air Force.

He had been sent over to North Africa to establish wartime bases for us, before we sent troops into that theater. And he had picked up some kind of a North African intestinal parasite—pretty near killed 'im. But instead of retiring him out of the service, they gave him the base to command at Reno, which was child's play for him; he was a real old pro, and a great guy. And he performed some—all kinds of things that were fun. And as soon as he found out he could depend on CAP for real search support, he helped us with our training, and we became even better. And we'd work right out of his base sometimes.

He put on a review—formal review—and honored the Civil Air Patrol one time, in which CAP units took part. And a couple of us sat in the reviewing stand, and he had mounted his officers. He had horses at a stable, and they had a horse patrol, which rode around the base for security (that's now Stead, of course) . And as an old cavalry officer, Merrick had a sense of humor. It was Air Transport Command and all these pilots

who were receiving training there were— it was unlike any other base I'd ever seen—one guy would say to another, "What outfit were you with?" Well, any base I've ever seen, he'd say, "Well, I'm with the fourteenth cavalry," or, "I'm with the fifteenth engineers," or whatever regiment. But for two guys out at Reno Army Air Base, the answer would be, "I'm with TWA." And the other guy would say, "Well, I'm with United" [laughs]. They were all airline pilots who'd been in the Reserve. And they were a real interesting bunch. Most of 'em left here to fly bombers or transport planes over the Burma hump.

And so on this particular review, when Merrick cut his orders, they called for officers to be mounted, which was still legitimate and in the book, but nobody had done since, oh, 1938, '39. And these were now all airline guys. And the adjutant was a real unpopular guy. And they'd been assigned their horses out in the contract guard stables.

I don't know how familiar you are with a formal review, but the adjutant is—you have the reviewing stand and right down the front of the reviewing stand is the adjutant. And then on the opposite side of the parade ground are all the units, with the band over here, and the rest of 'em in sequence, and then the adjutant says to the ranking officer, "The units are formed, sir." And the reviewing officer says, "Proceed with the review." At which point the adjutant salutes, turns around, gives the order, "Pass in review," and the troop commander with the troops gives the order to "sound off," and the band goes "oompah," they all wheel and form a column, and come around the parade ground, and they salute as they go past the reviewing stand. Well, it's the same thing if your officers are mounted.

And the adjutant's on a big black horse. The horse has his ears down, and the whites

of his eyes showings Over on the other side of the parade ground are all the other officers on their horses. And so the order came to "pass in review." The adjutant saluted, turned his horse around, gave the order, the band sounded off. And with the first clash of the cymbals, every horse in that damn parade ground started to buck.

I looked over at Merrick, and he was laughin' 'til the tears were runnin' down his cheeks. He was delighted. I know damn well to this day that he framed this thing. The adjutant got thrown off his horse in front of the reviewing stand, so hard he never even touched the horse's ears. He just went clear out in the dust. And the same kinda stuff was goin' on [laughs] over on the other side of the parade ground. Of course, our guys with their horses were laughin', havin' a good time, and then some enlisted man ran out to grab the reins of the adjutant's horse; it was startin' to walk away, and Colonel Merrick stood up and said, "Don't you touch that horse." And so the adjutant had to get up out of the dirt, and run over [laughs] to catch his horse, climb back in the saddle, and restore order. And then they proceeded to pass in review.

We had another one of those goin' out there one time, not a mounted review, but Merrick put one on for us. In the middle of it, we had an airplane crash reported in California, one of his planes. And he cut orders for us, and we all left the base, and drew rations and fuel, and proceeded down into near Camp Beale, and put on a search with special clearance from Air Defense Command, and found the airplane. The crew was dead. But it was interesting! I think we probably were the only civilian airplanes that flew in that area during the whole war.

One night there was an airplane, a C-47 coming across the Lovelock sink area, and an engine caught on fire. And the pilot ordered

everybody to bail out. In military aircraft everybody always wore parachutes. The plane orbited in the dark over the sink area, while the men were bailing out. And then they found they had a stowaway, a sailor! But as luck would have it, they also had an extra parachute! And the sailor was afraid to jump. He'd never jumped out of an airplane before. So four of them held him, and the others put on his harnesses, and snapped his parachute on him, and one of 'em grabbed the rip cord, and they threw him out the window, and yanked the cord as he went out. And he got down okay.

There was a Signal Corps officer in the group, who had a brand new uniform, he'd just bought. And when he had to bail out (he really later was a big help to us) he took his new blouse and pinks off, left his shoes on. He had a suitcase that he put his uniform in and tied up. He put his harness back on, and his chute, and jumped out in his BVD's holdin' the new uniform in the box under his arm. And when he got down in that alkali, he walked over to where he could see the lights of the cars on the highway, and kicked the alkali off his shoes pretty much, put on his new uniform (neatly pressed) thumbed a ride into Lovelock, and phoned Reno Army Air Base, and reported that the airplane was down, and that all the people on board were scattered all over the desert in the dark. He'd taken a bearing on a couple of stars, and gave us pretty good location. So, then the base called us.

We took everything we had. And they put up everything they had that would fly. And we set up a headquarters in Lovelock, at the airport, and had everything in the air as soon as it was light enough. And the people at Lovelock said, "Don't bring your horses. Come quicker. We'll have horses for you at the shipping corrals.

So our horse unit people just came up in trucks and cars, up the highway, brought their

saddles and search gear and pack radio and stuff. So they had a corral—a big corral full of horses. It was still dark. And so everybody was issued a horse (in the horse units), and they cinched on the saddles, put on the bridles, and got their pack gear. And they had a lot of stuff to carry. They carried first aid equipment, and a pack radio, and a certain amount of survival gear, and they all got ready, and their commander said, “Prepare to mount. Mount!”

And then we had a rodeo of our own. These guys at Lovelock thought it was real cute to give us a bunch of half broke horses. And our guys had a real bad time of it with all the gear that they had strapped to saddlebags and saddles. But they were all good horsemen, and they handled the situation okay. But it sure irritated everybody, and got us off to kind of an awkward start.

We searched all day and the Army Air Force put in all the planes it had. And we picked up every single man who jumped out of that airplane, with one exception. And there was one man still missing. We had airplanes flying about fifteen feet off the ground over all that sink area, and the sagebrush, and the tules, and finally we found his body. The chute had not opened, and he had fallen in under a big bush, sort of on an angle, so it was difficult to see him from the air. So then we had everybody accounted for, and we picked up our people and horses and planes and went home.

I’ll tell you just one more of these, and that’ll cover enough of the thing. One time when Johnson was in Los Angeles on business, and gone for several weeks as he occasionally did. So as usual, I was acting wing commander. And that means that you command the entire organization in the state. And there was a change of command at—it was before Colonel Merrick arrived—and there’s a change of command at the old Army

air base, and Colonel Love was coming out from Texas—a very prominent Air Force family. He was to take command of the base. And he had sent an operations officer in ahead, a Major Joyce to prepare for all the headquarters people coming in. And then the headquarters people flew from Texas.

Well, we didn’t know there was an airplane missing in the area, because Major Joyce was new, from Texas, and he didn’t know anything about us. If he had, probably the reaction would have been well, we were civilians and didn’t know what we were doin’ anyway. Many people in the Air Force were not familiar with Civil Air Patrol. And some Civil Air Patrol units were very good, and some were very bad.

So anyway, he had been conducting a search, borrowing aircraft here and there from bases in Idaho and whatnot. And they hadn’t been able to turn up any leads. The colonel and his entire staff were missing. They left—they reported over someplace in Colorado, and they’d passed a checkpoint out of Utah. I don’t know whether they’d refueled at Wendover or not, but they knew they were in Nevada somewhere. They just plain vanished.

Joyce had been with some airplanes, and had been beating back and forth in the desert. But I know he later always swore to me, “there was one more range of mountains in Nevada than the map showed,” and he could prove it. It’s very confusing flying in Nevada, because the mountain ranges look so similar. Anyway, they turned up nothing. Finally somebody told ’em about the Nevada CAP, and they’d run a lot of searches, and so he called up. I was acting in command, and so I said, “We’ll put a search on for you, right away.” And I said, “I want to check all the leads before we make a recommended plan of operation,” which was all right with him. He was desperate at this point. I got to know him quite well afterwards, and he was a great guy.

Now, telephone operators in small towns know everybody. And we had done enough of this kinda telephone stuff so that I really had a lot of faith in them. And I knew Louise Cassidy who was married to Roy Cassidy, who ran a Shell service station, and was quite active in politics in Austin. And Louise was the town's telephone operator. So I called her. And I said, "This is the situation. We're looking for a needle in a haystack at this point." I'd been checking two or three other towns. And I said, "Has anything happened out there in the last two weeks that would indicate that there'd been an airplane involved in any kind of an accident?"

And she's a real smart gal with a good memory. And she said, "Well, it was on last such and such a day that the fish hatchery manager was in from Smith Creek. And he told somebody over at the International [hotel] that an airplane had flown over in heavy clouds on that day, and that he felt something after it'd flown over."

And I said, "Well, did he see a flash in the sky, or hear an explosion or anything?"

She said, "No, no, he just *felt* somethin'. That's all I can give ya."

And so I said, "What was the time of day?"

And she thought she knew, approximately. She had the date straight. It was the only damn lead that we had, but I just had a funny feeling. So I called out the whole damn outfit. This was late afternoon. And we put our airplanes up the next daybreak. We sent our airplanes right on over to the Austin strip, which was down on a flat, and refueled them. And portable radio, air operations dispatcher, and everything else on the strip with 'em. And I had horse units move in to the Smith Creek ranch and fish hatchery. And I took a truck, and I moved out with a convoy, and we moved overnight, so that we were in position before dawn with our horse units, and all our ground

units at Smith Creek. We had ambulances, and stake-body trucks, camping gear, and everything else at the foot of Smith Creek.

I got the fish hatchery man. We went Out on the flat where he was when he saw the airplane. And he was a good observer. He said, "I was standing here, an airplane came through, was flying this direction," and he says, "it flew into the clouds, and I felt somethin'."

I said, "Did you hear a boom?"

He said, "No."

I said, "Did you see it flash?"

He said, "No," he said, "I felt something!"

I said, "Could it have been concussion?"

He said, "I don't know what it was." He was really honest. But he said, "I'm positive. I *felt* something."

So I took a heading on the line of flight of the plane he had seen. By this time our planes had come on over in the early dawn out of Reno and had landed at Austin, east of us, and refueled and reported in by radio to me that they were refueled, and on the line ready to go.

So I radioed 'em a heading based on the fish hatchery man report. And I had my horse cavalry saddle up and ready to move. Harry Frost was a pilot with the first flight of five airplanes which came over. And they flew right up the heading—I watched them with binoculars. And the first thing Harry radioed to me was, "I thought that the crash site was all over the place," and he says, "I think somebody like maybe sheepherders had been burning brush, because there are burn patches in the rocks that look like airplane crashes all over the side of the mountains—the Desatoya Mountains on the east side." And he came on a minute later and he said, "I've got it." He said, "Here are the coordinates."

We had carrier pigeons in those days; we were experimenting with them. And he

drew the coordinates, and they— we had learned that if you took a carrier pigeon and reached out of one of these little airplanes, and released them just under the wing, they'd follow an air current out to the end, to the tip of the wing and be free and safe to fly. But if you just tossed them out the window of the airplane, the rudder and stabilizers—would kill 'em. They'd splatter on the rear end of the airplane.

So he dropped an overlay on the operations map showing the exact site. And I ordered the horses to move off, and sent a staff member over to Austin to phone a progress report to Joyce, who was out at headquarters at Reno Army Air Base, that we had picked up wreckage that looked highly probable—we weren't sure yet, but we were on something hot. And I got a radio message back from my horse units that it was a military aircraft, and they'd counted eleven bodies. So I took a saddle horse and went up on the mountain and joined them.

You have to have a coroner. It's part of the legal procedure before you can move a body. This was on the county line—the backbone of Desatoya Mountains, which are quite high, is the county line between Lander and Churchill county. I sure didn't want to have to wait for two coroners. So we dragged about a half a dozen bodies that were thrown farthest, a few feet back into Lander County. They were all frozen stiff.

They'd hit, they almost made it across the mountain there, were about thirty feet below the crest, and when the plane hit it broke open, and ejected all of the people on board, and they were all of them dead and still in the sitting position. Their bodies were frozen, they were still strapped in their seats. And any airplane crash (and I've seen scores of 'em) has tons and tons of "stuff." I don't know how to describe it; it's papers, stuffing out of

seats, insulation, metal, upholstery; it looks like a small-town junkyard. And there was just "stuff" all over the side of the mountain. So we had people gather up important items of this debris which was scattered, and made a note of the serial number of the airplane. The tail end burned and the front end had. One or two of the bodies were burned somewhat.

One of the airplanes had radioed they'd seen a sheep camp over the next ridge. So I sent a couple of horsemen over there to see if they had any mules or burros or horses or anything we could use to help transport bodies. And they did. And I met a Basque shepherd—he was a really nice guy, didn't have much English—gave me his *last* can of beer! The nearest source to cold beer (he had it cold in the creek)—the nearest source to beer had to be Austin, which had to be twenty-five, thirty miles away. And his mules were a godsend. We packed those bodies on 'em and moved down the mountain.

A storm was moving in, moving in fast. So we kept the bodies with a guard overnight high enough to keep 'em frozen, but got ourselves down out of the storm. We made camp. Got everybody a hot meal. And we were exhausted. It'd been a tough day's work. And I sacked in. I was wakened about midnight. Major Joyce had picked up an army investigating board which was flown in from I think it was McClellan Air Force Base, and they had flown out to the Austin strip, and some of our people in Austin had brought 'em to our base there at the foot of the mountain.

And I could hear these guys comin' up the canyon talkin' to each other. And one of 'em said, he says, "Why they've even got a perimeter guard!"

And the other one said, "Well, did you see that picket line guard?" All the horses were on picket line, you know. This was right out

of cavalry manual, and hadn't been used for I don't know how many years. It was a well-trained cavalry operation.

So I gave them what little information I had in addition to what they'd already picked up on the telephone report that we'd given when we actually confirmed the wreckage and the bodies. We'd sent a courier over to Austin to phone that in, and to pick up the county coroner, and bring him back, and then we moved the bodies. They brought the coroner up on a horse. So next day we put the bodies in the ambulances, and took them into Reno.

And the acting commander of the Reno base, who was being relieved to make way for the new commander who was to have taken over—Colonel Love, the acting commander gave us orders not to talk to the press. And here we went, down Virginia Street into Reno, the mortuary, with dried blood and ashes all over the back end of our ambulances, and everybody in that ground party, knee deep in ashes, and nobody could talk. And Editor Joe McDonald was just madder than hell. He wrote an editorial—didn't blame us (he praised us); he knew we were under orders not to talk. But it was a real interesting operation. And we sure had a lot more of 'em.

The Civil Air Patrol activities in Nevada got off to an interesting start. All kinds of people who were prominent in the community took an active part in putting it together. I think I listed the names of some of those people.

I remember one episode in which Paddy Doyle, and George McKaig, and a number of members of the White Hats, a local riding group, who were interested in the CAP cavalry Unit, had developed a stretcher, a litter to be carried between two horses, much like regular stretchers carried between two men, except it was, of course, much larger. Had long poles on each side, and canvas on it to carry injured people out of rough terrain.

And they gave it a test in the round horse ring at Baker's stable, south of Reno. And there were many of us who were in the corral with the two horses, and this big litter, including Charlie Bennett, the photographer. There must have been at least thirty, perhaps forty, in the ring. They had blindfolded the lead horse. And they had this rig on him with padding, and they strapped the two poles, one on each side of the horse, just like the shafts on an old-fashioned single horse carriage. Then they led the other blindfolded horse up between the two poles, and started to cinch those poles to the second horse.

At this point, the blindfold slipped down off the eyes of the lead horse. And the lead horse looked back, and saw this contraption fastened to him, and immediately panicked. His eyes rolled up white, and his ears flattened down, and he took off at a high run. This litter, which was extended behind him probably twelve, fourteen, fifteen feet, because he was running around a circular ring, rose up level—chest high on a man, like a ballet dancer's skirt—and his horse cleaned that corral of people in about thirty seconds. There were people who went over the fence, and between the planks and boards. Charlie Bennett went between two boards and took a Graphlex camera with him, and didn't touch either board. [Laughs] I've never seen thirty people go over a fence so fast in all my life. From then on, we did very well without the litter.

There were all kinds of people lost in those early days. And the searches were extensive, and sometimes traumatic. Some of our people on foot, on skis, on snowshoes, checking certain leads up in the High Sierra, told of meeting a man in the later years of the war—a middle-aged man, who became known to all people who went up the Sierras in the wintertime. And they called him "The pack that walked like a man."

He had a tremendous backpack, and heavy winter survival clothing. His son had been lost in a military airplane somewhere, presumably in the High Sierras, and the wreckage had never been located. And this man just took—summer, winter, every day, coming out only for provisions, to search up and down the backbone of the Sierras looking for that wreckage, and the body of his son, year after year. And I never did hear what happened to him, but I know that we had reports on him for perhaps a year or two, when he was conducting his one-man search.

Well, I think that's enough on CAP during World War II. And perhaps now I oughta go to the Jeep Squadron.

In January, 1951, my son (Spike) and I were deer hunting with a couple of friends in the rough mountainous terrain near Crystal Peak, between Crystal Peak and Peavine Mountain, and north of the Donner Trail ranch, west of Reno. We went up rather late in the day, afternoon, and did not plan on camping overnight; we just took a couple of jeeps and went up as far as we could go with jeeps, and left the jeeps, and then assigned each other territory, and agreed at places where we'd meet. And I was to go around one low mountain, and my son was to go around the other side of the mountain. He was about fifteen years old. And we were to meet at a road intersection behind the mountain, which was very clearly marked on the map. And to make a long story short, there were really two roads, and *two* intersections, and there were *two* mountains. There *appeared* to be only *one* from our original site, and he turned up at the wrong road intersection. And when I didn't show up, he thought I'd had an accident.

He fired off all his ammunition, and nobody came. So he struck out for a lookout point that he knew of on Crystal Peak, where he thought there was a phone. We walked all

night. I tracked him the next day. He walked about thirty miles all told—walked through his socks. He got up on top of the mountain finally, and the phone had been taken off the wall. So there was some old canvas, and some old sacks, and he slept under those that night.

Meanwhile, back down at the rendezvous, he didn't show up, and I figured that there'd been an accident. And one of our party went back to Reno to get help, and to get searchers, and he put it on the radio station. And they announced it, asking for searchers. And one of the other members of the party and I went down to Donner Trail ranch, and ranch owner, Jack Fugate, loaned us a couple of saddle horses. And I wore out two horses that night, before I realized I wasn't goin' to find anything in the dark.

So the next morning we had about four hundred people come out at daybreak with horses and jeeps. And it was not jeepable terrain. It was horse-and-foot country. And the National Guard flew low passes all over the place. And following my Civil Air Patrol search experience, years before, I realized that this was probably the most disorganized search I had ever seen. There was nobody controlling it, nobody planning it. I don't believe there were any Civil Air Patrol units as such, taking part. But there were all kinds of informal groups as friends who were combing the country, missing some areas, but double and triple coverage on others. There were so many people that I lost the tracks.. I had eight people with me. I lost Spike's tracks when we got to a little road, and so many people had been up and down it that I couldn't pick 'em up.

We searched all that day, and into the afternoon and about mid-afternoon, we heard some shots. My wife, who was riding with another group—she'd worn out a couple of horses, and she was working a different area. I heard some shots, which were supposedly

the agreed signal that the boy'd been found. We didn't know anything more than that. So we rode back to a road, and a jeep came by and picked me up. We went back to the ranch. And our son was there. He had walked in. In fact, there was a group being briefed by a forest ranger there. And Spike came up to it, and they turned to him and said, "Are you the tracker from Fallon with the dogs?"

And he said, "No. But I think I'm the guy you're lookin' for." And so that ended the great search.

But this convinced me that there was no organized search organization in the area. And I started thinking about it, and about that time the Korean War got very hot; and it looked like we were going to war with China, and I thought, well, here's the second replay on the Civil Air Patrol of World War II. There was a Civil Air Patrol organization, although not very active in Nevada at this time.

So I went to them and said, "Would you like a jeep unit?"

And they said, "Give us plans and specifics. Looks like we could use one, and it looks like we are goin' to war."

So I took the field manual for a mechanized cavalry reconnaissance squadron, and adapted it to a small jeep unit wrote up the tables of organization and a theory of function, put the whole thing together, and they forwarded to national headquarters, Civil Air Patrol. And national headquarters accepted it as is, and it became an official organization, and the only one of its kind in the nation. It was activated in February. I put a press release in the local newspapers that all people who owned jeeps were welcome to join: "We'd meet on American Flat near Virginia City Sunday.

It was a cold Sunday morning. We had more than a hundred jeeps turn out. And we registered everybody with address, phone number, and the usual information.

And then we took a couple of informal trips across country, around American Flats. It became pretty apparent that we had some people who had never driven jeeps off the pavement. We had a follow-up meeting the next Sunday, in which we went cross-country to Fort Churchill off Highway 50. And we soon lost about oh, between a third and a half of the people who wanted to join. They had no experience, and were not interested that kind of rough terrain driving.

I remember there was one rather prominent man who had a very nice jeep, who came up to me after that little exercise, and he was livid. And he said, "I will not be a party to treating good machinery to this kind of thing I don't want to have any part of it!" And he took his jeep and he went home. But that was just what we were doing. We were screening the applicants down to rough country drivers.

As we gradually became more and more accustomed to all kinds of rough terrain, we took jeeps into places which were believed by many jeep owners—other jeep owners— as absolutely impossible jeep terrain. We were learning the process ourselves from then on. We had a number of searches and incidents. And I'll try to relate a couple or a few that are typical.

One time we had a training exercise out near Spanish Springs valley, Spanish Peak. And we had had a field classroom session, and then jeeps were given marked map overlays, and they took different positions throughout an area, maybe ten miles in each direction. And then we had a radio communications exercise, locating different jeeps by quick search. It was an exercise in how do you tell somebody where you are? Well, "I'm—" not, "behind that big sagebrush," [but], "My bearing on Spanish Peak is such and such magnetic heading," in an informal thing like

this, instead of a true heading. “I have another heading on Mount Rose.” “I have another heading on—” (something else).

And from this the different jeep teams were being trained in looking at their own maps, and being able to pinpoint another jeep’s location on the map. It’s very important that you be able to do this sort of thing in a map reading and radio exercise in a real search, where many (perhaps) lives can be hanging on how fast you can operate.

So we’re in the middle of this exercise, and we had a couple of airplanes from the Civil Air Patrol air units, who were going to fly over and drop additional messages, and the ground panels would be used in signaling in connection with this. And one of these planes was a brand new Navion, piloted by Bob Baker, who had some people with him. And I was somewhere in the center of this general area. I was to the west of Spanish Springs Peak; I was making coffee. I had a little gasoline stove going on the edge of the road, and my son was with me—Spike—and we had our maps all out, and all organized, and the overlays on ’em. And I watched the Navion pass over me at a fairly low altitude, then it went on over to Spanish Peak.

And as they approached one of the foothills of Spanish Peak, they came in very close, and then did a steep right bank, and pulled out away from the hill. At least that was the intent. But they were too close to the mountain, and the air was, too thin, and they actually crashed into the mountain. Big dust cloud, but no fire!

So I went on the air with my radio and called a general alarm, notified everybody that this was not part of the training session, this was for real, gave them the location. And the plane had not burned. There was a tremendous cloud of dust—this didn’t mean that it wouldn’t burn—and it became

very important that we get there just as fast as we could, because if it *did* burn we’d lose everybody in the plane.

That country is filled with broken lava and basalt boulders and rocks. And it was one of the few times I’d taken a jeep fast cross-country in such rough terrain. Everybody was doing the same thing! We could see them converging. Yellow jeeps would come over the brow of a hill, and come down the hill approaching. We were all driving as fast as we could, and hitting these boulders buried in sagebrush. I think probably we put ten years wear on every jeep in the next three or four minutes. And when I got to the wreckage, there was gasoline everywhere.

We had what we called “hot crash” procedure, what do you do when you’re actually in the presence of an airplane crash? And one of the first things you do is put somebody on as a fire guard, and you take matches away from everybody so they can’t accidentally forget and light a cigarette, when there’s gasoline over everything.

You have people who break into the airplane, and they’re trained on how to do this. And if necessary, you chop in with a small hatchet. And you can cut through an airplane’s skin with a small hatchet, and cut the safety belts and yank the people out. That’s just exactly what we did.

There were four people in the airplane. We hadn’t known who was in there besides Baker. But there was another man (Claude Cauble) and a woman and a child. I can’t remember who all they were. They were personal friends of Baker, and they had no business being on a Civil Air Patrol exercise, but they were not in our unit, and so we had nothing to say about it. So we yanked them out of the airplane, and took ’em up the side of the hill away from where the gasoline was spilled over everything, and spread ’em out

on the ground, put blankets over them. They were obviously in shock, but not hurt.

By that time, practically all of our organization arrived. The airplane passengers began to say, "Where are we?" They had no recollection of the crash at all. Although their eyes were open and they seemed to be conscious, they weren't aware of flying into the mountain. It completely destroyed the airplane. It was totaled out. The people were in shock, but not injured in any other way. We put 'em in our jeeps and brought them home.

We had training in all of the things that you could anticipate in a search. We had a training program, which had been approved by national headquarters. Some of the training was on foot. And sometimes this really paid off. Many of our people had had quite a little military experience, and they were not interested in close order drill (they had had it to the point where they hated it with a passion). We had no reason to do it. We were not a parade outfit, and it was understood that we never would be. Our uniforms were official, and they were fatigues with a regulation Civil Air Patrol insignia on 'em. We were trained however, in open order, extended order drill and we could deploy as skirmishers or squad column if it was necessary, as a part of a search.

We had some arguments with a few of our members, in a friendly manner, on even giving this kind of training. They really couldn't see how a combat tactic could be tised by a purely peacetime organization. But we had a few times when it paid off. In fact, we had several times when it did, when we were looking for somebody who was injured.

One of these occasions was when a man was trying to turn a truck around on a narrow road that extends between Little Valley and Price's Lake. He ran out of road. He had a truck. He had his wife with him. He felt he

couldn't back out, and he tried to turn around on a narrow ledge. And his wife got out of the truck, fortunately, when he tried to turn it around and the truck fell off the cliff. And the truck dropped, I don't know how many hundred feet down through the brush. And she couldn't find him. She climbed down through the manzanita, and couldn't find him— couldn't get to him. She worked her way out to highway 395, out about where that glacial moraine is, about a half a mile north of Bowers mansion. She flagged down a car, and they got a highway patrolman, and he got the sheriff, and the sheriff called the Jeep Squadron. And by that time, it was dark.

It was a mid-winter night, and clear, and deathly cold. Fortunately, it was a moonlight, one of those brilliant moonlight, cold, winter nights. And we drove as far as possible into that area with our jeeps. And then we deployed as skirmishers with about fifteen, ten feet between each man—pretty close together. And we worked our way through the brush and the quaking aspen and the pine trees.

And we got quite a little ways in, and somebody almost stepped on this truck driver! Later, it developed he said he was shouting at the top of his voice, but all that would come out was a whisper. He would have frozen in a little more time. We had litters, and we strapped him down. We had a hunch he had an injured back, and it turned out that he did have a fractured vertebrae. And we got him out, got him to an ambulance, and got him to the hospital. And he made a good recovery.

We had other times when this type of ground search paid off in a real clutch. We had an interesting search when Pat Sanford and Les Sanford turned up missing on a flight with a nephew, between Las Vegas and Reno. And the weather'd closed in, apparently, and they just never arrived. Since they were very

prominent, we had a lot of volunteer help on that one. But we controlled the search and organized it.

I took a jeep convoy down towards Hawthorne, where I planned to set up my operations base. And we had so many volunteers, guys who like to hunt and fish who own jeeps, that we would have a team of our own radio-equipped jeeps, and then we'd attach four or five nonmembers' jeeps to each of our radio equipped jeeps and use them as a small unit, (with radio communications through our own jeeps). I put a team of jeeps every twenty miles between Schurz and Goldfield. And we were in radio contact with each other. I had the communications center with me, and I was ground controller for the search.

There were a lot of airplanes flying—CAP and other planes—flying up and down their planned flight route. We put on a routine search out of each of those twenty mile posts, maintaining radio contact, so that if wreckage were sighted, we'd still be able to move fast a team under the airplane guidance to the wreckage. And we had a doctor with each team. There were a lot of physicians who volunteered—people who like to hunt and fish, who turned out, too. So we had a real exercise in using untrained volunteer help to swell our own size. And it turned out that an airplane did sight wreckage near Goldfield. We had the nearest team of jeeps in there in a matter of minutes, but the Sanfords were all dead. But the theory of the kind of search did function well.

The Civil Air Patrol, as a civilian auxiliary of the Air Force, works under their direction on military crashes; works under the direction of Air Rescue—based at Hamilton Field in those days. And Hamilton Field called me and requested a search for a highly secret, classified type of airplane, which they believed was missing east of Tonopah.

The squadron took an overnight drive during the night to Tonopah, and then went east and moved into the position that we had agreed upon with Air Rescue (or Air Search it was then). Our theory of function was that we would move at night on searches of this kind, to be in the critical area where airplanes could function at daybreak. When the airplanes arrived, we were supposed to be there ready to operate with jeeps posted at critical road junctions, and critical places in the terrain where they would be able to move in almost any direction quickly to follow airplane directions.

There were prearranged plans for drop messages, drop map overlays from airplanes, in the event that they did not have radio on the same frequency assigned them as an emergency frequency in planes and jeeps. As a matter of fact, the Jeep Squadron still does. But not all aircraft which participate in searches are military aircraft. And some do not have this frequency aboard.

Anyway, we conducted an extensive search in the desert country east of Tonopah. And we were in the general area where the plane was spotted. Our orders were, "If you see the wreckage, report it, don't go near it." So they saw the wreckage; we did not find it. Their airplanes spotted it before we did. We were ordered immediately out of the area. We did not make a ground rescue. And we learned a few years later, that it was a U-2. And the U-2 was a highly secret airplane at that time, and we did not have clearance to go near it.

The Jeep Squadron did a lot of work during the floods in Reno, mostly in the rural areas where farm families were isolated. And many of those, we'd go in as far as we could with the jeeps, and if the water was too deep from streams, and creeks, and whatnot, sometimes we'd get out, put on our fishing waders, and

walk in and bring out small children, elderly people, and invalids and whatnot.

We went dragging for bodies in our small boats that we use for fishing. (Everybody in this outfit hunts and fishes.) Many of the members have small boats. Some people were drowned at Independence Lake. We went up and dropped grappling hooks, and worked a systematic dragging operation on the lake. And I was on the shore. We were using walkie-talkies in some cases.

A man standing next to me said, "Look up on that mountain. See that snow patch on the high cliffs to the east of Independence Lake." And there were patches of snow in the crevices and breaks in the cliff, and one patch looked different than the others. And he said, "That snow's different than the other patch of snow."

And we all put our binoculars on this thing, and it was aluminum, and it looked like parts of a plane were sticking out of it. So I sent a ground party up there. And it was a military C-47. (It's the same at a DC-3.) A C-47, and it had a cargo of jungle-type camouflage and netting. And it was obviously a crash from World War II. And the bodies of a pilot and co-pilot—skeletons—were still at the controls. But it was just plastered against a cliff so that the plane still hung there. I've heard any number of people, who sincerely believe that they spotted that plane. Somebody else may have seen it, but nobody knew about it. We sent for the coroner and took the bodies out before we could do anything else.

We had field training missions, but I don't wanna put too much time in on this. Newt Crumley, who I went to school with was Wing Commander of the Civil Air Patrol in Nevada for a while. Wing commander (the Nevada organization throughout the entire state was officially a wing.) A wing of the Air Force is roughly equivalent to a brigade of infantry in its organizational structure. And the Nevada

Wing headquarters were in Reno. And Newt, who'd been a roommate of mine—he was a freshman, when I was a senior at Sigma Nu house—was a lot of fun. He expected a performance up to Air Force standards.

He had, of course, been an Air Force colonel. And he ran a real tight, military organization. And we enjoyed working with him. It was too bad that he didn't stay with the Civil Air Patrol, because he was the kinda guy you could work with very well.

We had a search for a missing Navy fighter. A Navy jet out of the Naval Air Station at Fallon was on a training exercise and they had him on radar, but he just disappeared off the scope, in mid-air. And the Navy was not used to working with us, and they had changes of personnel. But they finally found out about us, and sent for us. So we came in on the search, after it'd been going a few hours. And we set up our base at the highway maintenance station and yard at Eastgate. And then I put teams of jeeps on mountain roads, desert roads from oh, about New Pass down to lone. And they took up the proper positions to be able to move. But it was pretty mountainous country, and heavy tree cover, and there wasn't much they could do on the ground other than wait for a report from searching aircraft.

There were a lot of Civil Patrol aircraft, and a lot of Navy aircraft checking the area. And there was a Navy PBY on the search, and it flew up to the Desatoya mountain crest. And they got right in close to that crest, and started to pull out just like Baker had at Spanish Peak, but they were not used to flying at this altitude, and the air was thin, and they mushed right into the mountain top, and crashed, killed one of their crew and injured some of the others.

What they had done was, go in close to that peak because they saw wreckage. And

although the wreckage was marked—it was the old wreckage of Colonel Love and his crew from World War II that I had gone in from the other side, years ago, and we'd taken the bodies out on the other side of the same mountain range.

That really discouraged the Navy. They were all broken up about this. They knew the people who were in the airplane well. And we continued the search, but the enthusiasm was gone from their standpoint. We did not find the pilot. We did not find his wreckage. And it turned out that a Basque sheepherder, running sheep through nearby terrain a year later, found pieces of aluminum scattered through heavy pinon pine.

The training of the Jeep Squadron was very interesting. And we used to have a lot of fun coming up with unorthodox approaches. We usually operated pretty much under pressure. And we were apt not to get very good meals, because we were continually on the move. On many searches we were moving at night. And we would drive until either we were exhausted, or until we reached wherever we were out in the middle of the sagebrush somewhere. And we'd throw our bedrolls down on the ground, and get what sleep we could. Then we were cooking in camp, ready to move usually, so that we were really eating out of tin cans. And sometimes this wasn't necessary. On an extended search, you really need people who have better food.

So Ted Patrick, who is a real great guy, was a very interested member of this outfit. Had command of a platoon of jeeps. He and I put together an idea, and we had a— first everybody thought it was for real, and then they realized we were kidding.

We had a "contest" for who could cook the most elaborate meal for dinner in camp. And I came up with baked biscuits, and cherries jubilee, which sound great and look

complicated, but really are not if you've done a little trial and error testing at home before you go out in the field. And I could whip up cherries jubilee very quick. And it was very simple, but it looked and sounded great. And using gasoline stoves, and everything else. And I'd made my biscuits on a reflector oven.

And so Patrick came back with charcoal grilled steaks and a tossed salad, also wore an apron and chef's hat. And then I came back with iced champagne in plastics goblets that I could carry without breaking. And by this time, everybody got in the act, which was the name of the game. And we began to have all kinds of elaborate dinners cooked out in the field. And without realizing it, everybody was learning to do a real camp cooking job, for substantial meals, under almost any kind of condition.

Sometimes we'd cook dinner without any utensils. Or sometimes we'd cook dinner using only a jack knife. Or we'd have all kinds of crazy, cooked up ideas on how to make people improvise in preparing a good meal. And you learn all kinds of things. I had all of my cooking utensils and much of my gear for meals in 20 mm, ammo boxes. This is a steel box about oh, ten, twelve inches wide, and about maybe twenty inches long, and about eighteen inches deep. And I put hinges on the top, and they made great strongboxes. You could sit on 'em in camp. You could put any kinda stuff inside, and it'd churn up and down as you went over rocky terrain and nothing would break (or very little would break). And they were just a great thing to carry stuff in a jeep with rough travel.

Well, one morning I had to cook breakfast in a wild blizzard. And I really needed a hot meal. We were out on a search. And I had an idea. I used my gasoline stoves, which were individual burners. And I turned the steel ammo box up on end, turned the lid out,

which operated like a door, put the burner inside, and a small pot of something for soup or whatever in, and practically closed that door. It had just a crack for oxygen. And I could cook in a sixty-mile-an-hour wind, and get a hot meal!

And so we'd improvise things like this so that in any kind of weather, we could cook and survive comfortably. And of course, we had camping gear for any kind of weather. We could sleep in the snow on the ground, and be warm, and be comfortable. And we learned to be able to operate in almost any kind of situation.

There was only one search in the history of Jeep Squadron where everybody was given an order. They *had to go*! It was during the Korean War. Normally, we assured everybody that, "Look, if your job interferes, you don't have to go;" we have a lot of extra strength, we have enough people to conduct a search if half our people can't get away from a job, we can still function.

But this particular search was the only one that I ever experienced in the Civil Air Patrol where we called up and said, "*This is an order!* It's mandatory that you go. And if you have a problem with your boss, we'll call him." And the reason for this was that a Swedish scientist, by the name of Carl (or maybe it was Karl) Avgaard. Avgaard was a very prominent scientist in meteorology. He was studying the Sierra wave, and based at Bishop. His family was as prominent in Sweden at that time, they said, as the Lindbergh family was for many years in America. At this particular moment in the Korean War, there was a truce team functioning, and it was a Swedish truce team. And it became very important to the United States that they have excellent relations with Sweden. So now suddenly, it became very important that the Swedish scientist be given every possible support in a recovery.

This time, the request came from the State Department to the Air Force, and in orders from the Air Force to the Civil Air Patrol. And we were ordered to proceed at once to Bishop. Well, there was a big storm and Highway 395 was closed. It was snowing hard, extremely cold. And we had a hundred percent turnout!

I remember driving over Montgomery Pass, which was the only way in the snow we could get into Bishop from here that was feasible, and the water in my canteen freezing inside the jeep. We went over with 4-wheel drive and chains—it was glare ice all the way up and over. We got in at daybreak into headquarters, search headquarters, which had been set up by Air Rescue Service themselves in Bishop.

And they had every airplane that could fly, it seemed like, on the west coast—military airplanes—in there at daybreak searching the Death Valley area, and the Bishop area, and everything around there. Avgaard had taken off in a sail plane—very sophisticated sail plane—to make his studies on this particular day, and had just simply vanished. He was an experienced pilot with a lot of time behind him. So there was no question but that it was a very serious situation.

The young lieutenant who was in command of the search base at Bishop was new to the Air Rescue Service. We had been working with old-timers there, who knew us very well—knew our capabilities, and knew that we could be given an order, and be counted on to follow it and deliver. But this young man had never heard of us, didn't know who we were—just a bunch of old guys runnin' around in fatigues—and so his first assignment to us was to make a search of the aqueduct system. Well, this is pavement driving, and anybody could do it, you know.

Also, I was disturbed because I had done enough of this to know that every utility has

its own private telephone network. So I went over to the offices for the company that ran the aqueduct—I don't know whether it was the Metropolitan Water District or something like that out of L. A. in Bishop— and asked them if they had a telephone network that worked up and down the aqueduct. And they said, "Sure." And I said what I wanted to use it for. And they said, "Fine." And so I did a quick telephone search. I've done many, checking ranches and mines and Indian agencies and railroad sidings and all kinds of places.

And it's amazing the places where there are telephones. I've run many a search with my own telephone. And I've located quite a few airplanes and lost people, simply on a telephone. So in this case, I called all the people working on the aqueduct up and down at each telephone situated along the aqueduct, from one end to the other, in about five or ten minutes or so. And they hadn't seen anything of him—wasn't a trace. So I came back and reported to the search commander that I had completed my search, and what it was.

And so, to his credit, he shaped up real fast. He said, "All right." He said, "understand, you're now in command of all ground operation, and I want you to set up your command post in Death Valley. Do you have any recommended operations for your own people?"

And I said, "Yes, sir, I do. I would like to put a team of jeeps in the Amargosa Desert at daybreak every day, and search during daylight hours. I want to put another team, of course, in Death Valley, and another team over in Panamint Valley, and then I'll put another one south of Death Valley in the general direction of Baker, but not that far south. I'll give you radio coordinates when we find decent places to put 'em."

So he agreed. And we took off, and we spent a week— most delightful December

week in Death Valley that you ever saw. The birds were singing, and the days were balmy, and the sun was shining. And every night, all the teams of jeeps would be called back. And they'd come back, and they'd camp overnight out in the open, under the stars at our command post in the sand dunes in Death Valley. And then in the morning still by dark—but it'd be in time for them to take post again for the next day's search. They'd leave in the dark, cooking their breakfast on arrival, at assigned positions, and we would maintain contact with them by radio every half hour, and every hour throughout the day.

The sky was simply full of airplanes, everything that the Air Force had was in the air. And we had one call after another. A B-17 would locate wreckage in such-and-such a canyon, and they'd radio it to their search base at Bishop. And the mission controller there would radio to me, and I'd radio and order to our nearest team of jeeps into the site. And they'd get in and radio back, "We are at the wreckage, and it is a drone target plane." And a drone target plane which is broken up on the ground could be very easily confused with the glider or the sail plane that we were looking for.

This went on for several days until one day, there was a woman who came out with some kind of a message or something to the airport manager at Bishop. I don't know, somebody sent a message, and she'd got on the phone, and she was taking it to him. As they were standing on the runway, the airport manager looked out at the end of the runway, and he said, "Those look like buzzards."

Well, now, one of the things you're trained with in all kinds of air search is to look for carrion birds, when you have somebody missing. It's one of the first tipoffs. So the airport manager was a very intelligent guy, and when he saw that, he immediately

notified the coordinator for Air Rescue, who was based at the manager's office there at the airport. And of course, they immediately went down the runway. And here was a pile of kindling from the sail plane wreckage, and the body of Avgaard in a clump of willows.

And what had happened—as they investigated this thing, it developed that Avgaard took off, got caught in a massive updraft. His altimeter was stuck at 40,000 feet. He'd had an oxygen failure before he ever got to 40,000—blacked out—the plane had gone into a spin, had disintegrated in the air, and fell in the bushes, the willows, the high weeds and stuff off the runway, and he was right at the Bishop airport throughout the entire search.

So the Swedish people were very impressed, and everybody was very grateful, and everybody thanked everybody. Citations were given in all directions. And we all went home, after the delightful week in Death valley in December.

We had lots of searches for lost kids. We had lots of searches for lost deer hunters. We had all kinds of searches for individuals in small parties, many, many aircraft searches over the years, with a good record of "finds." Others which were particularly for hunters and picnickers. We had one more search that I'll mention, and then I think we'll have covered enough searches to indicate the different types of searches.

One night I got a phone call about—I just got home from work, and it was about five-thirty, it was summertime— from Civil Air Patrol headquarters in Reno. And they had been notified by McClellan Air Base that a B-25 had taken off at (I don't think it was yet Stead Air Force Base; it was still the old deactivated Reno Army Air base), they had taken off headed east and crashed on a foothill at Spanish Peak; and could be

seen from a distance with binoculars, but they were in real rough country. So the Civil Air Patrol immediately put a plane over the wreckage— getting dark fast, raining, and the CAP plane was orbiting over it, and you could see its navigation lights to know where the wreckage was.

So the jeep squadron was called in order to go out and bring the people out who were in the wreckage. We took our jeeps—the Air Force instructed us to go in from the west side—and when I got on the west side I found there was no way to get into this particular place from the west side with jeeps—and so we went around on the roads on the east that we were familiar with, and we had on our map. (There's some rough roads that go in from the south and north between some of the foothills and Spanish Peak proper.) By this time, it was dark and it was raining. But we could still see the lights of the plane orbiting over it, so we knew where the wreckage was. But it was so dark, and raining so hard, that we had almost no visibility to find a way, to work out way up onto the mountain top where the wreckage was.

If there were a trail, we couldn't see it. We worked our way—I deployed the jeeps all up and down the road system in there looking for anything that went in that direction. And I was driving along myself, and I saw a low star to the west. So I felt that a low star indicated some kind of a break in the mountains and a ravine of some kind. So I assembled the jeeps by radio. And we worked our way up the mountain—up this draw. Many times we had to stop, and get Out, and pry rocks out of the way—boulders—in the rain and dark—or pile rocks to fill a depression, and we literally built with our own hands, a road of sorts, worked our way up to the top of the mountain, then drove along the crest of this small range (wasn't really mountains—range of high hills) to the actual plane site.

We got to the plane. It was really in bad shape. The B-25 pilot had lost power after takeoff. He knew he was going to crash, so he ordered the standard crash position for his crew, which was correct except that is the way you crash in water, or crash on flat terrain, and this country was full of big boulders. He couldn't tell. It was getting dark, and they were not familiar with the terrain. So he had his people in the bottom of the plane, and seated with heads against their knees in a crouching position, facing backwards in the plane. And they landed among these boulders; these boulders acted like sandpaper and just demolished the bottom of the airplane where the people were! And it was the one time when it was the wrong place to be. And one member of the crew was killed, and a number were injured.

So I had stopped on the way out of town, and picked up a deputy coroner at Ross-Burke's, 'cause I had learned, many years before, since you cannot move a body without a coroner, that it was a good idea to have one with you. So I had phoned them, and told them to have one of their guys who could spend a night in the open, and they gave me a young guy who's a hunter and fisherman; and it seems— I had not realized it, but many people who work for mortuaries are deputized as deputy coroners. So I took him with me, and then with him, why then, we could bring the body of the dead boy out. And then, of course, we also brought all the injured people out.

We got back down off the mountain the same way we got in, and took 'em to the local Veterans Hospital. And that was the end of that one. But that was really the only airplane search that we had which was close in to Reno.

The Washoe Jeep Squadron still exists as an organization. I retained my membership, although I gave up command over ten years ago. Times have, of course, changed. And

the jeeps are no longer the critical method to conduct search and rescue operations. Helicopters can do it so much faster. When time is so critical, they can go in and bring out injured people while the jeeps are still getting organized. And the Navy now has helicopters. The National Guard has helicopters. The Air Force has helicopters. Some civilian organizations have them. And this has greatly diminished the need for a volunteer jeep organization of this kind.

About the only situation in which the Jeep Squadron today is still a vital search organization is when weather is so bad that helicopters cannot function. This happens, but it doesn't happen often. If you have a ground fog or you have a heavy snowstorm, there's only one way you can conduct a search today, and that is by jeep. And even that is very limited.

There are jeep techniques for ground search, for instance, at night, in which you deploy the jeeps just exactly as you would a line of infantry skirmishers. The jeeps are maybe ten, twenty yards apart, the headlights show along the ground, you go slowly through sagebrush, and you can see a body on the ground from the jeeps in the dark at that close an interval between vehicles. So you can work a grid pattern by systematically searching a large piece of terrain at night for an injured man, a dead man, or a small child—you name it! But this is so rare that it's very difficult to keep the same training level, the same performance standards, the same experience level in the Jeep Squadron.

There are a few old-time members like myself, who've kept their membership, who are not too usable in rough country. And we go to some of the meetings, and we try to keep in touch because we still have a strong emotional tie with the organization. But the membership is completely composed

of people who have not had heavy search experience, and they do not have the level of training or experience as had before, but even so, limited as it is, they still could be very important, under the right kind of conditions.

one thing I might add to this thing is the Jeep Squadron today does not get enough search experience to be able to function at a high level of efficiency.

We happen to have a sheriff [Galli] who has organized what he calls the “hasty team” of sheriffs, and he uses them on almost all searches. And they have become an effective team, and they are useful. But what is happening is the other volunteer jeep organizations (today there are several) are literally falling apart with poor morale and lack of experience in the field. They only get called in the rare intervals where a very large organization is needed.

The Jeep Squadron actually does not have enough intensive, heavy search experience now to be able to perform at the level it originally did. Not being used often, search gear gets scattered at home. You have to go find a heavy parka, you have to find a backpack, you have to find this or find that, which normally, with searches all the time, you would keep assembled. Time was when the Jeep Squadron had the whistle blow, that you just throw a bedroll and your food and other gear in the back of your jeep and go. It was all where you could put your hands on it. Without this heavy demand for it, it gets scattered around the household, and you have to find each item, which makes a long time getting ready to move off.

So, when you get in the field, even though you work with a checklist, half the time you’ve missed something. And then you’re not working with a tightly trained organization that can perform. Some of ’em forget how to use coordinates with a radio message to

pinpoint locations. They just don’t have the high performance that they once had. And it’s unfortunate the sheriff does not use his volunteers more often to keep them at top performance. He really oughta call ’em out a lot to have a large, effective backup for this kind of operation.

Well, I think he’s a good sheriff. But how to work with volunteers really is a different thing. You find many people who spend years in the military service, and it’s very difficult for them to work with volunteers without destroying the volunteer morale. The military structure is such that you give an order, and nobody questions it. You’re disciplined to deliver *right now, instantly*, without any question. You give an order to a volunteer unit, and somebody invariably will say, “Is it that important for a search?”

So, it requires a different kind of leadership. You have to have them with you, you have to have them stay with you, and they have to want to follow what you’re telling them. But at the same time you can’t treat them as ignorant, stupid, why don’t you take my order-type people. They just simply aren’t used to it. And there’s a way to do it. There’s a little trick to it, and it’s not that difficult. Actually, what it requires is that they must have confidence in the people who are leading them. And finally, when they learn to accept that we wouldn’t be called out if it weren’t *necessary*, we wouldn’t be told to go up that mountain if it weren’t *necessary*—. And so you get action. I’ve never had any problem, when I was in command of the Jeep Squadron, of getting instant obedience to any order I ever gave. They delivered *right now*. And it really saved a lot of time, and improved the performance.

WILSON ADVERTISING AGENCY

SOME CLIENTS AND THEIR ADVERTISING

Just prior to Nevada Day [1939], I'd been saving my money, and I wanted to start an advertising agency in Reno. And someone wanted to take over the dairy, and so I got that off my back. And we moved to Reno.

I went around town to make a survey on possible clients. And the first one I went to was Saviers electrical products company. Saviers had a tremendous operation in those days. They were both wholesale and retail. They did business in Oregon, eastern California, as far south as Tonopah, and over in eastern Nevada. And they were well organized, far larger than any appliance firm we have today. Claude Saviers said, "You're just what we need. The minute you have a place to hang your hat, you have us for a client." The first time I'd heard anybody say "client." So then I went out to the Reno brewery, and they needed some advertising done, the Reno Brewing Company.

To make a long story short, the first month we only had sixty dollars income, and Ina was pregnant and Liz [Mary Elizabeth] was

on the way. I'd borrowed a little extra money to float the business. But it grew very fast. There was a need for it. I was really lucky on the timing. And I had my own business, and I had enough experience, fortunately, from running that little dairy, so that I knew some of the fundamentals. And it all just sort of lucked out, and fell into place.

I had my first office in Reno on a balcony in the mezzanine floor in the Clay-Peters Building. I didn't have a desk; and I didn't have enough money to buy one so I built one out of plywood.

In the agency world, I found that I was in a very interesting business. It was a difficult place to survive during the war years. My clients included Saviers electrical products corporation, and they were distributors and retailers for Westinghouse, Philco, and a number of other lines of— chiefly electric, some gas—appliances and radios. And they were just fine to work with. And they did a lot of advertising. We gave them, I think, excellent service as we were close to everything that was going on.

They'd have their dealers come in from little appliance stores all over Nevada, eastern California, and southern Oregon. And'd take a suite in the Riverside Hotel, and the retail dealers would look at the new merchandise, the new models for the coming year. Factory representatives would show them the sales points, and the advantages of all the new appliances. And then they would come to me, and I would be in one room with a desk. I would have an advertising program lined up for the coming year, and budgeted for each retailer. And we would discuss it so that if they had minor changes they wanted, or suggestions that were helpful, we would make 'em. And I would explain the reason for the advertising being done the way it was, and the size of the budget, and how much of the advertising money would be spent by the distributor, and how much by the factory, and how much by them. And we would hammer out an agreement and they would sign a contract. And then they'd go into the final closing room where they contracted to buy so much merchandise for the coming year, with Saviers' organization acting as distributors and wholesalers. And it was a very smooth, very professionally-run operation. [Caudel Saviers was an excellent businessman. And he had the thing very well organized.

I remember I wrote a manual on how to conduct a cooking school. I had organized a number of these working for newspapers. But I wrote a textbook for small town merchants—appliance merchants—and their hometown newspaper in how to promote and conduct a cooking school. Saviers' people would supply the home economist. But everything on the planning, the advertising, publicity, the arrangement on the stage, the tickets, the door prizes, everything else was outlined for the retail store, in how to do it step by step, by step, until the last line of the book I remember

said, "Your next thing to do is to roll up the curtain, your show's beginning." And it was a lot of fun doing, and it did work.

Saviers was fun. I mentioned how they had their contracts, and how they arranged their sales with their dealers. They moved into a beautiful, new, ultramodern building (for those days) on Second and West Streets (now the Comstock Hotel). And for their grand opening they had about twenty Westinghouse electric stoves hooked up, and the ovens heated, and they were roasting turkeys in each of these things. And they were going to serve refreshments to the public when they opened. And the opening scene was, we had the mayor, Francis "Tank" Smith to throw a switch, and this'd turn on floodlights, spotlights, and searchlights, and bathe the building in lights, and also turn on all the lights inside. Everything was dark. We had a crowd of about 5,000 people out in front of the building, and they had traffic police to handle it. We had quite a heavy advertising program building up to this opening; it had a good turnout. And so the crowd of several thousand people was there, and the mayor and everybody else, and ready with their speeches and their dedication and everything else. And at the right moment with the appropriate music and fanfare, they threw the switch to turn on all the lights in the building, and they blew every fuse in the switchboard! The load was just simply too great to handle. So there was a brief pause while everybody came in the building in the dark, and cut the ribbon in the dark. And then finally they began to get parts of the lights on, but only part, but it still turned out to be a very successful opening. It was quite a thing for the town at that time!

Another client was the Reno Brewing Company. They had a good product. They had over sixty percent of the beer gallonage in the state of Nevada, which meant they were

outselling, in Nevada, all other breweries combined (local and national) more than two to one. They had a good product, and they had a lousy package, but it didn't matter in those days. And they were a family concern, had been since three generations ago, the founding fathers came over from Germany, and set up a little brewery down on Fourth Street in Reno. They were nice people to work with. They were a good client. They were being managed at that time pretty much by Carl Feutsch who was great! And we worked very closely together. We made a survey—product survey—of who was buying their beer, and why. And we found out that the sales in the food markets, grocery stores, super markets, were very strong, but the product was weak in sales in the bars and saloons. And we looked into this more deeply, and we found that we had a low priced beer, and that people would pick up a six-pack at a grocery store, and think nothing of it; it was just along with the other groceries. But in a bar, they were somewhat reticent to say, out loud, "Make mine Sierra beer," because it was a low-priced, cheap beer.

So after talking this over, we came to the conclusion that we should make it look like a high priced beer, and maybe raise the price a little bit. So we had a firm of artists on the coast come up with a design for a new label, which was a very modern label. It was a quality label, it was a beautiful thing. It won prizes in graphic arts contests in which our agency competed even in those early days. And we sold that beer in the bars, and sales went up. In spite of the higher price, we sold more, a heavier volume of beer, so it worked out just great.

Now let's see. You want me to touch on the Chamber of Commerce. Reno Chamber of Commerce used to be, as you would expect in a town of this size, pretty small and yet it was important to the community which

lived on tourism then. Our divorce business was shrinking. Our wedding business was very important to us. I joined the Chamber of Commerce as soon as I went in business; I served on a number of committees. I usually wound up on the Chamber publicity committee. And finally, it reached the point where I just gave the Chamber publicity service and did not charge for it, as a civic activity.

About that time, I was making so many suggestions and criticisms and comments on things that the community should be doing I was invited, simply as an idea person, to attend all their board of directors meetings. And for about, oh, I guess maybe fifteen years, I was not a member of the board of directors, but I was at all of their meetings and invited to comment on ideas and suggestions that were proposed, just because they needed somebody with a creative imagination on the group. They were mostly pretty conservative, older businessmen. I was later elected to the board and I served five years, which I think was the longest term they had.

After then, they appointed the directors. That's when Jud Allen came in and Jud was astute enough to want to pick his own board. And this is what he has done pretty much, by a nominating committee which in turn, appoints the president and directors on the chamber. And that's worked very well. He's been here a long, long time.

I was asked by the board to investigate Jud when he first applied for the job, and Jud didn't like it. I did not give him a negative recommendation. In fact I recommended him, but he didn't like it. But we get along fine now, but there was a coolness for quite a while. But when he found out that I didn't want his job, then we got along a lot better. And he has built the Chamber far beyond what it had ever been.

But while I was doing their stuff for free, I used to go over—to encourage the legends that had been written about Reno by various authors and feature writers—to the Woolworth's store on a dull day and buy a few dollars worth of dime store wedding rings, and then when nobody was lookin', toss 'em in the river off the bridge. And this meant that kids lookin' for crawdads in the summer months would occasionally come up with a ring, and they'd always stand up and hold the ring up and yell with all their friends who were doing the same thing. This would attract the tourists on the bridge, and, "Here's a wedding ring that had been thrown off the bridge!" And so it "proved that it was a true legend."

And divorcees kissing the pillars of the courthouse was supposedly an old tradition, and occasionally [with] a little kleenex, I could get a little pink smear on the courthouse pillar—might be what it was supposed to be, and this encouraged a number of people to do it.

And of course, we had fulltime news wire service bureaus here. We were the smallest town, I guess, in the world that had the wire service representation we did. We had bureaus from Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service. And the newsreel people also covered it here. And there have been a lot of newsreels cover a DuPont or—you name it—kissing a pillar and throwing a ring off the bridge, and so on.

I [will] mention the opening of the Trocadero, where we attempted to get newsreel coverage of Reno gambling as a very high-class thing indeed. Well, the Trocadero was a new place in town, and the El Cortez Hotel was a client of ours, and Trocadero was very nice when it was first opened up, although it was pretty small. And so we had an opening and we sent invitations to local civic

leaders—formal invitations—and specified "black tie." And we had the place, of course, beautifully decorated, beautiful flowers on all the tables, and the table settings were very attractive. We had big name entertainment like Victor Borge. We had other big single acts, too.

On the opening night, when everybody came, they signed a "quest register," but each page of the guest register was also a photo release form, so that we obtained permission to photograph them. Everybody was given a few chips to gamble with, to start out with. And we got all kinds of newsreel footage (and also still photography) of beautifully-gowned women and well-dressed men, who looked like they belonged in those outfits, in a very interesting-looking night spot in Reno. We hit everything in the country with it. And it did more for Reno's image than, I think, anything else that we managed to get on at that time.

I think Reno could have kept this image. It was a replay from the twenties. I'll touch on it later, when we get talkin' about Harolds Club, when decisions were made as to whether the town was gonna go on a quality route or the cheapie-volume route. But this gave us, I thought, a good push in the right direction.

We did a lot of things with the Chamber. We got a story on with the *National Geographic*—how you could actually fish for rainbow trout in downtown Reno. They sent a photographer out, and I picked the two best fly fisherman I knew, Marsh Johnson and Ray Jefferson. And Marsh Johnson was the Chevrolet dealer and Ray Jefferson managed Carlisle's stationery store.

We went up to the river about opposite the McKinley Park grammar school, where there's a beautiful gravel bottom and a nice riffle. And we arranged with the Fish and Game department to bring over a few nice-

looking rainbow trout from their hatchery, and planned to put 'em on the hook. Then we'd photograph 'em because it was pretty hard to predict when you'd take a fish; and fish were pretty small in the Truckee then 'cause there'd been quite a little fishing pressure in the downtown area at that time.

So we got the magazine's photographer into a pair of waders, and we got Marsh Johnson and Ray Jefferson and myself, and we're all standing out in the river in waders, waiting for the Fish and Game people, and they were late, and they were very late. And it got later, and it got later. I noticed the photographer was getting itchy, and I was afraid he was going to go back to New York or Washington or someplace. So I said, "Let's make a few practice casts." I thought if we had any kind of action, we could get a few shots.

So Ray and Marsh each put on a fly, and made a few casts out in the riffles. I forget which one it was, but he hooked a *beautiful* rainbow trout right under the photographer's nose! The photographer was all ready to go, and he got a magnificent sequence of actually catching a fish for real! All of the buildings, downtown buildings, in the background and everything was perfect. By the time the Fish and Game people got there, we were all done and out of the river, and had a better photograph. They'd had car trouble on the way, and they were very apologetic. We came out of it with a great story for *National Geo*.

I had other publicity, of course, that I got for Harolds Club. But the town's publicity was a labor of love. We did a lot of things like, take attractive gals up on the mountain who could ski. And in those days, skiing was rather unusual. We did not have a lift. We had a portable rope tow that went up in the winter. We got quite a bit of material released on the early skiing days, usually around the sand dunes and the rope tows.

We had, oh, I don't know how many different things that—little things that escape me now, we got on without much effort.

Reno was a good news name. Almost anything with a Reno dateline would get printed. And hunting, fishing, skiing, gambling—we did a lot of gambling series where people would—obviously, tourists would be playing a slot machine, or playing "21," usually; or roulette always makes an interesting photograph, though it's not too popular a game.

We had some kind of a celebration. I can't remember what it was. And when Mayor Roberts was running for office, many years ago, one of his colorful campaign promises was if he was elected mayor, he'd "put a barrel of whiskey and a tin dipper on each street corner." So we had a barrel of whiskey and a tin dipper in front of the State Building for this particular event. And we couldn't buy a barrel of whiskey. It was only legal to buy it in a bottle. So, we bought a couple of cases of bourbon and emptied the bottles in the barrel. And we were doing great business. And I noticed that public health officer, he was a great old guy, Dr. [Albert R.] DaCosta—I noticed he was watching us, and watching us. And after we'd been going for about a half an hour, I went over. And I said, "What are you thinking about?" 'Cause he was still watching us.

"Well," he said, "I figured that I'd give you this much time to get your deal on, but," he said, "you're breaking all kinds of laws. You're not using antiseptic glasses to serve it from, and you're serving it from a common dish, and" he says, "you're breaking about twenty ordinances." So he said, "You'd better cut it out now. Have you got all your pictures?"

And I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Okay. Stop in the name of the law," and laughed [laughing]. So we got our story on, and we got our publicity out of it.

We always had stagecoaches, and Indians, and strangely enough, the pictures would get used, although it was pretty corny.

We frequently had people who came here, who were booked in one of the showplaces who would do things to get publicity themselves, and we could use them also for community publicity. And one of these was “Rubinoff and his violin.” Rubinoff was really a great guy, and he was a good violinist, but he had learned, by putting on fits of temperament in his act, that he got tremendous publicity, and great attention, and he became a well-known personality. He would—if somebody sneezed in the audience, he would stop playing, have a tantrum, stamp off the stage, and the manager would entreat him to come back, and they’d finally get him back on stage, or maybe the cigar smoke would be too thick. He did it up very well. He did not make himself disliked. He did it in a way in which he had the sympathy of the audience as a great artist who had—was striving for perfection. I got to know him very well.

The publicity material his business agent got him was so bad! In fact, I was shaken by the quality, the poor quality of publicity done for all of the show talent, and show biz in those days. The poor material they’d have was so bad you could seldom use it to publicize them and advertise them, when they were appearing at a local place.

Their photography seemed to come from a few outfits down in Hollywood and I figured that this must mean from someone who would kick back to someone. Many photos were out of focus! And just *bad*, and not taken so they could be used well. They were not made so you could have flexible utilization from different viewpoints. And the publicity articles often were also poor.

When Rubinoff came to Reno, his stuff was outstandingly bad! And so I just had

him rephotographed and got a whole new kit for him, just—and this was paid for by where he was playing (it seems to me he was at the Trocadero). Anyway, I just convinced my client that we couldn’t publicize this guy without doing a whole new deal, and we might as well give it to him when he left here ‘cause we’d have no further use for it. So we did.

And one of the things we did was to have him play a concert for the local school kids. The State Building had been condemned, and the state auditorium, or at least the stage area had been condemned. And this was the last time they could put this many people in the State Building, and have something on the stage. The building inspector’d condemned it. But all the school kids were let out of school to come down and hear Rubinoff give a concert. And he gave a good concert!

I had an idea of what I wanted; I wanted a picture taken, and Wes Bennett, the photographer set it up—we rehearsed it with a stand-in the day before—where you position the camera somewhat behind Rubinoff, and yet you’d see enough of him so he’d be recognizable. But behind him we’d have a whole sea of two or three thousand childish faces—just a background that’d fill the whole back of this photo thing. I wanted to make an ad out of it. I wanted to make a poster out of it. I could use it a number of ways. And we worked, and reworked that thing for a couple of hours.

Finally, I drew chalk on the stage where Rubinoff would stand to play, where the photographer would stand, and we worked out the lighting and all the parts of the room where we had to have supplemental lighting and where we didn’t and so on, all nailed down. And there was going to be no replay of it, ‘cause this was really the last show by special permission of the building department. So we filled the building with kids, Rubinoff

came out, he gave a *beautiful* concert, and my photographer's camera wouldn't work! And he didn't have a spare with him. And, boy, I didn't see anything of him for I don't know how many months [laughs].

But Rubinoff was really impressed. I should have brought it down to show you. He gave me a great, big gold coin, about this big—about the size of a dollar—I don't know what the hell it is. Maybe it's a fifty-dollar gold piece, or maybe it's more than that, but it was about the size of a dollar, and it was in an elaborate carved silver setting, "To Tom Wilson from his pal Rubinoff," was engraved on it. And it's so damn heavy, I don't carry it with me. It was a money clip. And then he went to work on me to take a contract to handle his promotion. He would buy out my advertising agency business and I would go into show biz. And of course, that was out of this world—no way to leave a family in Reno, and go out on the road, So I didn't go for it, but it was a great chance to break into show biz.

But we made a number of PR kits for people in show business as a result, when they appeared in different places. The stuff still isn't a great deal better today. And I don't really know why show business advertising is still so primitive. I don't know how it is now; I haven't looked at a contract recently. But in those days, the billing of the acts was meticulously defined in a contract which was negotiated for the artist by his business manager. In other words, in all advertising his name would be in such-and-such a size type. And no other artist's name would be in the same size, and nothing would be on the same line. And his name would be "a hundred percent" (supposedly) attention value, and the supporting acts would "not be over fifty percent," or maybe thirty-five percent, or something. And the same thing was done on the lights on the marquee. Well, hell marquees

were already going out at that time. There were very few of them left, but they still had it on the contract. (They've come back again now, but not to the extent that they once were.) The advertising contract still calls for such-and-such a percent.

But as far as show business goes, television and radio have never been invented. Just a total, total blank. They're powerful advertising media for show business, but show business advertising—I go up and down the places in the Bay area, in Los Angeles area, and their publicity is extremely sophisticated and well done, but their advertising is back in the days of Uncle Tom and Topsy and Eva. The ads are all reverse and black and very bold screen and type, and real primitive.

Jack Benny—there are a few outstanding artists, who had money, and enough brains to go get professional advice. Benny, the last ten years, has used a beautiful sketch; it's a pen-pencil portrait, very restrained, very simple, extremely well done. Paid real money for it. And he has insisted through his agent that when he appears (or appeared), that that would be the only art that was used. There'd be no photographs, billing was such-and-such and such-and-such and so on, how it was used. And the result looked great! You're beginning to see more of that now, but it's been a long time coming.

We did a lot of stuff. We did Community Chest promotion for nothing. We did Reno Chamber of Commerce promotion for nothing. We had retail stores: we had Carlisles, and we had Ginsbarg jewelry, and we had Home Furniture, and all kinds of retail clients. We had some of the dude ranches—Del Monte, I think, was one of the first ones—as our early-day clients. And their needs were simple, and our services were simple. And the only advertising media in those days were newspapers, outdoor, and

radio. We had no television and there were no direct mail firms in town. And although we did regional advertising around the state, we did little outside the state, except for Harolds Club and the Chamber of Commerce.

During the war years when I was, of course, not in the service, I did a lot of work on various committees in the community on service and activities related to the war effort—the War Bond sales, the Red Cross things, and activities of those kinds. In the early days of World War II, our government did, as it had in World War I, had War Bonds for sale. It was everybody's patriotic duty to buy them. And there was a lot of promotion and a lot of patriotic endeavor to get them on. It was first put in the hands of the Internal Revenue department, which had offices in all major cities. And it was administered by Internal Revenue and promoted by Internal Revenue, and they handled all the paper work, and actually, it was their baby.

Well, at that time, of course, in Nevada, Reno was the major city, and it had an Internal Revenue office, and the collector here ran the show. And it was a patriotic activity, and carried some prestige, and it was a good thing to be connected with as a war effort. It became apparent to the Treasury Department that Internal Revenue simply was not big enough and could not expand fast enough to handle a War Bond program, and so the decision was made in Washington to take it out of the hands of Internal Revenue, and put it in the hands of volunteer committees. It would be nationwide, and be in all the smaller towns, too; and it would actually be like the Liberty Bond thing in World War I, in many respects. This was done.

Well, at the time this change was made, one of the War Bond chairmen was Forest Lovelock, who was the Ford dealer in Reno, and one of the strongest promotion

committee heads of it was Marsh Johnson, his competitor, the Chevrolet dealer. And both were very patriotic, dedicated individuals. And they whipped together a team which was very active and very aggressive. I remember I donated the publicity on it. And we went to work hammer and tongs.

Well, it made the previous efforts look pretty sick. There was nothing wrong with the previous efforts; I think they were probably as well done, and as extensive as they could be with a limited personnel and a limited budget and limited everything else. But *now*, the country really got into gear on this thing, and they could have anything they wanted, and all kinds of volunteer help, and all kinds of support, and all kinds of big rallies with thousands of people, and parades, and special events.

And really, it was a bitter pill, I think, for Internal Revenue people who had previously run it, and lost it. And I know both Marsh Johnson and Forest Lovelock told me that they went under a terrific audit at the hands of IRS on their income tax returns, immediately following this changeover, and from then on, during the wartime period. And they were really upset about it.

I don't know whether they got hurt, and it cost them any money or not, although we always used to believe that if you were ever audited, they had to take somethin'. And I've been audited, and I know other people have, and they always got nicked for a varying amount no matter what prompted the original audit.

We had an IRS audit one time because some of the Winters family who owned the Winters ranch in Washoe Valley had died, and there was a large estate, and the name was in the paper. And I knew some people who had members of their family in Internal Revenue, and they said, "I shouldn't tell you this, but

you're gonna get an audit, because somebody turned your wife's name in. She's a Winters, and they inherited all that money."

And I said, "The two branches of the goddamn family don't even speak. She's not an heir."

It didn't make any difference. We got an audit. And in the course of the audit, they found a mistake in a small inheritance Ina had from her own family, many years before. Our attorney, who gave us tax advice, missed it and we got nicked for about—I don't know—\$4,000 penalty.

And the War Bond activities—we had an idea in which if we could go over quota in one particular drive, we needed some kind of a prize that had broad, popular appeal. And in this particular case, Admiral "Bull" Halsey had just been quoted in the newspapers nationwide instructing his pilots "not to bomb the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, because he wanted to take that famous white horse that belonged to the Emperor, and ride him down Tokyo's main street when we took over Japan and won the war." And the Emperor's white horse was familiar to all Americans because they'd seen it in countless newsreels, and they knew exactly what a magnificent, spectacular animal he was. So I came up with the idea that we would give Admiral Halsey a saddle to use to ride the Emperor's white horse when he rode down the main street of Tokyo. And we would do this—the committee would raise money around town to provide the saddle—if the community went over the top on its quota. Well, the community went over the top on its quota. The money was easily raised around town. We had the saddle made, Bools and Butler made the saddle. And Newman's Silver Shop did all the elaborate silverwork on the saddle.

Before we could make the saddle, I felt that we had to make it so Halsey could use it,

and it would fit him. So I called Headquarters Twelfth Naval District, and found out how to reach Halsey's family. And when I reached the family, they were scattered. But his daughter, who was married to Spruance—I think the son of Admiral Spruance—was in the hospital. She was about due to give birth to a child. But I could reach her by phone. So I did. And when I explained the project, she really broke up laughing. And I found out later that everybody in the Navy knew that Admiral Halsey was deathly afraid of horses! But she got the measurements for me, and I gave the measurements to Bools and Butler so the saddle was made actually to fit him.

And when the saddle was done, it was a magnificent thing. We took it out to the Fallon Naval Air Station, and cinched it up on a Navy fighter plane, which flew it down to Alameda Naval Base, and then it went out into the Pacific on a carrier, I believe, 'til it caught up with General MacArthur's people, who were in Tokyo Bay on board the "Big Mo" ready to accept the surrender of the Japanese Empire.

And my brother was a flag lieutenant to Admiral Dan Gallery, who commanded a carrier division, and he said the Halsey saddle was piped aboard the "Big Mo," with all the flourishes and ceremonies the Navy can put on when it really tries. And the Navy and everybody else gave this thing full play because Halsey was dying a thousand deaths. It was getting to the point where he might have to use it! And he finally absolutely completely chickened out. He never did ride it. And as long as he served in the Navy, he took a great amount of kidding over why he didn't use his saddle. Oh, twenty years later, I guess, or more than that, I happened to be in Washington. We went out to the Naval Museum at Annapolis; and over on one side I found the Halsey saddle, with a plaque, telling the story.

We had a lot of funny things happen in those early days of the war. I had worked on several Chamber of Commerce committees very closely with Raymond I. Smith, the head of Harolds Club. We had a number of problems keeping the town “on limits.” The Commanding General of the Sixth Army, which included the Ninth Service Command, which included all of Nevada, among other states—I think nine states in all—the general had a wife who was supposedly pretty puritanical, and rumored to pretty much run the Ninth Service Command of the Army. And she leaned on her husband to stop all legalized prostitution in Nevada. And this is a different story, but we were worried in Nevada at that time, and particularly in Reno and Las Vegas, that gambling might be made off limits, too. And, of course, the gambling industry has always been very important (since it was legalized) to the economy of the state of Nevada.

So, at one time, an investigating committee came up from the Presidio of San Francisco—a group of officers— and they looked at every gambling establishment. They also looked for prostitution. They found, like the rest of the country, it had been closed down ostensibly, but was flourishing in hotels and motels all over the community. They took a careful look at everything that was going on. We weren’t sure how they were reacting. And as a member of the Chamber of Commerce committee which worked with the gaming industry, I was with ‘em representing the town. And their train was a little late coming into the Reno station, that they were taking back to San Francisco. So they said, “Well, let’s take a look at the Palace Club,” across from the railroad station.

So we went to the Palace Club and one thing led to another. They won a little bit on a slot machine. So they went over and began

playing on the tables. Well, the train came in. But they were really winning! In fact, I’ve never seen anybody win like they did. They just seemed like they couldn’t do the wrong thing. And they were scooping up silver dollars and putting them in the pockets of their uniform blouses (the uniform had big pockets and would hold a lot of silver). But they were loading up, loading up, and you could hear the train whistle. And I’d run and look out. The conductors, the brakemen were waving the train to go, and I’d come back and I’d say, “The train’s about to go.”

They’d say, “One more play.” And they’d win some more money

Finally the train whistled, and it actually started to move. So I convinced them this was happening, and they ran out of the club; we dashed across Commercial Row, and ran up to one of the moving cars, and they barely got on board. Their pockets were just stuffed with silver. As they got on the train, they turned around to me and they yelled— and I’ll never forget it—but they shouted, “Your goddamn town is wonderful! Forget the whole thing!” And away they went. We never had any more problems.

We did have trouble with prostitution. And some Nevada towns were placed off limits. And it was really a bad scene, I think, from almost any viewpoint.

Harolds Club was giving all kinds of things to the war effort. They had financed a mobile canteen which brought hot coffee and doughnuts down to the station. Trains that would stop, military personnel could get off the train, get hot coffee. Many of the troop trains didn’t have dining facilities and they were moving at schedules as fast as they could. And hot coffee and doughnuts were very welcome.

I remember Harolds Club was worried about whether they could take a tax deduction

on some of this stuff. And they felt they needed photographs in their files to give IRS to show some of the things that they were doing. And so I asked to have a picture taken of this mobile canteen, which Harolds Club had donated.

And the ladies who ran the canteen were very gracious, and very pleasant, and agreed to it. So we set the canteen photo up. They all got in the picture. And I think Roy Curtis was taking the photograph—maybe it was Wes Bennett; I'm not sure, and I guess maybe it was Wes. Something was happening, and I couldn't quite twig it. I'd look down in the ground glass of the camera, I'd see some motion, but when I'd look up, I couldn't sense what it was. And then finally I caught it! When I looked in the ground glass, I couldn't read the name Harolds Club on the side of the canteen truck. These gals were moving. They were ashamed to have a gambling club sponsor 'em, and so they were moving to cover the Harolds Club name when the picture was taken. And they'd uncover it. They were really pretty cute, 'cause I couldn't quite catch it. So when I explained this to Wes (whispered it to him), he flashed the bulbs, they relaxed, and he took the picture with another flash camera. And we got what we needed for the IRS. We didn't embarrass them by printing it. But I really was pretty disgusted with the damn thing—anyway, we got our picture!

Among our interesting clients, we had Bonanza Air Lines when they had just one airplane, a leased C-47. They leased from the military and flew between here and Vegas. We also had the V and T railroad as a client. They had *one* operable locomotive! And we had a story scheduled; *Life* magazine people coming through heard about this so they took some pictures of the agency, and they were gonna do a little feature story on it, but it never saw the light of day, because several large, important

stories broke about that time, and ours was just a fun thing. So we didn't make the *Life* magazine.

First National Bank became a client. We obtained Tahoe Keys and Incline Village as clients. And we gradually acquired small national accounts. The staff grew, 'til I had billing of about two million dollars gross a year. We joined the American Association of Advertising Agencies. We joined an advertising agency network in which forty agencies served each other in different cities as branch offices. opened a branch office in Las Vegas, which I had for about eight years, with a staff that at one time had about eight members—other times as small as two or three.

We acquired McDonald's Hamburgers. We won over the years, oh, a hundred or so awards for creative ability in national and international art and creative competition. We became, I think, a good, very small agency, as agencies went; we were by far the largest in Nevada. But we were still extremely small nationally. The leading agencies in this country had three or four or five thousand employees, even in those days. And there was a Tokyo agency that employed oh, fifteen, twenty thousand people. We were extremely small.

We attended advertising conventions. We attended management seminars, which were held by Four-A's. We learned a lot of things we had never known before about managing an agency, agency function, the kind of service it should give its clients.

We had an art department. We had a radio department. We had a combined creative department, which fluctuated between five and six people, and oh, maybe a dozen. We never had more than one or two artists in our Las Vegas office. Most of the art was done in Reno or on the coast. We bought from about

ten commercial art firms on the coast. If we had an advertising campaign which ran in national publications, we'd have our art done on the coast. If it was local, we'd have it done in our own internal department. I recall one fun thing that happened to us.

Gray Reid department store had not been a client of ours. It was being sold; I believe it was in receivership. And the Ronzone family came up from Las Vegas and were negotiating to purchase it. And one afternoon, I had a phone call, and it was Mom Ronzone. Mom Ronzone was the matriarch of the Ronzone clan. She was an absolutely wonderful person. And she was on the phone. And she said, "Are you the Tom Wilson that used to sell advertising for the *Las Vegas Age* when we had our store next to the post office?"

And I said, "Yes."

And she said, "Well, we want you for our advertising agency."

And I said, "Well, that's absolutely great! How come?"

And she said, "Well, I'll be glad to tell you," she said, "In those years, you were the only advertising salesman who used to come in day after every ad ran, and say, 'Did the ad pull some business?'" She said, "We never had, in all the years we were in business in Las Vegas, anybody who did that. And so we felt that you had an interest whether the advertising worked or not—what should be changed— and so we decided that if we bought Gray Reid's, that we wanted you to do the advertising."

So I said, "Hooray." And we took over the advertising at Gray Reid's.

I went in and talked to some of the buyers, and it was unbelievable! For instance, they had forgotten the previous six months to buy any men's suits for the coming year. They had *no* stock of that year's style in men's suits in the store. Their buyers were faithful

people who'd been with the store for twenty and thirty years. And the whole store was operating as loosely as this. When I took a look at their stock, I found in the men's wear department, items that were— they'd had for ten, fifteen years. Well, anybody who knows merchandising knows that you can only hold that stuff a short time, and then you write it off for whatever you can get. And you take your loss, but you do it no matter how painful, because it can only get more painful. And so you just go ahead and do it. And they had *never* done it! It was quite an experience..

Of course, Mom Ronzone was a real sharp old gal, and she had taken a look at their inventory, and she knew what she was buying, and she had written—I'm sure—most of that stuff off. But it was a shock to me. I had no idea what shape they were in.

I remember during the centennial year [1964], much later than this, the Winnemucca Centennial Committee was told that there were some old clothes in the basement of Reinhart's old department store. And they went down in the basement, looked through the back recesses of the basement; and they found men's suits and women's dresses literally 1905 style! There were lots of them. And so they sold them, I think it was fifteen dollars apiece to everybody on the committee, and everybody in Winnemucca who was active in the Centennial. And they had all kinds of costume parties, and they wore all those suits, and they had the time of their lives with this museum collection. But it was for real. It's legitimate.

Our client list grew. We acquired the Sierra Pacific Power Company in the north and the Nevada Power Company in the south, Bell Tel in Reno, and Gauden's Ford in Las Vegas. We resigned Harolds Club finally (and I want to cover that separately, because

it was a very traumatic experience for me, and yet a necessary one).

We acquired McDonald's Hamburger account when they came to Reno. Lost 'em when I was in the hospital in the merger later. We acquired Kennecott Copper Company, the Basic Company at Gabbs, the Las Vegas Convention Center one year. I don't know how much of this you want. I have all kinds of business experiences which I don't believe are too interesting to people. Sure they're interesting to me, but I don't know how much they'd understand. We will touch on just a few.

Other clients were in many ways interesting, and each one had its own problems. We had First National Bank as a client. We placed ads in almost every town in Nevada where they had branches we placed newspaper and radio advertising, and subsequently television and outdoor, all keyed together on the same theme. And we evolved a system in which our ads were produced far enough ahead so that advance proofs were put on an employee bulletin board, so that the employees felt they were on the inside; they knew what the bank was doing before the public did. And lots of times, we would use 'em as an informal consumer panel to test stuff.

I know one campaign we had for them was quite humorous, quite daring. We worked first with E. J. Questa and then with Jordan Crouch, and he was concerned that the bank would be a little shaken by this thing. It was a takeoff on the "Lone Ranger, comic strip and radio series (The Loan Arranger) We had a campaign with secret messages and salver bullets and all kinds of costume contests of employees in the different branches. I know that there was one branch in Las Vegas, in which everybody in the bank wore an Indian costume, including the manager, for a week when this show started. They got carried

away, and won a prize. And some of the other branches went all out.

I remember the Keystone branch, in Reno's industrial area, most of the tellers and the manager were wearing an Indian headdress, and talkin' like "Tonto, the faithful scout." And a real Indian came in one day—great, big Paiute who worked as a driver of a heavy tractor—and transacted some business at the bank. And he didn't pay any attention to all of this "Indian" nonsense that was going on, at all. He just walked up to the manager and took care of his business without saying anything. And then as he walked out, he stopped in the middle of the lobby and turned around and raised his hand and says, "How!" Broke up all the bank people. [Laughs]

Jordan Crouch was so nervous about this thing that finally he decided that we should present it to the board of directors. And we did, and they laughed until—I remember the tears were goin' down President Bert Fitz's cheeks; he was laughing so hard at some of this crazy stuff. They liked it! But Jordan Crouch still wasn't sure. We took it around and presented it to two or three branches which had a high percentage of younger people working. And when they enjoyed it, and whooped and hollered, and got a big kick out of it, then we went on with it. I think it did a great deal for bank morale. And probably shook up the public a little bit too. But it certainly humanized the state's largest banking organization in a big way.

You mentioned a logo for First National Bank. The bank felt it needed a logo. Special style logos became very fashionable in American business in the sixties. There is a definite place for a logo in many kinds of business. If a firm, for example, has a long name or a complicated name or a name that doesn't associate readily with a product, or perhaps the product is sold on the shelf of a

retail store, it needs something that says its name, that's recognizable at a glance. It's very simple. That would be the kind of firm which needs a logo—a food product or any other product which is bought off the shelf—or any business which has a recognition problem related to sales or to its image (if its image is important). It should have a high recognition factor. It should be meaningful. And it should meet a need. Well, there are a great, great many firms which saw this popular trend to the development of a logo or symbol, who felt that they were simply not modern if they didn't have one. And more money—in some cases, big money—was wasted on logos in the sixties than you could almost count.

A bank needs a logo about as much as I need a hat with a feather on it. It's nice to have it on the building. But "First National Bank" or "Nevada National Bank" tells it all. To have to learn to memorize a logo to mean "First National Bank" is an obstruction in the recognition process. It's a negative factor, not a positive factor. But it was very fashionable. And a bank without a logo was just like somebody without a new suit in the sixties. All kinds of banks, savings and loan, and everything else came out with very fancy logos for which designers got unbelievable prices.

When First National decided that they needed a logo, it was to be an internal decision, and it wasn't going to "be done by *their* advertising agency." No offense, but this was an administrative and an executive decision [gesture, soothing]. And so they wanted to know who the names of the chief designers were. Well, I kinda enjoyed myself on this, and I guess maybe I shouldn't. So I gave 'em the names of the three top designers. If I can remember this far back; it was Margulies in New York. Gee, I can't remember the second one; maybe it was Sol Bass, although maybe he hadn't hit his stride then. And the third one

was Jerry Gould, who I used on the opening of Harrah's Tahoe. So they wrote to each one, and I think that the cheapest price they got was \$50,000, the cheapest quote; and I don't know, about \$20,000 to sit down and talk about it, to start with [laughs]. Just killed everybody!

I think the actual design in that case, at least this is what I was told from inside the bank, was a doodle that somebody drew on the back of an envelope (and it looks like it). But it does have their initial in it, and they are recognizable. It's pretty awful from a design standpoint. But they have a logo. And Nevada National Bank's, I'm sure, was done the same way. They didn't pay anything for it, and it looks it.

The designers who come up with these logos have an absolutely enchanting, just a marvelous sales pitch. And they retain consulting psychologists, and they go into all of the Freudian and other associations and relationships between the business and its customers. And they make a presentation, and long, long words of many syllables in highly technical terms. And it's just, just tremendous!

I remember Dr. [Ernest] Dichter was so fashionable at one time in the field of agency research and copy testing. And I met Dr. Dichter at an agency symposium—can't remember where it was it was in New England somewhere I think—and he gave us a talk that afternoon. And this guy was absolutely wonderful. He wasn't a con artist, because he believed what he was saying. But gee whiz!

It wasn't all hokum. There was, there are still, sound psychological factors in naming an article of merchandise, or product and the choice of color, and the way it's presented in an ad. There are important psychological factors in naming an article of merchandise, or product and the choice of color, and the way it's presented in an ad. There are important psychological factors, but they're not that

obscure, and they don't have, I'm sure, the great depth which often is said to be necessary.

Our advertising for Bell Telephone for many years, was based in many respects on Nevada history. They found that Nevadans had a soft spot for local history, and a big corporation which took an interest in local history seemed to strike the right chord and help them in some of their relationships with the general public. So we adopted a policy, which we're still following, of researching what happened in Nevada history which was significant a hundred years ago from the time that this particular phone book appears and is used, and then selecting a subject, which had enough graphic appeal to be attractive. Not so violent or upsetting as to be disturbing, because the directory you know, lies around in a home for a full year. And you can get pretty tired of something if it is too strong in colors as well as in subject matter. We made a few mistakes in learning this. But we've followed it now for a long, long time.

We also found that there were some people who were highly sensitive about Nevada history when Indians were engaged in fighting with the white people. They didn't like to be reminded that this happened, although it was a major part of Nevada history. And so we have down-played it in recent years. I never could understand this, really, because it happened, and it was true. The relationship between the Indians and whites was a tragedy, and unpleasant in many respects—in many it was not. In many, it was quite different from the battles and fights and massacres. I think there were more Indians, perhaps—I can't prove this—who were happily related to whites, and worked on ranches and in communities, and got along fine and were respected and had strong friends among the whites. Nevertheless, if we showed a fight between cavalry and Indians, the telephone

company always got a few irate phone calls from people who didn't believe that they should mention this sort of thing.

Almost all of our advertising other than historical material on the directories and in monthly mailings for the phone company was based directly on service to Nevada customers—things that they should know, to be able to use the telephones cheaper, use them better—mostly utility-type advertising.

[How did we evolve the contest for those covers? I

Well, I was led kicking and complaining every inch of the way to the contest. We had been selecting and using artists on the coast without any problems. But a number of local artists went over our head to the manager of the phone company. To him, it seemed like a plausible idea, and I think he accidentally gave an approval without stopping to check on it. So we didn't realize what we were getting into, although we suspected part of it. And we had a contest for two or three years running in which we would outline a subject, and then give the artist—any local artist (we ran newspaper stories throughout the state aimed at local artists, telling them that the contest would be held, and urging them to phone or write for details), and then we gave very specific details. For example, one time the details were: what happened a hundred years ago next year in western Nevada which would make a suitable cover subject? And so, then illustrate it. And we had a few other rules about what we'd pay, and how the judging would be done by an unknown panel of judges who were qualified, and that both historical authenticity and quality of art would be the major criteria.

Most of the stuff we got the first year was something the artists had already painted—a Nevada scene. It had nothing whatsoever to do with the assignment. And they felt they

could produce a painting that was so good that we'd throw away the rules or something, I guess. We had a lot of pressure from different areas for popular artists to win. We even had a little indirect pressure from an artist who was a very close friend of some of the top management people in the phone company, although the phone company people did not apply any pressure in this direction; they were very fair about it.

To our surprise, the winner was I believe nineteen; I think he was nineteen years old—a boy named Millman, who lived in Carson, who was studying art at BYU, and was tremendously talented. He won by a wide, wide margin. There wasn't even a near second. And it was the centennial of the start of construction on the V and T railroad. It showed a little construction locomotive on the Crown Point trestle, and was beautifully done—low key. And we were delighted that a kid would win, and the he would win with something which was of such superior quality! I think this shook up many of the amateur painters in the state, most of whom were middle-aged, or a little older. And so there were quite a few less contestants the next time around.

And the next time around was the—I believe—the centennial of the bridge across the Truckee at Lake's Crossing. And the city of Reno should have celebrated this as a centennial. We put a little indirect heat on 'em, and the city council ducked the issue by saying, "No, that wasn't the founding of Reno." Of course, it was. But they said, "It's really when Reno was incorporated," which was in the early seventies, I believe. But it got swept under the rug, and it wasn't celebrated when the incorporation centennial came around, either. So Reno's never had a centennial observance. But the Lake's Crossing bridge scene was won by a very talented gal who

lives in Carson, Thelma Calhoun. But for one winner who was happy, there'd be maybe fifty contenders who were really very unhappy. And instead of being a good will builder, it was just an apple of discord of the first magnitude. So that was soon the end of the contest covers.

We first went back to using a commercial art firm in Los Angeles—Group West—and we had 'em very often. They're very able, very dependable. They're on time. There's no side effects, and no wounded egos. And if something isn't good enough, we have no compunction about phoning them and saying, "It isn't good enough," you know. And they understand.

The Reno Chamber of Commerce advertising was largely a labor of love. We also did the public relations for nothing for years, as I've mentioned before, I think. Also, on the advertising, they had a very limited budget, so it was a cost-cutting struggle. Actually, Harolds Club gave us a free hand to do a great deal of advertising of the community, for which they paid. And we put out brochures and the campaigns urging people to "stay another day," which really were Chamber of Commerce type material, although they were done for Harolds Club. We got into all kinds of things, and I'll tell you later about how we worked with the American Automobile Association, 3-A.

We had Virginia and Truckee railroad as a client when they had one locomotive. And we were attempting to develop enough traffic to save the railroad. And after we watched it operate, we made a recommendation that they should schedule a train in the morning to take the commuters to Carson, get the state government to put the pressure on for them to use the train instead of private automobiles, serve doughnuts and coffee going over. And coming back, we suggested they have a little

bar and serve cocktails; coming back times for when the state employees got off work.

We could not get it on. We were told that the train was timed to meet the delivery of mail in Reno. But I don't think so. I think the Mills family were probably tired of carrying it as a loss and were determined to liquidate that railroad as quickly as possible. Perhaps what they really wanted was to be able to say, "Well, we ran an advertising campaign, but it couldn't stimulate enough new business—'cause we had two or three suggestions which we felt would increase their volume of traffic, which they did not care to try. In that process, we used the little car—the only car, I think, that was made in Nevada (the other cars were Kimball coaches or other coaches which were made outside of the state), but there actually was a car made—very ugly, little, short, stubby car—in Sparks or the Carson shops—and as a publicity stunt, we named it for Julia Bulette, a famous Virginia City madam of the 1860s.

We got a tremendous amount of publicity for the V and T; it's "the only railroad in the world that had a car named for a madam." But you'll find where Beebe and Clegg, with a completely straight fact, tell in great detail—I forget in which of their books—how this car was dedicated in the early days to Julia Bulette in Virginia City. And they built a whole, completely fictitious story around it! The car was made, I think, in oh, I'm guessing, 1910, 1915, something like that. It's not early day.

Our other clients included, oh, the Washoe Development Corporation, which sponsored the development of Slide Mountain ski area. This was a fun type project. The county and the Reno Chamber of Commerce teamed up, obtained Forest Service land, and a little private land, and paid for lifts which were designed by an Austrian by the name of Ringer, which were a little advanced at that time, and opened up the Slide Mountain ski

area in the hope of developing a winter tourist season. There had not been enough study given to the distances between the Sierra and the town to indicate whether Reno would develop much ski traffic. And Reno did not develop a great deal of ski traffic, but they did okay. It was an important contributing factor in getting interest in skiing locally, and getting United Air Lines to support flying in ski fans, as other larger ski developments also took place at Heavenly Valley, Alpine Meadows, and Squaw Valley, and some of the others. Slide Mountain still is an interesting place to ski. Its largest areas are intermediate slopes, although the "Northwest Passage" is for advanced skiers.

We had Chism Ice cream company as a client; it was a lot of fun. They had a very fine quality product. They were great people to work with. We had campaigns which were calculated to make sure that they had adequate distribution in all the retail food outlets. But this was not much of a struggle, because they were local and they had such a good product. We did modernize their packaging. We ran a series of tests on different kinds of packages. We evolved a polka-dot design which identified—was radically different from anything else in the retail stores.. We printed sample designs in short run, or short quantities, and then tested 'em in different stores to see if it would increase the volume of traffic; and it did! We finally picked the one that made the most difference.

We did the same thing for Crescent Creamery. John Chism and Ed Chism were brothers. Ed ran the ice cream plant, and John ran the milk business. And we made a test of the cartons for the milk company, too. And they had been using stock packages that had been evolved by some package manufacturer who made paper cartons, and were about thirty years out of date. And so we

did the same thing. We made short quantity production in different colors. And it was an interesting test, because we wanted to know if colors affected sales of various products.

For instance, if we were selling whole milk in quart cartons, would a carton printed in orange, or green, or some other color move faster, sell faster, than some other color? And of course, for chocolate milk, it was obvious we used chocolate color. We found that blue, which had been their major color, did not sell very well because people associated it with low-grade skim milk, I guess. We didn't have enough testing to be sure, but this was our theory. And so we evolved a different color scheme for milk and homogenized milk and thin milk and buttermilk and cottage cheese, and stuff, so that they were not only color-keyed in the stores, but we picked the colors which appeared to move most rapidly, and be associated most desirable by the public. We had a lot of fun with this contest. And it was successful.

Later, we had the James Canyon Ranch creamery, after Mr. Chism had died and the Crescent company was being managed by other people. The James Canyon Ranch creamery was quite interesting. Had a phone call one day, and the voice on the other end of the line said, "Are you a member of the American Association of Advertising Agencies?"

And I said, "Yes. We are."

They said, "Well, that's fine. We want you for our agency."

And I said, "That's great. Who are you?"

[Laughs] It turned out that it was Perle Mesta's sister, Mrs. Margurite Tyson. She was a great old gal. She'd been a movie star in her younger days. And she and her sister Perle, and Margurite's son, William, called a couple of days later. They were planning to start a dairy from scratch. They had bought

the James Canyon ranch over in Carson valley. They also had bought some very fine cattle and some very fine dairy equipment. So we sat down and talked about the marketing of milk.

Well, I'd worked in a small dairy, and the milk business somewhat. And I soon found out they didn't have the slightest idea how to market milk.

There were quite a number of "hangers on" because of their tremendous wealth. There were many stories about them. Perle Mesta came into the main office of the First National Bank wearing mink and all kinds of jeweled necklaces one day, to cash a two hundred-dollar check. And the little gal teller said, "I'm not allowed to cash a check over one hundred dollars without the approval of an officer of the bank."

And Perle Mesta said, "Well, take it to an officer in the bank."

And the little gal said, "But they're all out to lunch." There wasn't anyone there!

And so Perle Mesta said, "Well young lady, I'm Perle Mesta. Do you know who Perle Mesta is?"

And she said, "I haven't the slightest idea in the world!"

So Perle picked up her stuff, and turned around and marched across the street, and opened a bank account in Nevada Bank of Commerce. And I don't know how big—some people said fifty, some people said a hundred thousand-dollar bank account followed her. And I think ever since First National has had officers present during the noon hour [laughs].

They had all kinds of adventures. And when they got ready to open, I kept asking them, "Now I know you've got a sales manager, but do you have a big crew of salesmen? Are you out selling, to make sure that you have distribution; that your milk is going to be on the store shelves when we announce that you

have milk for sale? There's no use advertising milk for sale, if you're not stocked in a good proportion of the leading stores. 'Cause no matter what the advertising says, people are not gonna be able to buy it. You have to have distribution."

This is a pretty primitive basis, but they were so unknowing about this sort of thing! So they assured me "yes, their sales manager was just a great guy, and was taking care of everything, and they had nothing to worry about. Go right ahead!" So we built an advertising campaign on that assumption.

And when it got right down to oh, maybe a week, before we were due to announce it, I really pinned them tightly, and they did not have distribution in a single store! I don't know what their sales manager had done before he'd joined them, but obviously it had nothing to do with selling to retail food markets.

So we changed the advertising campaign, and stepped it way up! The campaign advertising was altered to say, "Ask for it at the store!" We felt since they had no sales crew, we would try to force distribution. If we could get several thousand people to demand James Canyon Ranch milk, the store people would have to do something about it. And so we spent ten thousand dollars in one week, which in those days was a lot of money. We ran double-truck ads in color, day after day. We ran heavy saturation radio spot campaigns. There was no television at that time. And we did literally force the sales!

The stores began calling up the creamery, and asking to have a driver stop by. But if it had been somebody who didn't have a lot of money available, it could have been a real terrible bust, and it could've put 'em out of business, literally. I don't think they *ever* realized how serious the situation was. It never occurred to 'em.

They gave wonderful parties. They had the only ranch I've ever seen in my life that had a real butler! Gave formal dinners; God knows how many courses. The best brandy, the best cigars, they really knew how to entertain, and they were fun people. But they had been in Arizona before, and they were a little wild in some of the things they did, and I mean business-wise. And I neglected to say that I have had wealthy people come to the town before who we've done advertising for, who had other objectives, and so I said to them, "We do not do political advertising. We do *business* advertising. If you have political ambitions, please keep in mind that *we're not* in politics." This wasn't completely true, but we weren't interested in running somebody's rich youngster for United States Senate. We'd been through a couple of these, and it happens every so often.

So sure enough, later, they wanted to go to Las Vegas with a creamery. And we told them Las Vegas was a lot tougher than Reno! Reno was a soft market. We could shoot their way into distribution in Reno, but no way could we do it in Las Vegas. And we were so positive about it that they got somebody else to handle their advertising in Las Vegas. And the Vegas thing was a catastrophe. They didn't get in anywhere. They finally gave up and pulled out of Las Vegas. It was a failure in a big way. Then they announced that Bill was running for Congress—no I guess it was University regent. We wouldn't handle the advertising.

Meantime, I got a report from some friends of mine that when they'd been in business in Arizona, they had a separate corporation, and all their ad material was purchased by that separate corporation's advertising agency, and that corporation went bankrupt, and a people got hurt. It supposedly didn't touch the real money of the two families. So I began to watch my receivables very carefully, and I worried.

They got into me about five thousand dollars about the time we backed off from handling any political campaign. And so we stopped doing their advertising until they could pay the five thousand dollars. Finally, they gave me a postdated check. I think it was—maybe it was six weeks or something post-dated. And sure enough, exactly on the six weeks it was good! And we got our five thousand. They were good for it. Eventually, they didn't like Reno and moved away. But I did enjoy them and did like them.

We had Bonanza Airlines as a client from the time they started with *one* C-47 leased aircraft. June Simon of Las Vegas managed that line while Ed Converse, the owner, was still in the war on Navy duty. When he came home, he took over control of the company, and in fairly short order, got three DC-3s—pretty ancient, but still in good flyable condition—and put on a big campaign to get the airline certified so that they could carry mail, and fly into other states via Phoenix and Los Angeles.

There is a story which I was told by Ed Converse, which I think is true. Ed Converse was a very staunch, ardent Republican, and a strong opponent of Democrat Senator McCarran. And I think they hated each other, at least politically. And then, of course, Senator McCarran usually took those things very personally. But McCarran realized the need for an airline to tie the state together. And he was chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee for the Commerce Committee of the Senate.

And the Civil Aeronautics Board, which was the airline certifying body for the federal government, came under him for its usual appropriation. So McCarran leaned hard on chairman of the CAB Commission, Josh Lee, and Converse wasn't making much progress in getting this little tiny Nevada airline

certified. If they got certified, then they got an airmail contract, which gave them a subsidy of about six and a half cents per passenger revenue mile, if I remember. And it was vital to the life of the airline. Lee naturally fought any additional subsidies, particularly on marginal operations.

And this state of affairs went on for some time until, according to what Converse said, the time came for the Civil Aeronautics Board to come up for its annual appropriation hearing before the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. And Senator McCarran called Lee early before that hearing, and said, "I want you to have your commission together, and I want you to be over in chambers about five to ten minutes early. I want to talk to you." So they came in early. And when they came in Senator McCarran said, "Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I'm glad to see that you and your commission are here today to approve certification of Bonanza Airlines before we proceed with our budget hearing."

And to Lee, who was an old pro in the Washington scene, that was all he needed. He took his group, and they went over in the corner, and they talked for two or three minutes, and came back and said, Senator McCarran we want you to be the first to know that we have just unanimously voted to certify Bonanza Airlines." Then they went on with their hearing. McCarran had fantastic power. And he used it for Nevada like nobody else has ever thought. I was with the first flight of three Bonanza Airlines planes which flew into Phoenix! Sky Harbor. They had the Chamber of Commerce, the Governor of Arizona, and of course we had Vail Pittman, the Governor of Nevada, who Senator McCarran cordially hated. Vail was with us. And we circled Sky Harbor three times in formation, and then landed. Governor Pittman gave a speech at Sky Harbor, and we had a cavalcade, on the way to lunch.

Well, it seems that, I think it was Governor Pyle— really not sure of myself on it—was governor of Arizona, but he was just like Vail. And they both were having a few drinks; they were in the head car in a long caravan. They had highway patrolmen on motorcycles out in front with sirens, and then the two governors riding in an open car, and then the rest of us in cars strung out for about a mile or so behind. And they went from Sky Harbor over to Scottsdale, where the luncheon was planned.

On the way over, the Arizona governor said to Vail Pittman, “Let me show you a shortcut, Governor.” So, they made a sudden right turn off through the orange groves. Meanwhile, the leading motorcycle escort in front went on until they realized they’d lost ‘em. And the caravan got all tangled up [laughs] all over that end of the valley. They finally reassembled. They all knew where they were ultimately headed. So they got back, and got everybody together, got everything straightened out.

The governor of Arizona was to be the principal speaker at the luncheon. But they introduced all of the various dignitaries, the senators, the congressmen, and the chamber of commerce presidents, and of course, the two governors were introduced. And they went through this thing, and each person got up and nodded or waved or made a remark and sat down in this introduction routine. They came around to Vail Pittman, who was by this time feeling no pain, whatsoever. And when they gave his name, he stood up, and he gave the same entire speech word for word that he’d given at the airport, without missing a paragraph. And from then on, the whole thing went downhill, but everybody had a wonderful time. The two governors were delightful!

Our clients included Union Federal Savings and Loan, and the Washoe Title

Insurance. Golden Hotel was a client for a while when it had a casino in it. We also did work for the chambers of commerce in Gardnerville, Susanville, Elko, Lovelock, and Battle Mountain—mostly short campaigns aimed at tourist business, in which we’d run advertising in their major markets, and develop folders and brochures as backup material.

The advertising campaigns for the small chambers of commerce were usually pretty elementary, and almost always followed the same theme. They felt they were not getting all of the tourist business that they needed, and they wanted to do something to stimulate tourist traffic. And so our problem for them was to take whatever budget they had, and stretch it over a campaign to generate increased tourist flow. Sometimes this problem could be solved by simply putting outdoor highway signs—we call ‘em “painted bulletins” or painted signs—along a highway route prior to a critical junction to stimulate traffic to go over to Winnemucca, or to go to Elko to reach a metropolitan objective.

In this connection, we usually took—well, we took for many years—the highway traffic counts information from each of the highway departments of the major western states. We would have in our agency library last year’s traffic count for Nevada, Arizona, key parts of California, Oregon, Idaho, and so on, so we would know where to space outdoor painted bulletins to divert traffic, or to direct traffic, or to keep it going. Sometimes that would be really about as far as their money would go.

That was a dangerous medium to use from the agency’s standpoint, because chambers of commerce in little communities have money usually for one year, and none for the next ten sometimes. And the best way to buy a sign is on a three-year contract where you get the maximum discount, the cheapest rate,

and they were always short on money. So we would try to do such things as get individual businessmen to underwrite the contract, or arrive at some cancelable contract for the campaign.

Sometimes a campaign would involve brochures, booklets, maps, as did one that we put together for Elko one time. They had quite a little money one year, and they wanted to have an outstanding brochure, and so we put one together for them. And then their own organization distributed it with volunteers who would go east on Highway 40, and distribute 'em to the service stations, and hotels, and motels all the way across, encouraging people to stop and stay overnight at Elko.

These are pretty simple campaigns for small towns with small budgets. There were not too many things you could do, because there wasn't sufficient money, and if you got too many people, they didn't have accommodations for 'em either, so that you had to keep a sense of proportion throughout the whole project.

[I was going to say something more about some of these smaller towns where the chambers of commerce perhaps are made up of business competitors, for example.]

Yes, there's always a certain amount of jockeying. And if you make a motion picture film of a community, you have to show each one with the same prominence. I have explained to the owner of one club, "You have so many feet of film, the Joe Doaks Club have so many feet of film, the Pete Zilch Club has so many feet of film," right down to the second of exposure. And there's no give! But occasionally you'll find someone who says, "I don't care as long as we all get some kind of recognition in this." But you'd be surprised how many of them want to have exactly the same. And sometimes this makes for a

very poor film. You face the same thing in brochures and booklets, and things like that, where you give maybe a page, or a third of a page, to each one, exactly. And even then maybe their sign "isn't as big" or something. So you do have problems. And they are mean, little petty problems, where lots of times it can make you sacrifice a good campaign to take care of the local politics.

The competition between these small towns for highway traffic is long established, and they'll go to almost any length to show an increase, get an increase, or get an improvement in the highway conditions which in turn will stimulate traffic. And there is a story. I can't say it's true, but I've heard it several times—. That when the people in Lovelock were trying to get the Highway 40 widened and improved in their general area, and they were rebuffed by the state Highway department and the Bureau of Public Roads on the basis that there simply was not enough traffic in that area to justify it. So finally, they got a traffic counter put up for a new measurement of the traffic through there. A wire across the surface of the road, and a recording device on the side. The story I heard was that people got together up in Lovelock, they got a Basque sheepherder and a big band of sheep, and they drove those sheep over that counter back and forth, I don't know how many times, and ran that traffic count up to the point where they did get their highway improved. (Maybe it's true!)

The person that you work with in your client's organization can have a major effect on whether the job you do is successful or not. Frequently, the ideal situation is the man who is the very head of business. In the case of one client the vice president and general manager, was the man that I worked with, and he was a great person! He knew all about his company and what was going on. And he had a good

sense of relating to the public what he wanted the public to know about his company. And of course, he had the power to say, “Yes,” and “No,” without any delay. It was an effective arrangement.

Later, when the firm got so big they had a public relations director, and also other people in the public relations department, and the contact between the agency and the company was through another individual. We lost the man who could say, “Yes.” We got a good man, but he could only say, “I’ll find out.” This really chops off a lot of creative thinking and idea sessions where, if you can talk to the man who can say, “Yes,” you can have an idea to which he says, “No. We can’t do that, but if you changed it just a little, we could.” When you’re dealing with a man lower down the totem pole, he can only give the answer, “No, we can’t do that.”

It’s surprising the number of firms which expect their agencies to deal with people lower in authority, and how it limits the effectiveness of their advertising. Every agency has this problem. Even we, small as we are, have it with several clients. Utility clients in many cities are notorious for this sort of thing. They deal with an organization chart on the wall, and somewhere far down below a vice president for community affairs, is the guy in charge of public relations, and he may not know anything about advertising, but he’s usually put in charge of advertising, and is the agency’s contact. So he’s worried about rate cases, worried about technical matters, and publicity in the paper, and people who are retiring or promoted, or whatnot. He’s never had any advertising experience, and he doesn’t know anything about it. He may be an excellent PR man— usually been a newspaper reporter—but he is nothing but pain and sorrow to the agency, because they’re immediately operating at about fifty percent

efficiency. They get the obvious, but not the real chance for a real spark that makes a real campaign.

This happens in a lot of businesses. In Harrah’s it used to be particularly so, because you not only worked through a public relations director, who did not have advertising experience, but he reported to an executive committee of people who didn’t know anything whatsoever about either advertising or public relations, and yet their word was final! In a case of the bank—First National Bank—Jordan Crouch didn’t know a lot about advertising or public relations, but he had a very alert, facile mind, and he picked up the principles very quickly. But he in turn did not have the authority in a great many occasions to say, “Yes.”

In fact, for many, many years, we met once a week with Jordan Crouch and Eddie Questa, the bank president, and myself. And Questa was a remarkable person in many ways, and he could see far ahead and in *surprising* depth. He would approve things nobody else in the bank would ever dream of doing, and yet they were sound. And he was a wonderful person to work with. We became very close friends over the years up until the time he was killed in a plane crash.

But we lost First National Bank when Art Smith came in as president. He felt the bank was too big for a hometown agency, and picked an agency we knew very well in Los Angeles, Hickson and Jorgensen. Bob Hickson and Guy Jorgensen were old friends of mine for twenty years, and great guys. They had both retired and dropped out of the firm, and their new business development man, who’s very, very able, and a brilliant guy (Tyler McDonald), took over the firm. Then it was merged with one of the giants N. W. Ayer and Son, a worldwide agency. And it’s now actually a Los Angeles branch or division

of N. W. Ayer. But they have one additional great strength as far as First National Bank is concerned; they do the advertising for Western Bancorp, the holding company for First National and United Bank of California, and all the rest of the bank chain. A lot of their advertising is now somewhat standardized, so that an ad can run for several banks with each bank's own name under it. Look at their advertising and you'll see that it's advertising which could run almost anywhere really, with just a change of name. I'm sure that makes for quite an economy for some pretty expensive art and photography and television production.

Much of it could be in any town. It's not Las Vegas. It's not Reno. We used to produce many ads with a Las Vegas background, and produce the same thing with a Reno background, because the feeling in each town—the two towns—was so strong. But they've become a very big, and very successful bank.

We get all kinds of things. I don't want to mention names of companies, but we had a client not too long ago that—in fact, we've had a couple—where they brought in somebody from the outside; they hired somebody from another city, quite young, quite brilliant, quite able, in the field of public relations. I know one of these persons was extremely able at writing speeches for the president, consequently he was quite close to the head man. A good speechwriter, but he knew nothing about advertising. But he was put in charge of advertising. And another firm where the person who came in, knew nothing about advertising but had a background in oh, community relations sort of thing. He was put in charge of advertising. In both cases, these people were so insecure that when we'd suggest an idea—and when I say “we” (this happens to every agency, and

we all go through it, and it's painful, and nobody knows really what to do about it), you have a good idea, and this person might take the idea, and go to top management and present it perhaps as his own, and come back and tell you how to do it. It really can be an unhappy situation. Sooner or later, somethin' happens. And the duration is long enough to cause a lot of damage in your relationship with a client.

We lost one client through one of these. Then finally, they caught up with him, but by then we were so long gone that we couldn't go back and pick the account up. In another one, we got damaged in our relationship with the head man, who felt that suddenly they were supplying all the ideas, but they really were our own, you know, but he didn't know it. And so it happens. It's not new. And at agency meetings, one agency owner after another will say, “Ah, that happened to me!” And they've all got a horror story that happened to them. Or maybe the boss the client president, brought in his niece who just took a course in advertising at some school or something. That's always a dandy!

We had the McDonald's Hamburger account for Reno. They had two stores at that time. And we did very well, and they did very well. And we had a lot of excellent material to work with because much of the McDonald's franchise advertising was prepared by a very fine national agency in Chicago. They also had a great deal of professional research, so they could tell you how a community of this size and this purchasing power and this standard of living, about how much money should be spent over so many months time, and in general how it should be spent. You could go ahead and do your own advertising, create enough to fill in, but you could also draw on their knowledge and experience. The combination was great! And if you had

a question, you could pick up the phone and call Chicago and get an answer to it.

It was D'Arcy agency, which was excellent, and they were doing a great job for McDonald's nationally. The formula for this size market, right out of their computer, indicated that television was predominant because their research showed that *if* you could sell McDonald's Hamburgers to the two year- to eleven year-old market in children, you sold a family, and you didn't have to worry about selling adults.

So we made a media study, and we bought—there was only one TV station in town, a station which had children's cartoons on Saturdays. So we bought Saturday morning programs a half hour apart on Saturday morning. Well, under the FCC rules at that time, no competitor could buy within a half hour of our client, so what we did in effect, was black out the whole television morning cartoon programming for our client. It took some money, but we had enough in the budget to be able to do it, and we concentrated there.

So we dominated, right away, the hamburger market in town. Two or three outfits were coming here, backed off, it got so tough. McDonald's was growing, they were healthy. Very successful. And when McDonald's had its national dealer or store owner convention and sales meeting, I was invited to attend. This was at San Diego. I didn't give much thought to it; I assumed that all of the agency people would be there. And when I got there, I did find out that agency people from Los Angeles and San Francisco were there, but there were almost no others, certainly none from markets the size of Reno, or anything remotely near Reno. But it was a fascinating experience!

The top executives—Ray Kroc, who's the founder gave a talk. I know that at one point in his talk, he said to this huge auditorium full of

people, "I want everybody here who has a net worth of a million dollars or over to stand up." And about thirty hamburger store dealers stood up! They had a real, money-making machine for their franchise holders. They ran it very tightly. It was well-managed from Chicago—I was astounded how excellent the management, the administration of that thing was.

It was an interesting meeting. I learned a lot about the hamburger business, and a lot about merchandising. And running stores and whatnot. And then there was a cocktail party for everybody that night.

I was talking with a group of McDonald's west coast executives and a man came up to me, and was introduced, and he was the president of McDonald's, nationally. And Ray Kroc had become chairman of the board. Well, this man was up tight, very nervous. He was extremely tense, very pleasant, very polite. He said, "You're from Reno?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Then you're the one I want to talk to." We're just standing around, everybody with a drink in his hand. And he said, "I want you also to handle the advertising for our five stores in Las Vegas." He said, "We have a special situation there." This was in October. He said, "I must have those stores in the black by January one! I don't care what it takes. I don't care what you do, except it must be in the black." He said, "You can spend all the money that you feel is really necessary. You can advertise any way you want. You're to have a completely free hand. Here's my private phone number. I'll see you meet the other people concerned in this, but I'm not interested in any excuses or any reasons for being in the red at the end of December. For January one, we must be in the black. Now, do you understand me?"

And I said, "Yes!" He turned around, abruptly walked off. So I turned around to all

these people that I'd been with. I said, "What in the hell is *that* all about?"

And they were all kinda standin' there with their mouths open. And they said, "Well, it goes like this. The track record in Reno's been very good. The situation in Las Vegas is very bad. The five stores in Las Vegas (the franchises) are held by a man who is very wealthy. He has other McDonald stores in other cities. The value of his McDonald stores could be many million dollars by our estimates. He has been losing money in Las Vegas. It is the best sales market, the fastest moving market in the United States, and he's losing money! He has an agency down there handling his advertising, but he is insisting they do it his own way, so they are not following our promotion, or our merchandising methods.

They are not advertising the way we do. They are doing totally different things, like sponsoring intellectually oriented plays, and little theater type stuff. They're not reaching the hamburger market, and he's in the red. And it's reached the point now where a decision has been made to do something about it. We can legally force him out. The only reason for forcing him out is his management is so poor. Now, if his management is poor, *our* management has to be good, or it can cost us in court. So what you have to do is get that thing out of the red, and in the black, actually turn it around by the first of the year."

And I said, "Well great!"

And they said, "Well, you'll have the best of everything to work with. The good field manager in the business is being assigned to the Las Vegas market. He's a young guy; you'll meet him before you go back to Reno. He knows his business. He's a—there's no question but what he's outstanding. The employees in those five stores will be excellent, hand-picked, and they'll be the best. You'll

have an 'Olympic team' to work with, as far as giving service or as far as management goes."

Oh, I forgot to say, the President had said, "If you don't get all the money you want, or as free a hand as you want, *call me*. Here's my private number. You don't have to go through anybody, but do it!" That's when he walked out.

So I got back to Reno, and I reread the McDonald book on their methods, and I went down to Vegas, and I looked hard at all the stores, and they were already workin' on 'em. They were being repainted and re-outfitted, and refitted, and some of the new employees were already there. I had a branch office in Vegas at that time, so I had a talk with my men I had there. And I planned the advertising campaign right out of the McDonald book, the same thing we'd been doing in Reno, only more intensively. We had a number of promotions we added to it. I ran everything that I planned to do past the McDonald, Los Angeles office, and they agreed, it was wise. I didn't get any negatives. So we just began hittin' it real hard, real fast!

And I flew to Las Vegas every week, took a look at those stores, talked to the managers, watched the way the customers were acting. And I got a telephone report from my office on the sales record *each day* at the close of business. So we really watched them. And they began to come up. They weren't comin' fast enough at first, and then they came faster. And to make a long story short, we were in the black at the first of *December*—we were thirty days early!

We had faced all kinds of things which were bad. We had a street torn up and a new sewer laid in, and the customers couldn't get into McDonald's; they had to park on the other side of the street and walk across some kind of a plank to get in. But *still* they did! We had employees get sick at one of the other

stores. We had a number of things happen that we thought meant the end of the world! And they came through okay, and when I got through, I got all kinds of kind remarks. I got the Las Vegas account permanently. We wound up with—between the Reno and the Las Vegas McDonald stores—a very substantial amount in billing, which was a beautiful piece of business, and we lost it while I was in the hospital in the merger. I'll tell you later when we talk about the merger!

ADVERTISING MEDIA

The early days of the agency found us with not too many different kinds of media in Reno. Of course, we had newspapers and we had a pioneer radio station, it was too early for television. And until the Harolds Club account started really rolling, we did not see many of the magazine publishers representatives selling space. Some of these people were seen by members of our staff, and some by me, and maybe we'd better talk about our staff a little bit here.

Our staff varied from two people to oh, twenty-five, at times thirty. The peak was probably when we had two different account teams, and the Harrah's account, and a number of others, and were billing a large amount, and had larger offices in Las Vegas. And we had about twenty-five people to twenty-seven, somewhere along in there, in Reno, and up to about eight in the branch office in Las Vegas. But we were still a very small agency operation, when you realize the leading agencies in the country have several thousand employees and branches all over the world. But we were by far the largest that had ever been in Nevada, and I guess I don't think anybody's been any larger since that time.

The rule of thumb used to be, for big agencies around the nation, you should have

one employee per one hundred thousand dollars in billing. But Nevada was a peculiar situation, and we never have paid much attention to formula. We've simply gone as you would expect. Just have enough people to handle the business, and we're close enough to it so that we could tell whether we were understaffed or overstaffed.

You're never at a completely efficient figure because the business fluctuates. Even if you don't have a change in clients, clients' plans will change; and a client who's a heavy advertiser one year may, for one reason or another, be a fairly light advertiser for maybe a couple of years, and then come back very strongly again. Or you have clients that have changes in plans. They open a lot of branches or branch stores, and they have a very heavy appropriation for a year or two. You staff up to take care of that, and then after they're opened, you don't need that. And so then you have to cut back. Any many times, you have to let people go when they're capable and doing a good job, but you simply can't afford to keep 'em on the staff because the business isn't there. And that was particularly traumatic for us because from the day we started up to and including today, I've had a serious personnel problem.

All agencies have this, but you must realize that Reno is a *tiny* market from an advertising standpoint, and we have always attempted to operate with at least quality standards that were close to metropolitan, if not the numbers and not the money. We've always had some clients that were advertising in metropolitan markets, and we had to be in the position to deliver some advertising which would meet those standards. In many cases, in a small town, we'd have some clients that were small businesses, operating with an unsophisticated market, and many times we could train our new people on accounts like that, because the problems were very elementary.

When we started business in Reno, there certainly was a good basis for wondering if we weren't completely out of our minds, because the market was so small. And we had a very limited number of accounts. And yet when I went around to see if I should start an agency, the people with whom I talked, the newspapers and the radio station and the printers and others in allied businesses were convinced that there wasn't a chance for an agency to survive in the Reno market. And I was about to give up.

And then I realized that I hadn't talked to anybody who would be a potential client. I'd talked with everybody except where my revenue would come from, and it was an important omission. So I then started talking to people in business who I felt might need an agency, who at least were the heavier advertisers in the market, and the first one I talked to "hired" me—retained my firm. And so did the next one. And by the end of the first two or three days of this kind of survey work, I had enough business lined up to open up. Even though it was not enough to survive, it was an indication to me that there was a market [in 1939].

And on that basis, we were very lucky, and in many ways, not only with the clients that we had, but the timing where the community was beginnin' to come out of the Depression, and where there was a need for a better quality of advertising advice that was available simply through the various media.

Those early days, we had a lot of help, and a lot of guidance, and a lot of friendly relations with some of the pioneer media people. Hew Kees over at KOH was the engineer then. He later became manager and has been for many, many years now. Kees and I liked to hunt deer together, and have done a lot of outdoor activity together. [Robert L.] Bob Stoddard came. Everybody who came to Reno in the

broadcast business seems to have worked at KOH at one time or another. Right now if you talk to almost anybody who's been here any length of time in the broadcast business, they've worked for KOH; if they're in the agency business, they've worked for me. 'Cause we all sort of started pretty close to the same time. I don't mean that KQH started the radio business as such. It began to expand at that particular time.

Bob Stoddard used to give the news in the early morning, and we always suspected that he really read the *Nevada State Journal* over the air. The day that we knew that we were right was the day that there was a great, big juicy murder, and the newspapers usually had put all the local news on the back page, and Bob read the back page, as usual, for the local news. But the murder was such a big story, it was on page one, and he missed it entirely! So from then on, Bob was reading the front page.

Wallie Warren worked at KOH—was manager there. Although our relations with KOH at that particular time were in dealing pretty much with the salesmen. As you would expect, since we *buy* advertising, the people who call on us from the various media, are their sales people.

And this is true of the salesmen for the newspapers, the salesmen for the radio stations, TV stations, the outdoor company salesmen, and the people who come up from the coast for the national and regional magazines are salesmen, but they actually come out of the offices of publishers' representatives. A publisher's representative is just what you would think. It's a business which specializes in representing non-competing publishers, selling their advertising for them on a commission basis. And the representatives for *Time* and for *Newsweek*, for *National Geographic*, for *Fortune*, all would call on us. In fact, they still do. And then

in some cases, they would represent more than one magazine as long as they were not competitive. The metropolitan newspapers and larger newspapers do the same thing. The representatives for the *LA Times*, the *New York Times*, then called on us, and still do.

We have many good friends among the “reps,” as they were called, on the west coast. These people are professional salesmen, and they are well informed on what their media covers: its market, all of the statistics connected with them; of course, the price structure, time schedule. We had, of course, a close relationship with all of the media in Reno in those early days, and of course, today.

Our early buying of outdoor advertising was pretty much with Leggett Sign Company, which was an owned, family-type business with Sid Leggett. And he was a very good operator. His operation included the only posting plant; that is, the only billboards. And billboards are the ones that you rent by the month. You design—have your artists design—what the message is that you want to put up. You have them printed. In a small market like this, silk screen is practical for short runs, under a hundred print run for a hundred panels perhaps. If you get up in the hundreds, then you go lithograph, and it’s cheaper in large quantities, if you’re going into a metropolitan market to lithograph. And the plants which did lithographic printing were in Los Angeles, San Francisco, larger metropolitan areas.

We had some of that, but not much. We had some for people like Harrah, Harolds Club, some of the gambling places where they wanted a metropolitan showing. But almost all of the billboard showings that we bought were in limited. markets like Reno, Las Vegas, Sacramento, would be printed like Reno, Las Vegas, Sacramento, would be printed silk screen and had to be designed for

silk screen printing. And then the bill posters would post those schedules. As I say, you rented them by the month. The rates varied for locations, which—the rate was based of course, on the circulation or the traffic. We not only watched the Traffic Audit Bureau figures on many markets, but we also kept a library containing the highway traffic counts which were more current, and in some cases, we felt more accurate than Traffic Audit Bureau. We had those for every state in the Union when we were leasing nationwide locations for Harolds Club.

The other kinds of outdoor signs, of course, are the painted signs, and they’re called painted bulletins. They have certain standard sizes: junior bulletin, standard bulletin, city bulletin, and then special sizes of enormous size. We bought painted bulletins for Harolds Club; at the climax of a trip to Reno from a distant point, the big signs where in this area—the biggest. And there was no name in the industry for the size that we bought.

In fact, Jess Heywood, who ran the outdoor company here then refused to build ’em. He felt that he’d never be able to lease them for anybody else. So we had, as we always did in bringing new ideas to Reno that were common in outdoor markets, a sort of a friendly hand-to-hand struggle, and then we said, well, we will contract with Foster and Kleiser to send a team in here and build ’em to our specifications. *Then* he built them! And he had no problems, really, in the construction. One is still in use in 1981.

We leased those signs for Harolds Club for oh, I guess, maybe ten years, and then after we left the Harolds Club account, they continued with them, and finally gave them up only about two years ago, since the Hughes outfit bought Harolds Club. So they had well over twenty years of use. They were amortized

long, long ago. They were a good buy for the sign company, and of course, Harrah promptly picked them up. They're still in use.

And the local sign company business originated with Leggett, that is the outdoor company. Leggett sold out to Jess Heywood. Both Leggett and Heywood were old-time Foster and Kleiser men who'd gone in business for themselves. Heywood sold out to Don Reynolds and Don-Rey Outdoor, of course, is active all over the state—Las Vegas, Reno, and the rural counties.

And we still buy outdoor. We have an outdoor showing going up now, statewide, for the State Department of Economic Development. And it's a very effective medium. There are a great many people who (agencies and others who buy outdoor) are not aware that's an extremely tricky medium to buy. I'm about to lease a painted bulletin on the freeway for a client, and the copy that is on there now is virtually unreadable because it was designed by—it's beautiful—by a very capable artist, who's obviously totally unfamiliar with outdoor. What he did was put a magazine advertisement on an outdoor board, and you can't read it. You can't get the message. You can't read either the art work or the copy. And yet if you stand on the ground and look at it, it's just magnificent.

We had a very simple test that we devised. None of our clients had ever bought any outdoor before we had them, for many years. And of course, the clients we have now have, but they were not experienced in it in those days. And we would make our preliminary sketch from the art department about the size of a large postage stamp, and put it down behind the edge of the table, have the client sit back of the table, and we'd expose this stamp, lifting it up into his field of vision, and say, "What is the message you get? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," and hide [snaps fingers] the design.

If they did not get the major message (which had to be very simple, of course) then we knew we had a bad design. But we were having *them* do that. We had already gone through it. We had *them* do that, because many times, with a big space like that, they thought they could put a lot of words and a lot of complicated elements in it, to get their money's worth. And this was the quickest way we found to educate a client to keeping his message simple. And it really tickled me the day that Raymond Smith said, "I think we've got too much in that sign. Can't you get rid of a few words?"

The illustration is supposed to tell the story, or a part of the story better, and more completely, and more rapidly than the actual words. The more you can transmit your message through the illustration instead of through the copy, the better outdoor design you have, nine times out of ten.

There's a difference between a sign painter and an outdoor company. Sign painters can be extremely able, and well qualified, and thoroughly professional, but their job is to paint a wooden or metal or fabric area of any size or shape that is needed—paint it with paints by hand, and put it up. And they do things like gold leaf lettering on glass windows, painted names on wooden or metal doors, simple signs that say, "This property for sale," or "For Rent," all manner of signs. And they are not limited or confined to standard shapes and sizes.

The outdoor advertising industry has nationwide standards as to size, so that you can order a billboard showing in Philadelphia from Reno, and know what you're buying without looking at anything, asking anything. I can buy painted bulletins along a highway in Alabama, and I know that if I order a junior bulletin or a standard bulletin, illuminated, on a three-year contract, that I'm buying a

standard unit. And the problems that I have are not related to that. They are related to: “Is that billboard or that painted bulletin in a good location along the highway? Is it obscured by trees? Are there other signs too close to it? Which side of the highway is it on? How far is it readable?”

And then the traffic audit, the traffic count. And even the time of day of the traffic count. Maybe it’s on a highway that’s used only by commuters, or some other market, so that you have to use as much care in doing the right job of outdoor buying as you do any other medium. Very effective, but you can waste an awful lot of money awfully easy, if you don’t know what you’re doing. And even after buying the stuff for years, I still go out and look at a location before I will buy it. And I’ll take a look at it every so many months to see if there’s been any change. When my agency was large enough, I would train people on my staff to do this, so that they’d know what to look for. And I would get a report on the sign.

It pays to do the same thing pretty much on outdoor posters. You can look at a poster, and on the map it looks like it’s in an ideal location—billboard—and yet most of the traffic’s going the other direction; they see the back of it, or—. I remember a place that I could always get a beautiful sign location, as far as all the statistics and figures and numbers were, and it was along Bayshore Freeway coming up from South San Francisco. And the commuter traffic was tremendous; all the peninsula was funneled through there. But the tricky part of it was that right behind these locations along that particular stretch, were the switching yards for the Southern Pacific, and they had all kinds of switch engines with steam and smoke and bells and trains and cars moving to and fro, and a lot of physical activity. It was so distracting, you’d never see

the signs in front of you. And I would never buy in there, although seems to me that Foster and Kleiser and some of the other outdoor companies always had that stuff sold or leased to somebody who perhaps was new in the business or something. But you just don’t get your message across if there’s somethin’ else distracting to look at.

The same can be true of an airport, where you have a good view of where the planes land, or take off, where there’s that much distracting action. If you cannot see that, then sometimes airports are great locations. And this sort of thing you run into with all the media.

You can buy television or radio, and the salesman will come in and show you a *beautiful* buy. The price is right, and it’s a time when a lot of people are listening and looking. It might be a commute time for radio when everybody’s commuting, and has the radio on. It might be a time when everybody’s home getting ready for dinner or right after dinner, and the viewing is high. And they even have the respectable showing in the surveys, ARE (American Research Bureau), which we subscribe to. But what you have to watch is, what’s across on a competing station. If you’re about to buy on station A, you have to double-check to see what station B has on the air. Because B could have a tremendously important program going that would draw all of your audience away from you.

And it’s tricky in the fall buying television now, because at the start of fall, the networks have all the shows they’re trying Out for the season, and nobody including the networks know which are gonna be good and which are not, which’ll be popular and which are not, which will have the audience. So you’re a little cautious about buying too many weeks’ schedule. This is a little tough on the stations and the networks because everybody who knows, is doing the same thing. All the

agencies in the country that know how to buy TV are dragging their feet about this point. They'll buy a little, because it's an important time in the fall with people buying stuff for kids going back to school, and a lot of other things happening, but it's a tricky time to get tied up into something that's gonna go through winter or maybe will be a total flop, and there you are locked into a contract. So you are a little cautious, and you watch the competition.

And sometimes you luck out. And you have the strong one and he has the weak one. And sometimes you can guess what something's going to be, and sometimes you can guess wrongly.

I bought a TV program for First National Bank when Eddie Questa was the president one time. We had been buying syndicated programs, mostly adventure stuff, which had a strong appeal—it was all black-and-white television in those days—and we'd been very fortunate. We'd bought the programs pretty carefully from people who were responsible, but this particular time we bought a clinker. And it was *just no good*. And everybody who bought it felt they had been had. It wasn't a misrepresentation or anything, it's just—. The people who were producing it thought they had something good; it just didn't turn out to be very popular. And I think I got it from CBS.

And Questa, who was a great friend—we got along very well as long as he was alive—was just so unhappy that I got ahold of CBS and I said, "I don't think it's worth the ill will you're gonna have if you hold us to this contract. It makes everybody mad every time they see it, and you're dealing with the biggest bank in the state, and they talk to every businessman in the state, and you can hold us to it legally, but I think you'd be smart to let us off the hook." And they did. We then bought a successful show as replacement.

One of the things that made me think that this was going to be a good program in addition to the viewing, the sample reels that I had seen, screened, was the fact that Standard Oil had bought it for use in California. And Standard had an excellent reputation for television buying in those days. And so they got stuck the same way we did. Standard came back and bought a replacement program—not in the Reno market, so I could buy something that Standard bought. They did not buy for the small markets, and that program was not shown here. Standard came back and bought another program to replace it, with the aid of the network.

And when I found out their buy, I looked at a few reels, and it looked outstanding to me. And I figured that the network and the syndicated program people, producers, could not afford to hurt Standard twice. And this had to be extremely good. And what I saw of it was extremely good, but it isn't always as good as the sample. So I recommended it on just this argument to Questa. And Ed was a great guy. He said, "All right. But if I don't like it, I won't pay you for it."

And I said, "Well, that's a damn poor bet. It's all your way. But I'll bet with you. I'll roll you double or nothin'. If you don't like it, you don't have to pay for it. But if you like it, you'll pay twice, and I keep it."

And he laughed like hell, and said, "No, I'll buy the goddam thing."

And so away we went. And it turned out to be a really good program, outstanding. But you have these problems with anything that you buy where you can only see a sample or two or three, and naturally you see the very best effort [that] goes into the pilot film (or pilot program, in the days of the broadcast programs).

Radio stuff was fun to buy, and simple to buy in Reno. And at first there was only one

station or two stations. As more came, it got complicated. When FM came in here, we had been buying FM in Las Vegas for quite awhile, and it was very effective. And the Las Vegas programming was a good music program. And there was a part of that market down there that upper-income people, or people with better taste or cultural level, who we needed to reach for some of our clients, and we would buy FM and it produced very well.

But Jerry Cobb, when he brought his station on the air in Reno in FM, was afraid to go good music, and he followed the same format as the AM stations, and here he was competing with the AM stations on their own ground, but with only a fraction of the market. Automobile FM was not at all common—very rare, in fact—at that time. And we had a hard time convincing Jerry that we were not opposed to FM. 'Cause we were buying it, but not here in Reno, where it was higher cost per thousand listeners by far than AM. And of course, we ultimately bought from Jerry. He never went completely good music, but he increased the amount of quality programming to the point where we could buy certain segments, and get it. And he had, still has, a good station.

Of course, now, there's FM everywhere. You can buy all kinds of FM programming. The quality is great. You buy a very limited market geographically 'cause it's transmitted line of sight. And you can't get over the mountains, or over a hill, or sometimes though certain kinds of buildings like AM radio can. Cable or other devices can help now. But it's very effective. We're buying more of it now than we ever have in the past.

Magazines have come back very strongly. Television almost killed 'em. All kinds of great magazines went broke. They simply didn't know how to cope with TV. It was so simple for an agency back in New York to buy a CBS

network program or a heavy spot campaign in color, and reach with saturation any market or all the markets in the country, nationwide. And they could do it quickly—rather than two months or so lead time to get into *Time* magazine, or *Life* magazine.

We had a funny experience with *Life* magazine. (And I'm getting ahead of myself.) The magazines' method of comeback, after a number of them had gone broke, was to offer regional editions. And today I can buy an ad in a regional edition of *Time* or *Newsweek*—or you name it—national magazine in Nevada only, in San Francisco only, in California, or northern or southern California, or Arizona, or Phoenix, a remarkable breakdown of circulation distribution. The general public is not aware of this, and there's a great deal of prestige in buying in a national magazine. I have bought some advertising in for instance, in *Time*, and all the people in Reno and Las Vegas thought that we were spending thousands and thousands of dollars, and our client was a nationwide Outfit, not realizing we were simply buying the Nevada edition, which was quite cheap.

I had a "once in a lifetime" experience with Tahoe Keys. Tahoe Keys was a client at Lake Tahoe. And we bought *northern California* edition of *Life* magazine, black-and-one-color ad. And I don't—I can't conceive of how it could have happened, but *Life* magazine made a mistake, and ran it in the *national* edition. We only paid for what we had ordered, which was like two or three thousand dollars. We got well over a million circulation, perhaps six or seven million, I can't remember the numbers now. And the mail response was so heavy, Tahoe Keys couldn't handle it, even though they hired all kinds of temporary help—Manpower gals and everything else—they couldn't begin to process it within a reasonable time.

We have always bought national advertising. I've used the *Wall Street Journal* national edition and Pacific coast edition, as far back as I can remember, for certain types of clients. We bought, in the last six months, even though we're a tiny agency—and I would guess that we're the only agency in Nevada that bought this—we bought advertising in *Better Homes and Gardens* and *National Geographic*; and national edition of *Wall Street Journal*, Pacific coast edition and the east coast edition; *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, any number of regional magazines and other newspapers, and a lot of trade magazines, *Mainliner*—and of course, airline magazines, which are not trade magazines, they're magazines for consumers, but they're in airplanes like *Mainliner*—we bought that. That's on United, has a million, two hundred thousand circulation. Bought in recent months *Westways*, *Western World*; it's carried on Western Airlines planes. The Hughes Airwest *Sundowner*. We've always bought something in the ski publications—*Skiing and Skier*. They're now national. So that we are a miniature scale model, I guess of a large agency in that respect.

A TYPICAL DAY AT THE AGENCY

In general, the services we give our clients were what any agency would give any client. We would be given a budget to use, usually for the coming year, in mid-fall. We would sit down and plan what advertising we felt they should buy with that money, knowing the rates. And if it was a retail establishment, we'd know that they would have merchandising events and sales that were traditional. And we'd probably have a reserve of three or four or more in case they needed them, that could be put in any time. We'd come back with a detailed budget showing how we planned to spend their money, and what newspaper,

what radio, TV, what outdoor, what direct mail advertising we would do. They would approve it or revise it so that we finally had an approved program for the year. And then we would carry that out through the year.

Some clients were not well enough organized to be able to give us sufficient information or have a tightly-structured budget, and it would be pretty loose. Others that really were well organized, and good merchandisers, could give us surprising detail so that, given so much detail, we could make certain buys in advertising space or radio time, so that we could buy at cheaper rates because we could buy in volume. We would be able to contract at the start of the year for a whole year, for so many thousand inches of newspaper advertising in certain newspapers at a lower rate. It takes a knowledgeable person to be able to plan his merchandising events for a year. But quite a few could do this. And of course it made a significant savings in their use of their money; we could get much more per dollar. This is still true.

And you'd be surprised—I'm not free to say—some of the larger businesses in this town which cannot plan six months, much less a year ahead. And yet they're in a business which in some instances should be plannable. I think I could plan for 'em. But they just can't organize themselves tightly enough. And of course, if you contract for a certain amount of time or space, and you don't use it, don't buy it, you get short-rated or penalized for having made a purchase that you didn't live up to. In this case, it wouldn't be the agency that'd be penalized, it'd be the advertiser; our contract is safe. If you don't live up to your contract, you pay the short rate. But it's always kind of an unhappy situation if you have to, because it's a very dead horse you're buying.

You asked one time about a typical day in the agency. And I don't know there is such a

thing as a typical day, because this is a kind of strange business. It's a business, so it has to be structured as a business, and it has to watch its operating costs closely. It has to make a profit. When we have a client who's interested in getting enough advantage of us so we don't make a profit, we can't afford him as a client, and so we try not to acquire a client like that. And of course, it's disastrous when you have a client who can't pay his bills—we have tremendous credit exposure.

But an ordinary day when we had an agency, as we did for many years, of about twenty people on our staff, we were departmentalized. We had people whose jobs were to buy newspaper advertising—do the buying from the newspapers or the radio stations or the outdoor. They were familiar with rates. Even today, we have complete rate information on all the local and regional media. We keep up on their rate cards and their structures of how they price their advertising. And we also subscribe to Standard Rate and Data Service, which gives us rates for every daily newspaper in the United States, every radio station, every television station, the outdoor companies, all the magazines, consumer and business—so we can plan campaigns with the material we have in office. So we have people who specialize in that.

And then we have people who specialize in buying printing, art, photography, etc., all of the nuts and bolts which make up the advertising, which is called in general terms, *advertising production*. We have production buyers.

We have specifications, as we must price this material. We have paperwork covering all of these different things. We have all kinds of—for a little business we have an astounding number of forms. We have purchase orders and insertion orders and radio contracts and

television contracts and Outdoor contracts for painted boards and outdoor contracts for billboards, and on and on. And verifications that the client really meant what he said when he said, "Buy so many pages of advertising." And verification of authorization.

We've had at various times an art department of four or five people, a radio production department of three or four people with a complete recording studio and equipment. We buy a great deal of material now outside the agency for clients who need it.

And then we have account executives, who are the people who are in charge of the relationship between the client and the agency. And each account executive has a group of clients for which he is responsible; he would see them every few days, know how they were getting along, what their problems were, what their sales problems were, what the problems with us might be, and so on. So with that kind of an organization—they're usually fun people. They have to be bright. The level of intelligence that you have to have in this business is very high. It has to be. Your account executives customarily deal with the president or vice president of a company, usually somebody half again their age. They deal with intelligent people in authority; they have to be extremely intelligent themselves, and knowledgeable. They make recommendations. They participate in the planning. They usually are college graduates, although academic training is not enough. There are not really satisfactory courses in advertising agency work, although some courses are given in some schools. But no one has ever quite decided whether an advertising agency is a business, a profession, or an art, and actually it's a combination of all three that doesn't fit into any preconceived definition.

A typical day might—over the past years—might have started with an agency staff meeting at eight-thirty, which the entire staff would attend, and we'd rapidly go over each client and the status of its jobs to see if we were meeting all deadlines, if we were in trouble on any, if we were getting dangerously close to a deadline without having the material done.

There are many deadlines on each job. If you have a —say a magazine advertisement—you have a deadline when the copy has to be written, you have a deadline when the layout has to be done, you have a deadline when the artwork—rough and finish—is done, you have a deadline when the plates are to be made or Velox prints are made, and you have a deadline for the client okay, and a deadline for it to reach the magazine's production department.

Then you have other deadlines over in the accounting end of the business, because you'll have a deadline when you have to pay for this to get a cash discount, and that deadline relates to your cash flow. And do you have a cash flow to pay for a big campaign, or have you such a cash demand that you have to get a sixty- or ninety-day note at the bank to finance it? We were financially strong enough during most of the life of the agency so that we rarely had to do that. But we're operating now, having come Out of this merger with almost no operating capital, so that we really have to tiptoe around sometimes. We've got several thousand dollars worth of advertising we have to buy at a period when our cash flow is low coming up in the next thirty days. And whether we can do this internally or not, I don't know yet. We're watching our cash flow to see if we can. If we can, great, because we'll save a little interest.

But you have parts of this which are art and creative, and parts which are pure business, and finance on a small scale, and

then you have parts which are nuts and bolts, preparation of material.

So we have our staff meeting and we go over the status of each client and we see if there's any trouble. And if we have a serious problem we may have two or three people assigned to help out to cover that situation.

Or if we have a problem where a client is late in giving us information, it may be necessary for perhaps me to call the client and say, "Hey, we're not gonna be able to make that. You're a week past your deadline to give us the information on it. And there's no way we can pick up that week. We're gonna have to skip that issue and go later," a month later, or whatever. And it's a little touchy, but it happens fairly often when the client may have personal problems, or he just may just have a delayed shipment and it's nobody's fault, it's just one of those things that can't be helped. Anyway, that used to be one of the first orders of business.

Then usually, we'd look over the time sheets. Now we measure everybody's time—even today with the small staff that I have, we still keep time sheets. But essentially, they're a mechanical means of showing how much time went each day for which client, or for what agency function. And we have different kinds of time sheets for account execs than we have for other people, because they do different kinds of work. Time represents *cost*.

The end of the month, I take everybody's time sheets, and we translate that into cost for that person on his pay scale, so that we know that we have invested so many hours and dollars of their time on the power company, or so many hours of time on the telephone company, and so many hours of time on others. It may be secretarial work, it may be production media buying, it may be client contact, but it's all measured. Knowing that rate and knowing the revenue from an account, you

can see pretty quickly whether you're making money or losing money on that account. It's a real crude form of cost accounting.

I think we're probably the only agency in Nevada that does this. But it's a standard thing and all 4-A agencies do it. And we've attended so many management seminars that you learn business techniques for things like this (although I learned this on my own, and then learned to refine it).

Actually, there's a formula which all businesses use, in which you take, what is your time worth? Well, if you take the operating costs of the business, the rent, the light, the insurance, the accounting, all of those things that are overhead, and then the profit that you want to make—in the agency business, profit after taxes in this country averages about three percent today. I tried for a goal before taxes. So I have a percent built in there. So then that's the formula. You multiply your hourly rate of your entire staff, including the ownership since it's a working ownership, to include this in a formula, so your customer-labor time is so much an hour. So that number is the number you compare.

You have a hundred hours of this time at this price. Now, the revenue from that client, gross revenue, was that enough to cover it? If it was, okay, you made a profit. If it wasn't, you lost money on it. And so I'd plot these on a graph. I'm not doing it right now, because my business is so small, but in previous years, I used to plot every client on a graph to see whether there was a trend—whether we're making less each month, or whether we're making more each month—and then I'd usually sit down and show it to the client and go over it with 'em, and say, "Hey, we're gonna lose our shirt on you if we don't do something. Now, either it's a case of doing more advertising, or if that isn't practical, it's a case of us doing less work on it."

And almost always, the client, being a businessman, would not quarrel with it. When he saw the detail that went into figuring it, and realized that figures were inclined to—we'd just throw everything open to him. The figures were accurate. We usually had a meeting of the mind where he'd say, "You can't give this much time to this account. Cut, you know, cut it down." Okay. We would then do that. So we'd watch the time sheets.

And then usually, I take a careful look at the media buys that are being made. Are we really buying the right newspaper in the Bay area? Are we really buying the right radio station in Las Vegas? Should we be using a different one for that particular account, or for the particular rate, or the particular audience? Are we advertising a ski bus to a group that's middle-aged or over? Maybe we're buying the wrong radio station.

An example of that was last February when we had the Tahoe Airporter bus running on LTR Stageline from Reno airport to the ski country. And we wanted to give it a shot in the arm, and stimulate traffic because snow conditions were perfect. So we picked a radio station in the Reno market, which has—we take the surveys, we take the American Research Bureau studies, so we know which age groups they reach, and which day, and which timer we do the same thing for television. So we picked KCBN which has a very strong following of young people who are skiing age. And so we bought a heavy saturation of spots. We didn't buy every radio station in town with a one spot each day on each station. We bought eight to ten spots a day on KCBN only, during commute time, which has a large audience. But we saturated for a week. By the end of the week, LTR's office here could not handle the passenger traffic! People were calling up, getting the schedules and departure times,

and riding the bus. So we always check up on the media buys to make sure that we're really thinking, not just letting some salesman con our media buyers into buying a certain station or a certain newspaper, when they should be buying another one.

We do the same thing with the creative department. We go into the art department, radio department, see what material they're producing, see if they're on schedule, see if the quality is right. Every once in awhile, you have an artist who, being an artist, falls in love with a job and lavishes so much time on it that you lose your shirt, so you have to be careful that this doesn't happen. And the only way that you can, is watch your time sheets, and drop in and see what they're working on. Because it's very easy for them to go overboard if they get something that's really interesting, or is a real challenge, or is in a field which they happen to like particularly.

And you have the same thing in radio. When we had a full-fledged radio department, our radio production manager, Dick Merritt, who now has a successful radio-production business in Beverly Hills—Dick knew every group of musicians that came to town and was playing in any of the clubs, knew em all, and knew 'em well. Spent most of his time at night goin' around visiting 'em. And frequently when they'd finish a stint somewhere, they'd come over to our production studio at night, and they'd cut a few radio spots or a sound track for TV spots. They'd charge for it, and they'd always bring along a few bottles—sometimes beer, something stronger—and this way, we got a lot of interesting and varied production. And some of it was quite good; some of it never quite came off. But they're creative people, and this is the way they worked.

We had one *real* fun project. The first of the shopping centers around here was

Greenbrae, out in Sparks. And the association of businessmen out there gave us their advertising account. And so they were pretty far out in those days, geographically, and so we decided to pretend that they were a foreign country. And we produced a national anthem called "Greenbrae, U.S.A." We designed 'em a flag. We had passports, which were a fun thing for sales. And it worked quite well. The "Greenbrae, U.S.A." campaign won an award in national competition.

We won quite a few awards for a small agency—I think maybe between eighty and a hundred of various kinds. There were competitions, usually held by the advertising trade associations, which depended on the size town that you were in. But we didn't compete in those, because we felt that it was more fun to try to knock off something that really was more meaningful from a *national* or an *international* competitive standpoint. And we were quite lucky.

Of course, we had clients who were prepared to spend, in some cases, real money, particularly the gambling clubs. And we could go down to the coast, and use the best illustrators, some of the best artists, and our material would stand up against competition from Chicago or New York or other major cities because we were buying from the same quality commercial art firms that were in those Cities. And the same was true on some of our radio and TV stuff, where we got an account who had a budget which would permit it—and we had a need for that quality. We could compete without any difficulty.

Where it got tricky was where we had somebody with a small budget, and a small campaign. Then to try to do something outstanding is really difficult. Sometimes you can't. But of course, you can always try. There's a great deal of competition among the staff members working on different accounts to

try to win an award, particularly those who are a little frustrated with a smaller-budget client. We'd go to all possible ends to turn out something. Well, of course, the end product was something good for the client. So we always encouraged it.

This kind of stuff would kill a morning. Then usually luncheon was with a client. And frequently during that luncheon, we'd discuss progress of various jobs, what was coming up next year, what the competition was doing, things that weren't selling that should be selling, things that were moving satisfactorily, the amount of business they were doing. After working with a client for a year or two, frequently they would learn that they could trust us, and we would have access to information that really counted.

A client who says, "Business is great," when it's not great, is hurting himself when he tells his agency that, because the agency assumes what it's doing is right. And maybe what they're doing should be changed to meet a changing condition of some kind. So when you earn a client's confidence, you're in a position to do a good job for him, if you know what to do. And sometimes you don't know what to do, because you don't know everything, but there are places where you can check.

We belonged for many years, a group of agencies which serve each other as branch offices. And if we had a client, an appliance firm like Saviers, and we had a tough problem in selling something, and we didn't know what to do, we could write twenty agencies who had appliance clients and say, "How do you solve this?" They'd tell us.

It worked in reverse, too. There was a member of this agency of this group, couple of very young, very eager appealing kids, who had a small agency in Kansas City. And they called me one afternoon—I'm a small

agency, but we had some small and fairly large agencies nationwide in this group— This Kansas City agency called me and said, "We've had an interesting experience yesterday. We had a phone call from Muehlebach beer, and Muehlebach said they were considering appointing a new agency, and they would like to have us make a presentation for Muehlebach account"—"us" meaning the two young agency owners in Kansas City.

And they said to the Muehlebach people, "Well, that's fine. We'd like very much to have the account, but we have no experience. We've never had a brewery account."

Muehlebach said, "Yes, that's true. We know about you. But you've done some interesting things for other kinds of businesses in Kansas City, and we'd like to see what you could do for us maybe. So we're gonna give you twenty-four hours to make a presentation." This is unheard-of.

So what our two affiliates had in mind was—. They said to me, "Now, you have a small brewery account in Reno" (we all knew what each other had in the way of clients), we're gonna call you later today, like we are calling all the members of the agency network with brewery clients, and we're going to say, 'You have a brewery account named such-and-such. How long have you had 'em? How many years? What have you done in package design, merchandising, sales, so on and so on.' And we'll interview you on long distance for this. We'll call you ahead of time, so you can get ready. We're gonna tape the whole thing. Then we're going to go down to Muehlebach and say, 'We don't have any brewery experience except a hundred and fifty-seven years of it, and these are the people on our team who have told us they are willing to come and meet with your board of directors, and with our people, and help plan a marketing and merchandising program.'"

So what happened was that that afternoon they walked into Muehlebach's executive offices with a tape recorder and a reel of tape, and they played it, and they got the account! And this is the kind of help that we would get back and forth in this association on things that we didn't know. So we could really draw on people who'd been through it and knew what they were talking about.

Also, there were other resources through that group. We had access—and we still have it—in an advertising research library. So that if I say, "I have a certain type of client, who has a certain kind of problem, do you have anything in your files, and what will it cost?"

And they will call me back, usually within a couple of hours, and say, "Yes, we have seven campaigns that were conducted on that problem for that kind of business. And it'll cost you about a hundred dollars. We'll send it to you air freight this afternoon if you want it."

And I'd say, "Yes," or "No." And I'd have tremendous material to refer to so that I'm not just an isolated, small-town advertising agency without know-how. I can take a fast move into a new field with quite a bit of assurance that what I'm saying is valid. Sometimes it costs somethin', and sometimes it doesn't, but it is an important resource. So sometimes a client has a problem. We can solve it through one or the other of these resources.

Then usually in the afternoon, make a "new business" call or two. That's selling. That's fun! And you have a list—I have a list today of the firms in town that I feel would be suitable clients that we could do a good job for, the names of people in the organization and a little information on it so that I can discuss it intelligently. So I try to see them.

I enjoy making what they call "cold calls" in selling, too. And that's where you don't know anything about anything. I used to go

down to Las Vegas and take my manager of my branch. We'd go out to the industrial area, drive along, and say, "Now there's a building. That looks like that might be an interesting firm." And maybe it's somebody who's making agricultural sprinklers for aircraft for spraying.

So we go in, go up to the receptionist, and I say, "I'm the president of such-and-such an agency," give my business card, "I'd like to see the president of your firm. What's his name?"

You'd be surprised how many times they'd say, "His name is such-and-such; I'll call his secretary."

In a couple of minutes, the guy would come out to see who could be such a nut as to come in to call on the president of the company without even knowing his name. It's fun! I enjoy it. And half the time, they'd get talking with you —no appointment, no anything.

Well, once you could get into a conversation with them, then you could ask questions like, you know, what the hell kind of business is this? Who's your market? What are you doing to stimulate your sales? I remember one that I've mentioned which was a firm which manufactured the spraying equipment that you attach to the underside of an airplane to spray fields in truck farming and whatnot. In this particular case he said, "Well, our market right now, we have one customer; it's the United States government. Our total capacity is absorbed in defoliation in Vietnam, so we don't need any advertising."

And this is where it's a rough give-and-take, and sometimes you have a good answer and sometimes you don't. Or sometimes you have a good answer, but it still doesn't do any good. In this particular case I said, "You need advertising worse than you ever did when you were spraying lettuce. Your regular customers have forgotten you; your total production

is absorbed by the military. You're out of business, as far as your regular market. The Vietnam thing isn't gonna go forever. What're you gonna do when your contract comes to an end, and they don't renew, or they terminate it because of some policy? Where are ya? Why, you've gotta go back like you did when you first started your business, except for some guys who might remember your name. You've got a good cash flow now. You got money going through your business. You oughta be advertising just to keep your name green. You can afford it, and you need it."

Sometimes those work and sometimes they don't. But there is usually an answer, and sometimes it'll produce business and sometimes it won't. Anyway, it's a lot of fun to do. And if you don't get 'em, well, you're not killed, you know, and you do get 'em, you got a new client so it's worth it. I think you kind of have to like people to do it, but it's a fun thing, and it can be profitable. So we'd make some business calls in the afternoon.

And towards the end of the afternoon, you go in—not the very end, because the very end is frantic, the last hour of the day is just—everybody meeting screaming deadlines, and having shortcuts, and making long-distance calls, and meeting airplanes with air freight. We've become very knowledgeable in communication and transportation in this business. We're accustomed to picking up the phone and calling New York. We're accustomed to sending a piece of artwork back to meet a deadline in Chicago, air freight, and then calling 'em every half hour to see if they got the damn thing or if it got rerouted to St. Louis or somethin'.

Sometimes you've got—well, as recently as the last two weeks—we had a \$5,000 ad goin' to publication in Chicago, and we were *right* at deadline. There was nothing else—the client gave it to us late. But we bought \$5,000 worth

of space. What do you do if you don't have the production there for them to print, you see? So it's no place for ulcers. We got there. But it's a tremendously pressure business. And if you like pressure, and if you enjoy it, it's great. And if you don't, it'll kill ya, and you better get into somethin' else.

Newspaper work is much gentler than agency work. They don't realize it. They think that meeting a deadline a day is literally the end of the world, but we have many deadlines all day long, and deadlines with not just a story resting on it, but sometimes a large chunk of money.

So before you get into that frantic very end of the day, you maybe have a creative meeting in the middle of the afternoon with creative people. And we have always brought everybody in, no matter what their job was. If they had a creative spark—congressman Santini's younger brother was our errand boy for a couple of years, and a real smart, bright youngster—he sat in on our creative meetings. We had other errand boys who did. We don't care what the job is if they can contribute something. And the contribution doesn't have to be the ultimate answer, if it's just something that kicks the chain of association for somebody else into gear, that does produce the answer. The person who provided the stimulus is just as valuable as the guy who came up with a final answer. And sometimes you get a key to a campaign, sometimes you get a key to one ad. It's a pretty expensive way to come up with just one ad, unless it's a big one or an expensive one.

But frequently, using this many people on a single problem with that clock—with the dollar marks—goin', sometimes it's a good buy, and sometimes it's a poor buy. And sometimes you waste that time, and nobody can think of anything. They're just blank. And you've burned up some real money in a

creative meeting and nothing happened. On the other hand, if everybody's just sparkling, and all the ideas are flowing, there's something in the creative process that encourages people, and you may be the ideas for half a dozen campaigns, or for more than one client, so the creative meeting is a valuable thing. And that's a typical day. It's exciting!

AGENCY STAFF AND PERSONNEL FUNCTIONS

I should touch on members of our staff over the years. I think Jack Myles was our first account exec I hired. Jack had been the editor of the *Ely Times*. In fact, when I started the agency, I knew Jack very well. And asked him if he wanted to go in on a partnership—to try it. And he was afraid to leave his job in Ely—was a real risky thing—and I certainly don't blame him. If I'd known more about the agency business, I'd've been afraid to tackle it by myself. Jack stayed with us a good many years.

Roy Powers was a junior account executive. Mel Mathewson came in as just a youngster. He had quite a bit of talent as an artist, and he developed very well, and very, very rapidly. He's one of the leading commercial artists in the area now. Has a real refreshing touch to everything he does. He's got excellent taste and good technique.

The most unusual artist we ever hired was Rexton Trembath. Rex is the only artist I ever knew who painted with his coat on. And he wore a homburg hat, was a very dignified personage, and much preferred to be addressed as "Mr. Trembath." Rex is a free-lance artist now in Las Vegas. I recently had a postcard from Rex in London.

Dick Merritt was producer for some of the shows Charlie Napes had in the Sky Room, in the Napes Hotel. And Dick was trying to get out of show business, and he had a

good knowledge of music and broadcast and had done a little disc-jockey work. And I needed a small radio production department, particularly for Harrah's. And so I hired him and made him a radio production manager.

And we built a studio in our offices which were in the Robinson building on California and Arlington. We had the whole top floor. And they were adding a second floor to one wing of the building, and they built to our specs, and so we had a studio and production area for radio. Oh, on the studding, we put copper screen, and we grounded it, and it filtered out all the disturbing electrical impulses that came from vehicles on the street, elsewhere. And we soundproofed the studio. We also could project motion pictures for TV use in there when TV was coming in.

And Dick was very good. And he had a lot of originality. And he knew all the show biz people in town. And I know I used to drive past the office, and perhaps going home at night—in the middle of the night—the lights would be on in the radio department, and I'd know that Dick had some musical group he knew that were playing in some cocktail lounge in town, up there producing some spot announcement. We had interesting and original material and we did not buy any spot production in San Francisco during that period 'cause our own was good enough. We had good equipment, and we made money on it and it was a successful operation. Dick left to go to Beverly Hills. He later had his own radio and TV production business. And he now produces much of the radio material for Harrah's, again. In fact, it's surprising how many of our alumni are doing things for Harrah's internal advertising department today.

Rock Hollands was an interesting account executive. More recent than Myles. Hollands handled public relations, as well as several

advertising accounts which he directed to work. He finally quit us, because he couldn't make enough money with us to educate his two daughters who were approaching college age. And he was a Harvard alumnus and all he did was just go down to San Francisco and call on some of the alumni who were in business there, and he had his choice of all kinds of jobs. Took a good one with Lockheed. Still with 'em. And he stops in to see us when he's in town. He comes out to the house for dinner occasionally. He's a real great guy.

Robin Macfadget was an interesting guy. He was a junior account exec. He was a Scot. He'd grown up in Scotland during wartime. He was having a hard time making an adjustment in England and finally came to this country and was kind of bumming around, working in advertising. And he worked for us, I guess about a year, a year and a half. Then he moved on to the Orient. And real nice, young guy, very able. I heard of him—somebody had seen him in an agency in London, oh, within the last six months—and he sent regards through somebody he knew would be in Reno—somebody in—I think publisher's rep. Real nice guy and a lot of ability.

Another person with our staff for a long, long time was Ethel Wright. Ethel was a very meticulous, very good bookkeeper. And she ran the bookkeeping department with an iron hand. She was intelligent and capable. I got all of the accounting manuals and all of the accounting materials from 4-A's advisory service, which she read and then shaped our systems on their recommendations.

And although we were a tiny agency, we had excellent information all the time, and it made for good management and gave us a real tight, good control. If we were spending too much money or not enough, we knew about it right away, within thirty days. It was an excellent arrangement.

Let's see. Tom Carson was another interesting person. We used Tom on special projects for Harolds Club. Tom had been in—he was an excellent photographer, but we didn't use him for that; that is, for still photography. He had done a lot of photography while in the service during the war in India. Came back under the GI Bill, attended the University of Nevada, but he wasn't getting enough money out of the GI Bill so he sold used cars. And I think that kid made himself anywhere from \$12,000 to \$16,000 a year workin' part time sellin' cars, while he was goin' to school. Great salesman. I used him checking outdoor locations and signs, as I mentioned before, and I also used him on special projects—working to get Highway 40 built into four lanes over Donner Summit. He was very good with a movie camera. So I bought a 16 nun. Bolex, and we made a number of documentary films and television films for our clients. And Tom was a most meticulous, perfectionist photographer. And the work he turned out was thoroughly professional.

Knowing of his capabilities in photography, I at one time started to have him supervise the local photographers when they did work for us. But Tom absolutely drove them insane. He was such a perfectionist, and he was *right*. But we simply were having a break in relations with everybody in town over this thing. So I pulled him off of it. But if we had something that was really difficult, sometimes we'd use him. Although I didn't want to because he was much more valuable to us doing other things than just as a photographer.

We had a lot of other people over the years. As you'd expect some were great, and some were not at all great. And some were really matured and grew up on the job and went to other markets. A number of people in San Francisco used to work for us, and

other places. I mentioned Merritt in L.A. and a couple of others down there. There is a good deal of movement of advertising agency personnel; [they] move around.

It'd been extremely difficult to run an agency, as far as personnel goes, in a small market like Reno. The future's very limited. While we had the largest—by far—agency for many years here, there was no place else for them to go after they left us, except to somebody much smaller. So it meant going to another city. It was very difficult to get somebody from the coast to leave all their contacts down there (still is) to come up here and work on an agency, where the size is limited and the future is limited.

In the end, I wound up training people for the particular jobs in the agency. And this was fine, except that they'd stay so many months or so many years, and then move on. What I did was train a lot of competition for myself. Many of 'em are still here.

I was able to train people in the agency business, because I leaned very hard on the American Association of Advertising Agencies consulting and business management advice, which they make available to agency members, and it's extremely good. I had management seminars all the time; I used to go to them all the time. I did not have training courses as such, but almost any problem you had, you could refer to them, and they'd come back and show you how twenty other agencies solved this particular problem.

It didn't take very much of this to begin to shape a small agency in a small town into a metropolitan pattern, where we couldn't do the things on the scale that large agencies did, but we knew how to avoid some of the pitfalls and how to solve some of the problems.

One of the major problems that we never solved is the one I just touched on, and that is personnel. If you're in business in an agency,

in perhaps San Francisco, you meet all the agency people at the various organizational meetings: 4-A meetings and the Advertising Association meetings and Ad Club meetings, and things like that, so you get to know a lot of people in the business personally.

Also they have training programs which are sponsored by the larger agencies, for bright young people who are carefully screened coming out of college, and you can get interns who have had education and screening as to brains and ability and adaptability, and some agency experience, and bring 'em up in your agency. Ultimately they'll leave you, but there's always another crop coming in a metropolitan area. And it makes it great. Of course, the competition for those people is substantial. But there are some who are intelligent enough to pick a small agency first, where they will learn all the departments and get broad experience in them, rather than going into enormous agencies, where they will be experienced all right, but it will only be in one highly-specialized department. If they ever hope to get into the upper management level, a tour of duty in a small agency will give a much broader view of the different departments and how they interrelate and how they function.

I would say ninety percent of the people who have worked for me, I've had to train on the job. And it's a time-consuming, expensive procedure.

We have not had much of a fairly common complaint, and I'm old-fashioned enough to regard it as highly unethical. And that's an account executive, who works close with a client, takes the client, and goes over, sets up his own agency; he steals the client from you. That is done fairly often in metropolitan areas. You can tell what I think about it when I can tell you I've had it happen to me only really twice in many, many years. And it's a

betrayal of a trust, and just a bad thing. But it's done enough so that many people today don't see anything wrong with it. It's just a way of advancing yourself, they feel.

I've had at various times—and recently— young people come to me with considerable talent, and say, "I'd like to work for you. I can bring this, and this, and this account with me." And you don't have to be very bright to realize that if they'll do that to people they're working for now, they'll do it someday to me. I won't hire 'em. And some of 'em are very, very able.

There's one young man, who—just bright as can be, and very creative, and I'd like very much to have on my staff, but when he sprung that on me, he lost me. Other people may hire him because he is so able, and expect to lose some business someday, but in the meantime, they'll have some talent. And I guess a lot depends on how badly you need that talent, how critical it is for some client that particular time. It's a bad thing, but business morals are hard to define anyway, I guess.

These departments operate differently than they would in other kinds of business. But essentially our departments, our people, work typically, as far as the agency business is concerned—. We do not have a radically different kind of agency. The job functions and responsibilities are the same with us essentially as they would be in any accredited advertising agency our size or many times larger, except we may have people who do several different jobs, which in a large agency would be separate departments.

We order advertising for our clients, which means that we are spending our client's money, which requires us to have a very meticulous accounting for all the funds that we do handle. And we have a lot of different kinds of forms, and we have quite a

bit of paperwork as a result. Almost nothing is done verbally. Almost everything has a written record.

When we are planning an advertising campaign for a client, the account executive (the man who is in charge of the agency's relations with that particular client) calls on the client, and sees them all the time, knows what their problems are. Planning a campaign, the account executive sits down with some of the agency people who buy media, who know how to buy radio time, television time, newspaper space, magazine space, outdoor space, efficiently, and some of the production people, and some of the creative people (although usually not right at the start). And knowing the market where you have to sell services or goods of the clients, you build a plan on how to reach that market. And in that planning, you consider such things as use of newspapers, radio, television, the size of the advertising, the times that it should appear, the markets in which it should appear, the radio stations that you should buy spots on, the time of day for the audience you want—if you want housewives as customers, if you want businessmen, if you want teenagers, it all requires a consideration of buying radio, and the same is true of television. You can even get a finer breakout in TV than you can on radio as to the demographics.

Having determined, in effect, your objective, and translated it into what you call a "media plan," which is simply the best way to reach that firm's market for customers, potential customers. Then go back and say, "Well, our budget is so much"—the dollars come in—and then you shrink your (or expand occasionally) media plan to fit the budget. It's usually a shrinking process because usually, you don't have available funds to do all the things that you'd like to do to really cover well.

But as a fact of life, you have to live with the available budget, so you tailor your advertising plan, your media plan. At this point, you bring in your production people and your creative people, and you decide what the advertising is gonna look and sound like, what kind of music, what kind of actors, what kind of photography, what kind of artwork, what kind of typography best suits this particular campaign, and product or service. And out of that, comes the final shape of your monetary budget and your media plan and your creative program, all together. You take this; perhaps the account executive and the agency owner or senior agency person, goes to the client, and you may spend half a day, a day, or two or three days exploring this thing.

Well, usually about this time, you find out the client hasn't told you something that he should have. And so you may have to adjust it to meet that chain of circumstances. You may expand the intensity of the campaign. The client may see a program that he thinks is extremely good, and it's a good chance to really whip the competition down, so he allocates more funds and you expand the budget. Or he may look at the budget, and become scared to death with second thoughts, and cut back still farther. So there's an adjustment period.

There's a little of this give and take in two or three more sessions and sometimes, the client will bring in other people. We've had clients with branch managers from different markets, come in to take a look after we had roughed up the plan. And we explained the reasoning behind it. And sometimes the managers would say, "That would be great." Sometimes they'd say, "Oh, gee, I don't think that's right." Or almost always, they would say, "Well, in *my* market—." And they would come out with the specific problems that they had in the area for which they were responsible.

And then we would say either, "We're aware of this, but we have to tailor it to the overall program. We can't have a separate campaign for each market," or, "We were not aware of all the things you say, and we probably should make a greater effort," or "a different effort," depending on the situation.

Quite frequently, you get good information from branch managers. Ideally, we would try and go around and talk to the managers before putting together our basic program. Although First National Bank never expected me to, they had oh, maybe thirty branches—ten to thirty at various times—I would try to talk to their managers as much as possible, asking them what their competitive problems were, what their expansion plans were, how people in their market reacted to ads which were good in Reno or Vegas—might not be worth a damn in Elko—and find out what adjustments we had.

The managers usually responded pretty well; when they found out that we really wanted their thinking, they'd open up. And lots of times they'd give us good information which would be of great help to us back at the home office. They'd make some remark that somebody'd forgotten to brief us on like, "We're not doing any trust business," or something, and we'd realize that needed some stronger support. So that it's a matter of give and take.

Finally, the program would be put together, and you'd start the creative work and the mechanical job of putting advertising together, to meet the deadline when it was supposed to start. When that time came, you began to get in deep with your accounting department.

Meantime, you'd be working with your people who bought printing, who bought engraving, who bought photography, or art, who were production buyers in the agency.

And your media buyers who would dicker with the newspapers, radio, TV stations, and others for the audience that we wanted and as low a price as we could negotiate or work out within the structures, rate structures of the media.

You'd have the outdoor people come up with the recommended outdoor locations, and we would accept 'em or change 'em or go out and look at 'em. All this would be going on.

When we got ready to buy, our media buyers would write the contracts, write the insertion orders, and everything, but the thing would then go into accounting.

The accounting people would set the system of their controls so that we would be sure we billed on time, that we bought on time, that we had enough cash flow to take advantage of cash discounts. We were in the position, and are now, as an accredited agency, of buying the advertising for our client and paying for it, and billing our client and collecting from our client. This can get to be an extremely heavy demand for capital. And because we were an expanding agency for the thirty years, I guess, we were always pinched for capital. We had enough capital to operate as of six months ago, but we were growing and buying more advertising with more clients, so that we had a pinch for it.

The 4-A recommendation for that, which was—many agencies have gone through this—and their advice, which we followed, was to have a memorandum billing to the client, early, on buys of media. We still do it on the 25th of the month, we hand each client a bill; it's a special billing, showing how much newspaper we have bought this month for them, how much radio, TV, so on. And if they pay us right away, we will then have the cash to pay right away, and their cash earns the cash discount, which we give to them,

because the cash discount is earned with their money. On the other hand, if they're slow, to protect our credit, we have to pay anyway. We're responsible to the media. So we do pay. But we pay immediately within the discount period, but then we retain the discount.

Now, we can buy large amounts of advertising, or were able to buy large amounts of advertising, because we had a cash reserve built for it. We lost much of that cash reserve in the merger that turned out so badly. Many thousands of dollars. And when I started the agency over, I simply did not have the cash reserve to do this. But I have a line of credit at that bank. And I have some real property, if I need to use it, although I have been able to get a line of credit, unsecured; done business with the bank for umpteen years. So if I have an account that's really slow, I'm going to have a problem—I can get a short-term note from the bank, pay the interest on that for sixty days, take the two percent cash discount and keep it.

Well, the cash discount will—two percent per month isn't too bad; interest rates have gone so high the last year, so it is not the big spread that it was. It used to be you could borrow on a short-term note, take the two percent, and be money ahead. Now, you're pretty close to breaking even, or not breaking even. So for this reason, I've had to pick my clients extremely carefully. And if they don't pay promptly, when I got the business this time around, I said, "Now, this isn't like the old days. You gotta pay me right now, tell me now, 'cause I can't do business with you, can't ruin my credit, and I"—it's a real tough deal.

So they all said, "Fine, we understand."

And if one of 'em's slow, and there's an oversight or somethin', I pick up the phone and I give 'em hell, and they take it, and I get the money. And it's fine. But it's probably something that I could have done a long time ago, but I was a little hesitant to.

But we have had clients go sour on us, some you'd never dream. A major hotel hung us up for \$10,000 in Las Vegas. Management went broke, and we got hometowned; we did not get our ten back. We've had, oh, I don't know, we've had losses of ten, fifteen thousand, one, twenty-six thousand. It really hurts. It takes you a long time to get well from one of those. We've been pretty cautious, as you can imagine.

I remember one housing developer we had here in Reno— been about seven years ago, eight years ago—who got into us about \$7,000 overdue. So I made a demand on him for the money. And he stalled. And I got apprehensive. So it was, “pay by the end of the week or we go to court.” And when he realized that I really meant it, and I really did, he paid the \$7,000 and fired our agency. He went to another agency in town. So I felt that, even though I didn't think much of that particular agency, I really knew what was gonna happen to 'em, so I called them up and I said, “I think you guys oughta know why the account left me and came to you under the circumstances. It's not my business to tell you how to run your business. But you oughta know.” And I explained it to 'em.

Well, they said thank you, but they didn't pay any attention to it, and they took him, and he hung 'em up for about \$8,000. It's a tricky business with a very large credit exposure. It's very, very dangerous. And the longer I've been in it, the more cautious and conservative I get, and the tighter I watch it—and it's very, very dangerous.

The accounting people are a great help. Ethel Wright (bookkeeper)—some of our employees hated her with a holy passion—but really her loyalty was first to the business, rather than just make it easy on people. They had to buy with a written order. Very dangerous thing when somebody picks up

the phone and says, “This is the Wilson Agency. I'll buy a full page ad tomorrow night—we're in a hell of a hurry.” And there's no paperwork. And the agency owes for that ad. Or it might be the *Sun Francisco Examiner* or the *LA Times* that we've done business with for many years, where it'd be two or three thousand dollars, and they'd reserve that space, and there'd be a white place in the paper, and then you get billed for it.

So we had an extremely difficult time with some new people, or people who'd had a little experience with another agency where they didn't do that. There were some agencies in town who were doing business “on the back of an envelope.” There were some who didn't even have insertion orders. They would sign an order with a newspaper's order or something. Those people scared me to death. And we had to let some go where they couldn't break the habit, and used oral orders.

This was a thing that happened to us in the merger. The other agency's employees in that merger had always gone on verbal orders. Well, when I came in, I brought a bunch of accounts where it was very dangerous to buy on a verbal. You could buy a campaign that'd run into many thousands of dollars, and maybe in a national publication where you couldn't cancel out. And no paperwork. And it's just an invitation to a disaster.

[About women as employees, or as clients]—well, women's lib had not yet arrived. There were very few women account executives in the agency business in those days, because they had to work with men customers. And your clients, you found almost always on the management level, top management level. They almost always were men. Seems to me that we must have had only one or two clients managed by women. You see, we didn't have those kinds of clients [dress shops and things like that].

Mom Ronzone ran Ronzone's department store, and later ran Gray Reids, and owned it, but she was—I never thought of her as whether she was a man or a woman, because she was such a damn good business person, you know. And she ran it—she was a marvelous person—but she ran it with such good judgment, and in such a business-like manner, that if we'd had a gal account executive, I don't think it'd made any difference, but we could have used one on that client. We didn't have very many of those.

Occasionally, we'd have girls in the art department; some of 'em were very good. But they wouldn't be the head of the department. They'd come in and they'd stay for a year or two, and get married, and go on. Big turnover. One of the outstanding gals was Gerda Cornelly. Gerda had done free lance art on the coast. She came to work in our art department. She didn't stay very long the first time. But she came back. And finally, Gerd was sort of a business manager for the art department.

Mel [Mathewson] was our executive art director, and a good one, and Mel was an artist first and a manager second. When I got a good breakout on operating costs going, which was kept by Ethel Wright, I took a look at the art department's costs, and gee, they were high. And it seemed to me that they were out of line, just from an off-the-cuff look. So I found everybody was doing his own thing without any supervision, and *everybody* was *buying supplies*. If an artist needed some new brushes or some other stuff, he wouldn't look to see if they had any, he'd buy for his own use. And this was revealed by a buying control system that we were putting in—it surfaced.

Oh, I forgot to tell you: the first time Gerd quit, she said, "I'm going to have to quit."

And I said, "Well, I'm sorry to lose you. What's the problem?"

She says, "I'm gonna have a baby."

I said, "Well, that's wonderful. When?"

She said, "Oh, I think," she says, "it's gonna take about maybe a year or two—we're gonna adopt one!" And to get an adoption agency okay, she had to give up her job and be a housewife at that particular time, and so that was it. And they'd wanted a baby badly for a long time.

And anyway, she got Over that hump when she later came back and I said, "Be a business manager for this goddam art department. We're leakin' somewhere, badly."

And so she went through with a fine-tooth comb, and came back with a report and she said, "Sit down before I tell you this." She said, "I took an inventory on the supplies and equipment, stuff in stock that had been bought, and you have a \$4,000 in art supply inventory, which," she says, "is larger than any two art stores in town together."

And so [chuckles] from that day on nobody could buy anything in the art department except Gerda. And from then on, it was limited to one person, and then it was scrutinized by accounting. But it took it a long time to—. I remember one guy wanted to use a certain kind of pen point. And do you know, I still have in my study at home, I guess pretty close to a thousand pen points. They're not used any more in any kind of art that's done today [laughs]. But nobody would take them back, the art stores wouldn't. But Gerd was a most remarkable gal—and she was with us for a long time; she was outstanding.

We had gals in production buying and media buying, but we had quite a turnover, and it was not an executive-type job. One of the best in that job was Effie Mitchell, and we heard she died yesterday [January 20, 1975] in San Diego. Real fine gal. She later worked for the Weinberg agency in southern California. She had to move down—I don't know whether

it was her health, or her mother's health; I guess it was her mother's health, she was with her mother—and lived in southern California, so she got a job with Weinberg. She used to stop in and see everybody when she was up here.

We had other gals help in other departments, and do secretarial work. And some were very valuable. Elsie Connor is the only one who stayed a long time with the agency. Been my secretary for ten years. She also came into the merger, stayed in the merger, followed me out of the merger, and knows all the clients very well. Handles them all extremely well, and is most able.

I don't know. There are, I don't know how many over the years, but those are the ones who stand out specially in my memory, because they had specific things to do that required, you know, their own judgment. We had a lot of very nice, able people. We were very lucky at the high quality of people we were able to keep. But we had a totally different world in the merger.

One of the things we often ran into largely because most people even today do not know what an advertising agency really is, or really what it does—surprisingly, this sometimes occurs in the business world, too, but it was especially true of professional people.

It was generally sort of felt in the community that we were "some kind of an art service," that maybe we had a bunch of artists (as a matter of fact, we did), but that what we did was do artwork for our clients, and then "somehow that stuff became an ad somewhere." But art was the thing that they latched onto. And we had all kinds of problems with leading local citizens who, at the beginning of vacation time, would come in leading some daughter or son by the hand, who'd studied art in high school, or studied

art in college, or studied art under Miss So-and-so's art course, and want them to have a summer job because they were artists. And of course, they had *no* idea of the kind of art which agencies did, and still do, which is commercial art, and highly technical.

An artist has to have a well-grounded, all-around knowledge of the printing, engraving, and photographic and video processes which his art product will undergo before it can be reproduced. And so we have tended pretty much to screen people who have been to commercial art schools, not universities, colleges, high schools, and so on.

You get so that you can look at an artist's work, and almost tell how much schooling he's had, and sometimes what kind of a school. Particularly if you talk reproduction methods with him, if he doesn't know things about color separation and the relative values in various kinds of printing and how to prepare the art so that it's ready for reproduction, why, then you've got an amateur on your hands, and he can learn somewhere else.

He oughta be going to a good art school and learning and paying for it, because that's part of his job. A good commercial artist has a training in various type faces, typography and typographic design. They understand photography, color and black-and-white, composition. They understand what it takes to make a readable advertisement for a magazine. Very few of them know what it takes to design an outdoor design, even from the good art schools, they don't get much in the way of outdoor training.

For example, the (1975) advertising courses at the University of Nevada touch on newspaper and a little bit on radio, and they *mention* television. But they absolutely have *no* mention of outdoor. And when I was on the national education committee for a couple of tours of duty for 4-A, I did not find

real college advertising courses in the United States in *outdoor* advertising techniques.

I suspect, but I don't know, that outdoor advertising is a dirty word. Those signs along the highways are frowned on by the academic world, and they just ignore 'em. Truth is, that they're an extremely powerful and valuable advertising tool, and they don't necessarily have to be abused when they're used. But there's a lot of mystery about 'em. And a lot of good artists, who are just very bad designers of outdoor advertising art—.

We used to get proud parents who'd bring in their daughters, and think that we could hire 'em for the summer, because they'd been painting baskets of flowers all year in the courses they were taking in watercolors. And I made one dentist very, very unhappy one time by saying, "Well, I got a fourteen-year-old kid. Will you take him in and use him as your dental hygienist, and I'll take your daughter, who's got about the same training for my business?" And he stamped out [laughs] and I never saw him again. Speaks to me now, but it's been a few years. But art is a highly technical field, and misunderstood on the outside.

Artists don't starve in garrets any more. I have had good friends, a couple who were much older than I, who actually had been good friends of my parents. And they had a son late in life. They came to me, oh, four or five years ago, said that they had a terrible problem; they wanted to talk to me about their son. Would I talk with them? I thought well, I guess the kid's on hard drugs the way they're talking. I don't know what I can do, but I said, "Sure."

And they came up together and sat nervously on the edge of the chairs. And it developed that what the problem was, was that their son wanted to be an *artist*! And they had visions of him living on the left bank of

the Seine, and never seeing him again, and the best thing that could happen to him would be that he'd die of tuberculosis in a garret somewhere. They had a vivid idea of an artist's life, which was about a hundred years old.

So I explained what had happened to the art world, and that many good artists now made a lot more money than bank vice presidents. In fact, they made money, in some cases, which was comparable to good sales people, which are usually at the high end of any wage system. And I offered to find a good art school for him to go to—that the University didn't have it, no university has it that I know of; there may be some, but I'm not aware of 'em that give in the concentrated commercial adaptability that's required.

So I wrote my friends who had agencies up and down the coast, and said, "Who's—ask you art director—who's the best commercial art school at the moment?" They change somewhat from time to time. And I got answers back from half a dozen agencies, and about half of them mentioned the same school. I asked for the Bay area and I asked for Los Angeles. And in the Bay area, most agreed on this particular school.

So I got together with the parents. I said, "Now, I don't know that they'll admit him. It's a good art school. They won't accept a student who doesn't really have talent. They got too many people who want to come who *do* have talent. And so you get him and samples of his work, and use me as a reference, and bring him down and see whatcha can get."

And they came back and they felt a lot better about it. The school accepted him.

So every time the kid sent up something (I had had a talk with him, too), every time he sent up something which he'd done in class, I took a look at it, and his stuff *was* good. And it turned out that he was *very* good. And he's now making a good living in the Bay area as

a commercial artist. He's one of the better guys down there. He married a cute little gal. He bought a sailboat, and they live on board the boat at Sausalito. They're just having a marvelous time. Everybody's happy. It had a real happy ending.

But there's a great deal of misunderstanding as to the sensational changes in the field of art. I've been to two art schools myself, and I'll tell you, I wouldn't get near a paintbrush. Once in awhile, I still get out in the country and do a few landscapes just to relax, but I usually throw them away, because I know enough about it to know the quality is bad. And it isn't there. But it's a nice relaxing hobby. Not quite as good as fly fishing, but it's in the same general category.

POLITICAL ADVERTISING AND RELATED AFFAIRS

I had never met Senator McCarran; 'course everyone in the state knew him, or knew of him. But during the war years, he had made many enemies who made various attacks on him.

By a strange coincidence, I happened to be down in Las Vegas, and I got the usual tour through the Basic, Inc. plant out at Henderson, which was producing magnesium for British incendiary bombs and other war materiel. On this tour, they showed us a large warehouse, which was heavily guarded, and in the warehouse were large objects—they looked like planks of lumber. They were about two inches thick and about ten to twelve inches wide, and ran eight feet, perhaps up to twelve in length, and they were stacked just like lumber. But they were solid *silver*!

And it was explained that these bus bars, which carried the very heavy electrical current in the refining of magnesium in this plant; the original bus bars were made of copper, solid copper, and they looked about the size of planks of lumber. And there'd been an acute copper shortage, so much so that the

British army was having great difficulty in manufacturing artillery shell cases, because it didn't have the copper to make the brass for the casings.

So, our government had arranged to supply them with the copper bus bars out of this Henderson plant, and then drew on Fort Knox silver supply, and used the silver for replacement bus bars, which conducted electricity just as well as the copper (in place of the copper bus bars at Henderson). So what we were looking at was a reserve supply of sterling silver bus bars. And Senator McCarran, from Nevada, was the man who originated the idea, and who worked the whole project out. As a "silver Senator," he was aware of the silver in Fort Knox, and he knew enough of its physical capabilities as an electrical conductor to realize it was practical.

The coincidence really was that a week or two later than that, I picked up a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which accused Senator McCarran of Nevada, the "silver Senator," of harming the war effort by refusing to allow

silver to be used in connection with the war effort, and insisting on silver backing for our currency, and a number of other things. So although I did not know McCarran, I had gone to school with Eva Adams, who was in McCarran's office at that time, so I wrote Eva Adams a letter saying that they could make a liar out of the *Saturday Evening Post* very easily by just using any of the stock photography, which Basic, Inc. had of those silver bus bars, and the part that McCarran had in getting them set up.

Got a nice letter back. When the Senator came out to visit Clark County, I had suggested also in my letter that he have press photographers take his picture with the bus bars, which he did. And the pictures were circulated through the photo services nationally. So out of that, I became a friend of Senator McCarran, and we got acquainted. And he was a fascinating guy to know. And as he became acquainted with the nature of the business I was in, he then had me handle advertising and publicity for the times he ran for office from then on, until he died. We also became jointly involved in a number of projects which I've mentioned, like the Air National Guard, and a number of political jobs of various kinds and sorts.

I remember one campaign. I got a phone call. And I thought I recognized the voice. It wasn't McCarran's; it was one of his people. Would I go out and stand in the alley outside my office—it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and my office was on the Truckee River next to the Majestic Theater?

So, I went out and stood in the alley, and presently Norman Biltz came by; said hello, walked over to me, put something in my hand, and walked on. And so I put my hand in my pocket, and walked back inside the building and up-. stairs to my office, took it out and looked at it. It was five thousand dollars in

large-size bills, which I realized would be used in McCarran's political campaign. But I didn't know who had given them to me, and I didn't know the source, and—nor do I even to this day, know the reason for it. But in the days of Watergate, I suppose I could've gone to some kind of jail or something—I don't know what. But in those days, it was a little different.

Mary Ellen Glass: What did you do with the five-thousand dollars?

Oh, I can't remember. Seems to me I gave it to Pete Petersen, his campaign manager, or somebody like that. That's usually where political money went. Sometimes money'd come like that—we'd spend it for advertising—but I can't remember that particular time. Sometimes I'd buy newspaper space or radio, or signs.

That's kind of a peculiar way to pass money out for advertising or whatever!

Well, politics is a nutty business. I think half the things they do aren't necessary. But they think they are. And a great many things are done to impress people too—not to impress me, but who knows, maybe Norm was surprising Pete Petersen with five thousand dollars that came out of the blue, you know? Maybe McCarran needed that five badly for some particular, essential thing, and they were having a hard time getting it.

And so Norm would take great delight in being very mysterious, but turning up with it. And people sometimes get a lot of joy out of this. (I got a client, John Q. Hammons of Holiday Inns, who absolutely delights in keeping his organization open-mouthed in astonishment. Thinks nothing of arriving in town, without any advance warning. They think maybe he's in Australia. He comes in,

shows up unannounced at the hotel, Reno, or Fresno, or Cincinnati or some other place, takes a quick look at everything, announces that he's just bought a new hotel someplace else or a big piece of property or something else that cost him several million dollars, and then takes the next plane out. And no details. And then he's a great conversation subject, and then he descends again as a shocker. He works at this sort of thing. And the result is that I think he keeps his organization pretty much on its toes and in line, with his technique.) I'm not too sure, but what Norm wasn't above doing the same kind of thing. He enjoyed to appear all-wise and all-powerful and perform minor miracles, and this could have been one of those, but I can't be sure.

When Vail Pittman, who also happened to be a good friend of mine because I'd worked with him in my advertising business when he was the publisher, of the *Ely Daily Times*, and so I knew him quite well. But when Vail ran against Senator McCarran [1944], I was, of course, on Senator McCarran's side. And Vail was quite tolerant about it, and I did not make an enemy. The campaign was extremely hot and personal, and both sides were vindictive. And as it got down to the wire, it began to look like it might be a very close election. And of course, McCarran was mobilizing all the support he could get out of Washington to enhance his image and his stature in his home state as a strong figure in Washington. And Fulton Lewis, Jr., who was nationally prominent, and a conservative, was an admirer of Senator McCarran's. And in the final days when it was extremely important for every possible asset to be used, Fulton Lewis, Jr. recorded a speech endorsing McCarran, and listing all of the things he did in the Senate for Nevada, and what an influential and powerful person he was, and how lucky Nevada was to have him there.

Well, those were the days before tape recorders, and when you recorded a thing like that it was on a great, big record, usually cut at 33 rpm, and usually on both sides. And because time was short and critical, this recording was flown by pilot's pouch on United Air Lines. United Air Lines, I guess, was happy to accommodate the Senator, who was chairman of the subcommittee for appropriations for the Commerce Department. And it flew on a flight originating in Washington and was dropped off by the pilot at the airport in Reno, where I had arranged to have it met by motorcycle escort, and brought to the studios at KOH, because it was *very* close to air time.

Well, by one of those strange coincidences KOH, which happened to have the highest quality, most sophisticated recording and production equipment at that time in the state, KOH had just finished cutting a speech supporting Vail Pittman's campaign. And this was on a recording. This was to be played on a high fidelity telephone line to station KENO in Las Vegas, and broadcast as it came over the wire to the people of Clark County for Vail Pittman's campaign.

It's difficult to believe, but it actually happened, the KOH engineer got the introductions of the two speeches (which were live) on the air in Reno properly for McCarran, and on the air in Las Vegas properly for Vail Pittman, but the two platters (the two records) were transposed and Pittman's speech went on the air in Reno, and McCarran's speech went on the air in Las Vegas!

And before three or four minutes of those two speeches had been broadcast, McCarran and Pete Petersen and all of his team came tearing down to the KOH studio—I was there, because we'd brought the recording in, and so was Jay Sourwine of McCarran's staff, and Gilbert Ross, who was number one man for

Vail Pittman, and all of Pittman's henchmen came tearing down, each side figuring they'd been double-crossed by the other!

They sat on opposite sides of the recording studio glaring at each other, while the KOH people were excitedly on the phone, calling to the transmitter, and the engineer at the transmitter to get the thing off the air, corrected, and back on the air! And they had trouble making a connection, and they had trouble—they were so excited they were not being understood. And this thing went on and on and on for maybe five minutes—seemed like it was much longer.

Meantime, I guess it was Pete Petersen who brought a bottle of McCarran's bourbon with him. So they passed this bourbon down to all the people sitting on one side of the studio, and when it reached the end, the guy on the end went across the room and handed it to the Pittman people—they all drank McCarran's whiskey, all the way down it went.

This thing circulated between the two sides, neither of them speaking to the other. Finally, the correction was made, at last, and the talks got back on the air the way they should be. Everybody realized that it had just been a simple mistake, and so then they spoke to each other, and left. But we had a lot of wild adventures in some of those campaigns.

McCarran's opposition was bitter. Some of it was liberal, some of it was partisan, some of it was personality, some was religion, although not much of that. He always had a lot of lively campaigns. I remember one campaign we were all sitting up in room 206 at the Riverside waiting for the returns, and the returns that came in were very bad. In fact, McCarran had decided that he had lost. He was not prepared to concede, but he had analyzed all the figures and the sources. And the returns in those days were much more detailed, and much better identified as to the source of the various

precincts and areas than they are today. And it really looked like there wasn't a chance that he could win. But then the last votes which came in brought him back up and he did win by a fairly close margin.

But he held up well! He was terribly depressed when he decided he had lost. But he was a real tiger. He said, "We're not gonna concede. Looks like we've had it, but we're not gonna concede." And of course, as it turned out it was all right—. But it was interesting to see him under that much pressure. And he was still a fightin' Irishman from way back.

He was a great campaigner around the state. He knew everybody. He knew 'em by their first names. He knew family situations so that without any hesitation at all, he could inquire about each member of a person's family in these little towns around the state, and call the family members by name. And he knew the ones that had problems of illness, or jobs, or whatnot, and he had 'em all straight. And he didn't have to have anybody standing at his elbow prompting him. He had 'em in his own mind. Of course, the state was a lot smaller. But even so, it was a remarkable performance.

And he had a good office team. Eva was a tremendously capable person in his office, with good political savvy, and intelligent. And Jay Sourwine had a mind like a computer. Of course, his political people out here like Pete Petersen knew every vote in every precinct, and made it his business to be in touch with the new people that came in. So they really had an extremely professional, capable organization. Nothing that I've seen like it, really, since.

I've seen a number of campaigns; I've never seen them organized the way McCarran's were. And he was a complete politician, real pro. And yet he could move in an emergency, like that haylift thing. He could pick up the

phone and get action in Washington, when many other people would be floundering for days trying to figure out what to do and how to do it. He was one of the most interesting people I've ever known, although James Scrugham was a remarkable person too.

Scrugham in my book was a Renaissance man. He had an interest in—of course, he was an engineer by training and an educator. He'd been dean of the College of Engineering at the University for many years. But he also was interested in many of the sciences. He was an amateur archaeologist. He got salvage archaeology at the Lost City site down near Overton, utilizing CCC camp labor, and [Mark] Harrington, the archaeologist from the Museum of the Southwest. I think that Scrugham and Malone and McCarran were the fathers of modern southern Nevada, between the three of them. They recognized its potential, and they were actively helping it grow and build at a time when northern Nevada didn't know that anything really existed south of Goldfield.

I'd like to talk a little bit more about the McCarran organization.

Well, the McCarran organization at the start was the *McCarran* organization. And Pete Petersen was his closest friend and strategist. And it grew, but it grew on a *personal* basis. Most of the people in the early McCarran organization, I have been told—I did not know him then—were personal friends, and people who he met during his period in Tonopah, and in Reno, and as a supreme court judge around the state, and as a lawyer. And he had many friends, and out of that he built his own organization.

Biltz and Biltz's people moved into the McCarran organization when they recognized his potential. Biltz was busy building an empire

of his own. And one of the six most powerful men in the U.S. Senate was something to consider. And Biltz made the overtures. Biltz did a lot of work for McCarran, gave him a lot of support. He cut McCarran in on a lot of deals, I have been told, in which McCarran was able to enhance his personal finances (and they were always, always had been very shaky). He was not a good money manager.

Johnny Mueller had been a part of the Wingfield organization—always was. I guess. And Biltz had also approached the Wingfield organization, much the same way that he approached the McCarran organization, and with Eva Adam's encouragement the bridge was built between McCarran and his bitterest enemies, the Wingfield organization.

When this connection was finally solidified, the resulting structure was somethin' to behold, because they had literally all the horses in the state! And McCarran was enough of a realist to make peace with his old enemies, and by that time the Wingfield organization badly needed McCarran's strength.

They had lost a great deal, not just because of what they went through when all the banks failed and that critical period in Nevada history, but also because of attrition. Many of Wingfield's strongest people were getting along in years, and losing their effectiveness. And of course, Biltz was young and aggressive. And McCarran, although he was as old as Wingfield, I guess, had a vitality that was amazing. And that made a great team. Between them, they had everything.

I was not a part of the inside maneuvering and manipulations between McCarran and Eva and Biltz and Johnny V. Mueller and Wingfield and his surviving people. I knew 'em all. We were all friendly. But I was not a political pro, and I was not a part of the inner workings. occasionally, I'd become familiar

with something that was going on or not, but I really was not an insider. But it was fun to watch, as much of it was visible. And they really had no opposition among 'em to what they were doing.

McCarran had tremendous influence in the war. I will always believe that if it had not been for McCarran, we might have lost the war in the Pacific. Certainly, it would have lasted a whole lot longer. But McCarran was very aviation-minded. He had become interested in commercial aviation, and had many close ties in the aviation industry, which he kept all his life. He felt that the aviation industry had a great potential, which we hadn't touched.

And when—of course, everyone realized that war with Japan was coming in one way or another, and probably war in Europe, in which we might be involved—McCarran was very active in getting a training program going in which we would have a large pilot pool to draw on, which of course, is now history. And all through the war years, McCarran was the patron saint of the Army Air Corps, and had a great hand in getting the Army Air Corps developed into an independent arm of our armed forces as, of course, the United States Air Force.

McCarran got an Army air base established at Reno, strictly out of whole cloth, to help his electorate. And Reno was expecting hard times during the war with gasoline rationing, and its fledgling tourist industry endangered, so that the Reno Army Air Base was quite important to the local economy. They had some serious struggles in getting the Reno Army Air Base started, activated, and going.

It was an Air Transport Command Base, which meant that it trained pilots for cargo planes. Most of the pilot pool sent to flying the Burma "hump" came from Reno Army Air Base. The first people to go through that

base were all—or for the most part—airline pilots who were reserve officers in the Army Air Corps. And they were ordered to duty, ordered to report to Reno Army Air Base, received a cram course in military transport, and then assigned to either European or Pacific theaters.

I became acquainted with the Reno Army Air Base, because at that time I was active in Civil Air Patrol search and rescue activity. And they had a number of aircraft lost in Nevada areas, for which we conducted searches. They had some trouble with their base commanders, some of whom could not survive in the Reno environment—they couldn't make the adjustment. And some who were reserve officers ordered to duty, who simply were incapable of handling their assignments. And they had a few serious failures in command at Reno Army Air Base until finally, Colonel Marlowe Merrick was ordered to take command of this base.

Merrick was an old pro. I got to know him extremely well. We became good friends. Merrick, originally, was a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps in the Pershing punitive expedition to Mexico in which he served. And then of course, he went over to the early Signal Corps' aviation service, which ultimately became the Army Air Corps. And so he was a real early bird in military flying.

He had been, when war broke out—Merrick was ordered to duty in North Africa to participate in the early planning for the American invasion of North Africa, and the long drive up through the south of Europe, and the war with Rommel in the desert, and all the rest of it. Merrick picked up an intestinal parasite in North Africa, which would have brought him a medical discharge—it became extremely serious—almost anybody else in the service would have had a medical discharge, but Merrick had so many friends

in high places in the Army Air Corps that they kept him in but they had to take him out of the European theater, and give him duty with less pressures. So they put him in command of this little Army air base that was having troubles in Reno. Merrick was enough of a pro so that before he came out, he went into McCarran's office, and spent some time. The two got acquainted, liked each other, got along very well.

And there'd been a real mess out here at the Reno Army Air Base in which a pilot—they had a big "open to the public" type reception—which, I don't know, five or ten thousand people from Reno went out and watched troops pass in review and a fly-by with military aircraft. There was a pilot flying a P-38 who was doing aerobatics, and he did a slow roll at extremely low altitude—he must have been within a couple hundred feet of the ground—and he went in, blew up in front of all of the people in the nearby area.

The commander of the base gave orders that this was a classified incident, and would not be published in the press. Now, all of Reno were eyewitnesses. The newspapers screamed, appealed to higher command in the military, appealed to McCarran, they just raised merry hell in all directions. And there'd supposedly been problems with this commander, and this was the crowning blow. So he was sent somewhere else, and Merrick came in.

But it was such a mess that I got a phone call from McCarran saying, "There's a Colonel Merrick who's going to come out and take over command of the base. It's confidential. Nobody's to know. He'll stay at the Riverside Hotel. He'll give you a ring when he gets there. He's not to be known in the community 'til he's been there for about a week. He's just another officer in town. Brief him on everything you know about the town, the people, the base. And then when he takes command, I want

you to handle public information for the base until he gets adequate people assigned there who can take over."

So all this happened. And I got to know Merrick and we got along fine, and he was just a helluva guy. And his wife was a real charmer, and she came with him. We all got to be close friends. When he took over command, I actually took over a public information officers' s duties along in my spare time at the base without pay.

And it wasn't that difficult. Really, during wartime, everybody is dying to cooperate, and if you just give them something they can do, they'll do it for you. So it really required very little effort and very little judgment to do a far better job than they were accustomed to. There were all kinds of people in public relations in the military service who didn't know anything about it at all; and worse, were dominated by higher officers who knew nothing about it, and yet insisted on setting policy.

So out of that, came a good friendship with Merrick. And then about the first time he lost an airplane, we went out and found it for him. He realized the potential, both for finding his airplanes, but also the potential for a link with the civilian population in the state. So he did all kinds of nice things for the Civil Air Patrol, including making us honored guests at formations and receptions, and our officers were honored guests at their dining-in events which were always fun. And real good parties; they're all stag, of course. We met visiting officers from the Royal Air Force, and the Free French and others who stopped in on tour. On one occasion, the Civil Air Patrol units were included with the regular troops in a formal review and inspection on the parade ground.

And that was a great day! I was in the reviewing stand along with Gene Howell.

Colonel Gene Howell was wing commander of all the Civil Air Patrol units in Nevada, and I was number two in command as Executive Officer. So we sat in the reviewing stand with Colonel Merrick. And Merrick, as an old cavalry man, decided that it would be fun to do something that had never happened on an air base, and yet it was provided for in the field manuals. And that was a formal review of troops with their officers *mounted* (which meant the officers *rode horses*) - The men, enlisted men, marched on foot. The horses were used in a security patrol around the base.

And in this formation, all of the units, the Air Corps had the band at the front end, and then all the Civil Air Patrol units in their proper positions were all drawn up stiffly at attention on the opposite side of the parade ground from the reviewing stand and regular Army troops. And about three-fourths of Reno were out watching this thing as invited guests. And the officers in the Air Transport Command were all ex-airline pilots. Many of 'em had never seen a horse, except in movies. There was a very unpopular adjutant on the base. The base had horses which were ridden by civilians under contract as a perimeter security establishment. In other words, the base had stables, and stable keepers, and horses, and people who rode horses who were, in effect, policemen, and they rode night and day around the outer boundaries of the base to keep unauthorized people off the base. Then of course, the base had its own guard structure with the Officer of the Guard, and the guardhouse, and had interior guards, and so on.

So they had horses which were available for this review. And it developed that this unpopular adjutant was given the meanest horse in the stable by some unofficial prearrangement.

In a formal review, the reviewing officers are in the reviewing stand (that was Colonel

Merrick—and with him is the senior officer of the units that are parading), and down in front, immediately in front of the stand, is the adjutant. And the adjutant announces to the reviewing officer that the formation is ready, and the reviewing officer gives the order, “Pass in review!”

The adjutant then salutes, turns around, faces the troops on the other side of the field, and gives the order, “Pass in review!”

At that order, the band sounds off, turns to the right (they all turn to the right) forming a column, and then they march around the field, which is a square—they go around half of the square—and then they pass in front of the reviewing stand. They all do an “eyes right,” and the officers for each unit salute as they pass the reviewing officer.

On this particular occasion, Colonel Merrick gave the command as the book says, “Pass in review!” The adjutant turned his horse around, and faced the troops lined up on the other side of the field—actually, the Civil Air Patrol cavalry also was there, all mounted of course, and they had their ambulances and their trucks, and their pilots and their crews, and all were on foot. And so were all the troops on the base. The adjutant gave the order “Pass in review!” The commander of the band, which was a military band, gave the order “Sound off!” and the band went “oompah” with all their horns and bugles and drums and everything else. This panicked the horses and the horses all started to buck!

Of course, none of the Air Corps riders, or virtually none of the riders, knew what to do. The adjutant, who was right down in the front of everybody in the reviewing stand, was thrown so hard over his horse's head that he didn't even touch the horse's ears. He lit in a sitting position in the dust! He got up. His horse was wandering away. He'd lost the reins, of course. An enlisted man ran out to

catch the horse, and Colonel Merrick stood up (his face was brick red), he pointed to the enlisted man and said, “*Don’t you touch that horse!*” And the poor adjutant had to get up and dust himself off, chase his horse, catch the horse, lead it back to the front of the reviewing stand, and then after about four or five tries, get back up in the saddle, and not get thrown again (fortunately).

This same thing was being re-enacted all the way around the parade ground (except the CAP cavalry). Everybody was laughing. [Merrick] was laughing so hard the tears were rolling down his cheeks. The best damn review I ever saw! They finally got in on—marched around the parade ground and got the hell off without any more casualties. But he was a *devil* to serve under.

I was at another of those reviews and a runner came up to the reviewing stand with a note. And Merrick turned to me and said, “We’ve lost a C-46 down in California, and I don’t want anybody down there searchin’ for it. I want your people (Civil Air Patrol members). How fast can you move?”

Well, we had most of our people in pretty good shape. Many of them were out there watching, so it was no trick at all to go on the loud speaker and assemble them, give them a briefing. And we had planes in the air within oh, maybe half an hour—our own planes—flying over to the area near Camp Beale. In the meantime, we had been forbidden to fly in the zone—can’t remember the military designation for it—but it was, the ADIZ (Air Defense Internal Zone) boundary of the zone was the summit of the Sierras. And no civilian airplanes of any kind other than airliners could fly west of that area. And Merrick got on the horn and called the headquarters, Sixth Army, and got clearance for our search planes to go down into California and conduct a search. And they (CAP) found the plane, the

wreckage of it. And then Army units from, I think it was Camp Beale, walked into the wreckage site itself, and our people flew back.

He had great confidence in what Civil Air Patrol people could do. We were very lucky. We never let him down. But we had tremendous backing from him. And you could see why he was a successful commander, because he was just a great guy to work with. And anything we needed he’d get.

We had stolen, from an old CCC camp where we found ’em, three ancient ambulances and three ancient stake body, one and a half ton trucks, which we used for our truck transport. And we had a truck company in the Civil Air Patrol, which was not authorized in the Civil Air Patrol tables of authorization. It was known as “Fightin’ Company C.” It was formed by local businessmen. Ray Jefferson, who was the manager of Carlisle’s, was the commanding officer. And all in it were people who had small businesses or managed small businesses; it was almost lifted out of the Rotary Club.

And of course, they had a lot of fun with it. We had this ancient equipment. We had no trouble at all maintaining it. Anytime they had a problem with any vehicle, they could take it into either Forest Lovelock’s Ford agency or Marsh Johnson’s Chevrolet agency. They’d immediately repair it and put it in good shape, at no charge. So that we had no problems.

Well, all this stuff was highly non-regulation. And we kept getting Army people who threatened to take ’em away from us, and scrap ’em. And every time this happened, I talked to Merrick, and Merrick would call McCarran, and you’d never hear of the guy again who was an eager beaver on it. And we got away with that thing for, oh, I don’t know, I guess a year or two.

Finally, somebody far enough up found out about it, and we lost ’em. But Merrick

then turned around and authorized us to use anything we wanted out of his motor pool. So that when I got a call from Air Search and Rescue—and I came to know those people very well, we always worked on the telephone (I never met most of them, I did meet a few) and they would authorize the search.

The conversation usually went this way, Air Rescue would say, “We have a B-24 flying in central Nevada on such and such a course, and we have not heard from it, and it has been out of fuel now for about twenty minutes—down somewhere for sure. We want you to conduct a search. What do you want to do?” And I’d make an instant decision on the phone. I needed so many personnel, so many trucks, I needed so many airplanes, so many horses, so on, and I needed them at such and such a point. We’d move all our ground units at midnight, and they would assemble at such and such a place in the area at daybreak. Our aircraft would take off at Reno at daybreak, refuel maybe at the Austin strip or someplace, and land at such and such an airport.

Meanwhile we would conduct a ground interrogation for leads in the area, and based on whatever evidence we had, we would then proceed with a plan, which we’d file with them—a search plan—and conduct the search, by air and ground.

And they’d say, “That’s an order!” In other words, they’d confirm it. Then I would call the commanding officer of the motor pool at Reno Army Air Base, say, “I have order number so and so from Air Rescue to conduct such and such a search in such and such an area. And I need so many trucks, I need so many drums of eighty-three octane aviation gas for our small planes. I need so many trucks for bales of hay for our horses. I need enlisted men to handle your equipment. “I want ’em formed as a convoy on Virginia Street with the head of the convoy at Fourth and Virginia, facing

south, the convoy extending up the west side of Virginia Street. And I want them to report to me at midnight in that area.

And the motor pool officer’d come back and said, “Fine. Sergeant So and so will be the noncommissioned officer in charge and he’ll report to you.

And I said, “Yes.”

He said, “Good, sir! He’ll be there.”

So then we’d call all our airplane people, and the commanders of all the various units in the CAP. And all our horsemen would have their own trucks and their own horse trailers. And they’d bring truck loads of hay to transfer to the military trucks. And at midnight, we’d move off for wherever we were supposed to go. We did that so often, it just became routine, and it led to pretty much professional performance. We had excellent backing from Merrick. He’d go to bat for us.

After the war was over, Merrick was given a star, retired as a general, lived in Reno, liked it here. He came to me one day and said, “Got a real interesting thing goin’,” he said, “thinkin’ about takin’ a contract to supply arms to Israel.” He said, “Would you like in on it? I think you’d have a lot of fun.”

And it was a real temptation. Of course we could have gone to jail. I know Hank Greenspun was doin’ that, and lost his citizenship, which was ultimately restored by Senator Bible. I never had to make the decision. I don’t think I would have taken it, although it was a tempting thing for the excitement that would have gone with it. But they had a lot of people who were former military people in the war, who—some who were interested emotionally in seeing Israel get established, some who, just for the adventure of it, thought’d be fun to sneak the stuff in past the English, and some who were interested in the money. And there was real money available for

it—I mean, you know— big money. But there were some features to it that Merrick did not explain to me, that he did not like, and he finally backed away from it. And of course, that made the decision for me too, without any trouble at all.

He finally had a heart attack, and is buried out in the cemetery in Reno, the military part of the cemetery. He really was a great guy, and somethin' to work with!

McCarran had strong likes and dislikes, and there was no middle ground. He had a number of real pet hates, one of whom was Hank Greenspun and another one was Denver Dickerson. Denver used to write a column called "Salmagundi," which appeared in a number of newspapers around the state. And Den did a real knifing job on all kinds of people he didn't like for one reason or another. The column was extremely political. And one of his chief targets was McCarran.

At that particular time, I was placing ads in every newspaper in the state for Harolds Club. And we had a policy which called for us to use every newspaper in the state. And of course, I had known Den Dickerson very well, especially from the days when I was in Carson City. And Den was publishing the *Boulder City News*, and giving McCarran a bad time in the editorial columns, continually.

And one night, in the middle of the night, I had a phone call from Washington. Senator McCarran was on the line. I'm standing in my bare feet on the cold floor. He said, "Tom, I thought you were a friend of mine."

And I said, "Well, that's right!"

He said, "If you're such a good friend of mine, how come you're running all that advertising with one of my worst enemies, Denver Dickerson?"

And I said, "Well, I don't place my ads on the basis of my friendship or anybody else's friendship. I do what's best for my clients!"

McCarran said, "If you're a friend of *mine*, you'll cancel that advertising *right now!*"

I said, "Look, you're a lawyer, and you do things for your clients, and your client's interest comes first! And my relationship is exactly the same. I have a client who needs his ads in the *Boulder City News*, regardless of who the publisher is, and I cannot change it no matter how highly I think of somebody who's being attacked by that paper." And he hung up on me!

So I thought, "Well, there goes the end of a beautiful friendship." Next time I saw him, which was a couple of months later, he was just like he always had been. Apparently, he'd thought it through and reached the conclusion that that was the way it was gonna be, and he never spoke of it again and I didn't either. But if I'd given him a half an inch, I'd've never owned my own business. And I had about two seconds in which to make a long, far-reaching decision, but luckily I made the right one.

The fight between McCarran and Hank Greenspun is one fortunately, in which I did not get involved. I knew Greenspun. I liked Greenspun. He's erratic, unpredictable, and sometimes he does things which are completely wrong. But he also has many good attributes, so he's a real mixture. Interesting person.

Case in point, the Nevada newspaper publishers "trade association" is called the Nevada State Press Association. It's composed of all of the publishers of all of the newspapers in the state. It has associate memberships open to people who work in related fields. So I have held an associate membership in that organization, I guess, for I don't know maybe thirty years, somethin' like that. And even at one time I was elected as a "highly illegal Director." And they've done some nice things for me, and I've attempted to be helpful to them over the years.

And the State Press Association was and is and always had been pretty much influenced by Reno Newspapers. Reno Newspapers used to dominate it. Reno Newspapers arranged for the journalism department at the University of Nevada to be the working staff of the state Press Association, to do the work and to have small remuneration from it. It's been largely their creature. And for many years, John Sanford handled the relationship between Reno Newspapers and [Alfred L.] Higginbotham, who was the secretary-manager of the state Press Association.

The Reno Newspapers liked to pretend that there was no such thing as the *Las Vegas Sun*. It was an ordinary, routine thing for the presidents each year of the Press Association to serve in rotation. And if a new publisher came to the state, took over a newspaper, after they had a chance to get acquainted with him, in two or three years, he usually was elected president of the Association. So that everybody had a turn.

Well, when everybody had had a turn about twice, and Greenspun had never yet had the office! —it was pretty apparent that it was deliberate. And those of us who knew John very well, felt maybe John was anti-Semitic, and he also was strongly anti-southern Nevada, and “anti” a number of things. And two of my very good friends in the press organization, and often on its Board, were Walter Cox and Jack McCloskey. Both Walt and Jack are devout Catholics. I'm a thirty-second degree Mason.

We decided among us that Hank was gettin' a real raw deal. And we enjoyed Hank! So for, I guess the only time in the history of that organization, there was a pre-election lobby conducted, in which the three of us got in touch with all the publishers who we were close to, around the state, and pledged everybody to stand up for Hank getting his turn as president!

And when we had the meeting, why, John Sanford and Al Higginbotham had the deal all wired for somebody else I can't remember who it was—to the president. And as I recollect, we had already talked to this guy, so he knew what it was all about. And when we got in the meeting, he withdrew, and Hank was nominated from the floor and elected bang, bang! John was lookin' at Higgie, and Higgie was lookin' at John, and neither one of 'em knew what had happened.

But Hank never quite forgot it, and he became a very good friend to all of us. When Hank got his million-dollar check from Howard Hughes for the sale of his television station, the three of us and our wives had dinner with Hank and Barbara at the Dunes. And Hank passed this check around for all of us to see, and hold, and “ooh and ah!” and admire, and then finally somebody told him what it was costing him to go around town showing that damn thing off instead of putting it in the bank. And the interest he was losing. Barbara took the check and it was in the bank the next day!

I never had anything to do with Hank's maneuvering or his deals, and I wouldn't want any of them. But there's usually three sides to every question in southern Nevada; there's the right side and the wrong side, and there's the Greenspun's side. I do remember this, though—a good friend of mine in Las Vegas was always Mom Ronzone. Mom Ronzone had a little store when I was selling advertising in Las Vegas on the *Age*. And we became good friends. And when she bought a store in Reno, she called me up and asked me if I'd handle the advertising (it was Gray Reid's she bought). And I said (I hadn't seen her in about ten years) and I said, “Absolutely great! How come you're handing me this business?”

She said, “Cause you're the only ad salesman that used to come in after the ads

ran to find out whether they pulled or not, how they worked.” And she said, “I figure you’ll do the same thing up here.” So I had her as a client!

She was a wonderful old gal. She told me one time that she didn’t approve of about ninety percent of the things that Hank was doing in Las Vegas, but that every night when she went to bed, she got down on her knees and thanked God that God had sent Hank Greenspun to have a newspaper in Las Vegas, so that she didn’t face that “monopoly Al Cahlan was running.” And at last they had a chance to get out from under the pressure. Al Cahlan ran a very, very strong newspaper in Las Vegas.

The Cahlans were very strong supporters of McCarran.

Very close. Al was the one who gave the support, and McCarran always helped him. I had some differences with Al, but he was a very capable guy who got a lot of things done one way or another.

McCarran, of course, supported Alan Bible for Attorney General. He also was friendly to Charles Russell. He was friendly to Malone. He supported Malone, after Mechling had defeated Bible. I asked him if he wanted me to help Malone’s campaign, because Malone (I think every time he ran he used to ask me if I could handle his campaign advertising). And I had to tell him “no,” but we remained good friends. Malone was a good friend of my father and mother. I’d known him since I was a kid. McCarran says, “No, it’s too obvious,” and that was the end of that. I thought that was one time when I would get a chance to do it, because Malone had been very nice about it.

Would you like to discuss the making up of the ads, and what kinds of things the McCarran people wanted to stress?

Really, they weren’t very imaginative, and they weren’t very good ads. One of the best campaign gimmicks we had was a little playing card that had a heart on it, and McCarran’s picture on the back—was the ace of hearts—and the slogan “Stand pat with Pat.” And I wish I had some of his campaign literature and advertising here, but I don’t have any.

Essentially, we talked, of course, as you would expect, about the things that he had accomplished for Nevada. And they were many. And we had a powerful, experienced voice in Washington, and the name of the game was to keep him there. And we never had big advertising campaigns.

He did a lot of hand-shaking, a lot of personal travel, meeting the people around the state. He ran a highly personal campaign. He ran it himself. We did put up a lot of signs and posters and things like that all over the state. He had a good committee structure so it was easy. We kept them supplied with campaign literature, posters, and so forth, kept an inventory on it, controlled it. We ran radio spots. There was no television. And still the advertising was—oh, I guess it was an important part of the campaign, but by no means was a dominant part. His personal contacts and appearances, speeches, and talks were his strong points.

And his organization was so good that they would set up parties and receptions and picnics and everything else, at all kinds of places and all kinds of parts of the state, and there’d be big turnouts, and there’d be a particular effort meant to get new people there, so—the old ones had, the new ones he needed to meet. And he was a charmer! He did very well.

The ads, yeah, they had a big headline on McCarran, and each ad would usually—like you would expect—featured a particular asset or accomplishment—what he had done about

water, what he had done for mining, what he had done for silver, what he had done for air service, what he'd done about airport money, highway money, federal grants and matching funds; those were always important. But nothing terribly clever or witty or surprising.

He did not run as a professional Irishman. We never ran anything in green, for instance. He had so much association with mining that I always felt that he overdid it. It didn't do him any harm, but mining was diminishing in Nevada at that point, and it did not have the strength that it had had. It had a great appeal, of course, in the small towns around the state, but the population and the votes were small.

On the other hand, he was probably more aware than anyone else about the rapid growth that was taking place in Clark County. And he worked that area very closely. And this was another reason why Al Cahlan was a strong member of his team, because that *Review-Journal* was the dominant newspaper in southern Nevada.

McCarran did all kinds of things to help Colorado River, water rights, solve all the problems that were possible to solve for Clark County. They had terrible problems all the time, because they were growing so fast. They were growing faster than anyplace else, I guess in the country. And they had utility problems, and sewage problems—you name it.

And McCarran had an aggressiveness, and a resourceful team, so they could dig up all kinds of matching funds for all kinds of services that Las Vegas needed. And of course, that airport is one of the best airports I guess, at least in the west; not the biggest and not the most elaborate, but for the size community it represents, there's not anything else like it, I guess, in the country.

Did I notice as he grew older and after he had his heart attack in 1947, a diminishing of his vigor or a change in his style? He didn't

work the night and day routine that he had before. But he was still quite active. Sure, it slowed him down. But he seemed to me to be just as sharp as ever.

Personality changes perhaps?

I didn't detect any particularly. Our relationship remained the same, and of course, he moved closer and closer to Biltz with the years. And newer people kept turning up in the organization. But the only really difference I can put my finger on was that he didn't work the hours that he had. He used to put in fantastic hours! He had great stamina—he used to put in incredible hours day and night, campaigning. He'd campaign all day, and then he'd make all the bars and all the joints at night, and then the next day, be still making calls and contacts and seeing people. It really was a tremendous show. He was an amazing guy for his age; I don't know how he did it, but he had to have the constitution of an ox.

The Mechling thing [1952] was a frustrating thing for me, because I was doing the campaign advertising for Alan Bible. And when Mechling appeared out of nowhere, with in-laws in Wells, and started going around the state, taking Bible apart, I was completely frustrated because I could not get Alan to do anything that I recommended to him on this. I felt that it would be very easy to destroy Mechling, without doing anything dirty at all, simply to demonstrate that he really didn't know anything about Nevada, except by hearsay. And that if he didn't know anything about Nevada, what kind of a representative would he be?

So I urged Alan to be strong and positive and hard-hitting with lots of local details, but Alan was adamant against it. I thought a lot of Alan and I could just see Mechling taking

the votes away from him! I wanted Alan to get right out in the campaign with him, show up the same places he was in, stand up next to him and say, "All right, Mr. Mechling, which direction does the Humboldt River flow?" And other elementary questions about Nevada! If Mechling had the right answer, he could be congratulated; he'd pick this up in a hurry. And then you ask him *another* one! Pretty quick, he's gonna start missin' some, and the minute he misses *one*, I think you'd have him on the run.

At least it didn't cost anything, at least anything was justified the way he was going around rattling doorknobs, shaking hands, turning on the charm. He had a lot of experience as a radio announcer, he could make impromptu speeches, he could appear to be very aggressive. He didn't say anything except what anybody else would really say when you analyzed the claims he was making. There was nothing to back him up. He was pickin' holes in what Bible had not done, or would not do.

And Bible waged the worst possible campaign under the circumstances. He got *dignified*. And it was just too bad, because Alan Bible had no more need to lose that election (I still feel today), than the man in the moon. All he had to do was get aggressive and take the fight to him, and he could have won!

What I know about Mechling is no more than anybody else. But I think that when you're fighting a war with one of those instant, miraculous saviors like that—they're vulnerable—and I think that you just—the incumbent is so afraid that he'll dignify 'em, he'll lend them importance. Well, of course, we all know how that one turned out, and it can happen. I don't believe in a standoffish campaign. I think go after 'em, go get 'em! And a guy who knows the state well, and knows the people in it, has a tremendous advantage—

and not to use it is just insanity. So we had a real serious difference with Alan on that one.

Did he learn from that?

Well, I think he learned from it, but he never again had a threat of that kind. I think the next campaign we did, and then this last campaign, Alan did not use us. And it was damaging to us at that time. But he felt he needed a local advertising agency in Las Vegas. And while I had a branch office in Las Vegas he used Kelly [and] Reber. And I was competing toe-to-toe with Kelly [and] Reber in the Las Vegas market, and they had a lot of political strength down there with the convention authority. And it was very damaging to me when my old friend used them, 'cause they immediately capitalized on it, and they went around all of Clark County and said, "Well, Wilson is no good any more; his own good friend, Alan Bible, won't use him."

And it did hurt, and it hurt us—the same year, we lost the First National Bank—after that. And the agency business is kinda like dominoes; you get a big account, and you immediately pick up two or three more, because people think that you've got a hot agency—so-called—and a hot team! And if you lose a big one, almost always, you tend to lose another two or three. Because then they figure that maybe your team isn't performing so good, and people are impressed by the clients you have.

Well, this is the sort of thing that happens in the agency business. And Alan's—I'd never missed a campaign with Alan from the time that I was in business, and when I was not used on that one, it was used by my competitors in both ends of the state, and it was damaging. I don't think he had any idea that such a thing would be damaging to me.

You know, you buy a sack of potatoes, or a gallon of gas—it isn't the end of the world if you buy it at a different station, but it made a difference in that one, and it was costly. We are now very good friends again.

People don't remember now about it. It's forgotten, but for about a couple of years it was a damaging thing. I know when we had the Harolds Club account, we could have had about any gambling account in the state, just because Harolds was a big, swinging, gambling advertiser. So you gain in a situation like that; you also can lose in a situation like that. It's part of the agency business.

What about some of the other people who were in the McCarran organization, like Charlie Russell, for example?

I handled his campaigns, but not because of McCarran, but because of Ed Converse. Ed Converse, who as you know, was extremely active in the leadership of the Republican party, was president of Bonanza Airlines. And I think I told you how McCarran helped him get Bonanza certified, in spite of their political differences. Converse was the number one man behind Charlie Russell and managed his campaigns and managed him when he was in office. And I had known Charlie Russell—not well—he was two or three years ahead of me in school. And of course, he had a weekly newspaper out in Ely, and we had done some business with him—most of it we had done with a competing daily—but if I would handle the advertising for Russell's first campaign [1950], and I did. And we enjoyed it, and we did a good job for him. And everything fell into place right, and he was elected.

I used to be called in at times. Charlie felt that even though I was a Democrat, he'd ask for my opinion on some things. And sometimes I could help, and sometimes I

couldn't. It was a strange position to be, when Russell appointed [Ernest S.] Brown as senator [1954], I was one of a group in Russell's office beatin' the bushes for who to give the appointment to. And it was obviously just pretty much a short-term thing, unless they could come up with a serious candidate. And for a while, they were just thinking of somebody who would go in there for a brief period and would not want to run again.

And so I urged them to appoint either Walter Cox or Jack McCloskey, either one of whom would have become instant characters in Washington. They wouldn't have done any harm. They're both smart. They're both politically knowledgeable. A lot of people know 'em and like 'em, and either one of 'em would have been a fun thing and in many ways, a popular thing. Charlie gave it a lot of thought.

But finally, more professional political heads prevailed, and Ernie Brown got the appointment. And then Ernie ran and blew it. I remember Brown was an absolutely, straight, honest guy who would not say that it was a nice day if there was a cloud in the sky, even if ten thousand votes were hinging on it, you know. He got off the airplane in Las Vegas, and was met by a large crowd of Republicans, handed a mike, and he said, "This is the first time I've been in Las Vegas in twenty years" [laughs]. He didn't have political sense, but he was a great person and an able guy. But it's been murder if he'd been in office, I think.

But Russell's people were helping him. I think he was lucky that he had some good people backing him up, like Converse. I think Converse was honest, and an old pro. Converse had been administrative assistant to Senator Styles Bridges, prominent United States senator. Converse had a taste of Washington and what it took.

Did it bother me to have him run twice against Vail Pittman, a good, solid Democrat? I didn't care about who was a Republican and who was a Democrat, but it bothered me to see him run against Pittman. And Pittman didn't have much of an organization. And Vail Pittman asked me to handle his advertising after I had agreed to do it for Russell. I told him. And he said, "Well, would you give me a list of the newspapers and the rates?" He didn't even have that! And so I gave him that, of course. And I felt very badly about that contest.

Immediately after that, Bible announced that he was not going to run for the senate. Before he made his public announcement, he was having dinner at our house, and he said, "I want to talk with you." And we went out in the garage and he said, "I'm not ready to announce it yet, but I want you to know, I'm not going to run again. And you may want to make your plans accordingly. But," he said, "you can count definitely I'll not be a candidate."

So I had really felt badly over Vail Pittman and Charlie, two friends running against each other, so I thought, I'm gonna get out of this whole goddamn mess. This is a great way to do it. I'm just not gonna do any more political advertising! I really don't need it. I've got all the business I can handle and it's real business. And I don't want to go through one of those Pittman things again. You do it, you have to do it right. You have to go all out, and you can't hold any punches. If you're gonna do it, you gotta do it.

And so Molly Malone asked me if I'd handle his campaign, and I said, "No." I hadn't touched base yet, but I had made my decision based on the Bible thing. And two or three other people asked me to handle campaigns, and I said, "No." Bible announced that he was not going to run. Converse put the pressure on me for

Charlie Russell again. And at this point, I had reached the place of no return. I had turned down so many people, if I took a candidate, I felt that I would have about, I don't know how many bitter enemies—not just the candidates themselves, but the people who were with them. So I explained this to Converse, but he would not accept the explanation. I lost the Bonanza account within the year!

Then Bible switched. Lyndon Johnson talked Bible into running again. So Bible came back and wanted me to handle his campaign again, and I couldn't do it! What I did, was really louse myself up in a great way. I haven't done much political since. I've done little, but not much.

What made Bible change his mind?

Well, indirectly from the things that Bible said, and other people in his organization, it was LBJ [1960] just made him a lot of promises, and a lot of power, and a lot of—and really put the heat on, and made it so strong that Bible felt he really had to go.

Did I get involved in any of the city elections? I was on the Committee of Fifty after the Bud Baker thing. That was put together by the Biltz organization, and Ben Edwards did the fronting for Biltz. And there were fifty of us. We used to meet for breakfast over in the Trocadero at the El Cortez Hotel. It was just a cross-section of the business community. And as Ben Edwards explained it, all we were lookin' for were some honest guys who would use common sense—anything to stop what was goin' on. And of course, I knew Ben and I knew Norm and I couldn't believe that somewhere along the way, we'd pick up some people they really wanted in there so they'd have their own council, but if we did, it was done so beautifully that it was not visible to the naked eye.

Some of the people that we got were not great shakes as councilmen, but they were by and large, honest. And different ones of us were—somebody'd offer a name, and some names were pretty mediocre and some excellent, and then who knew 'em—and a couple of guys would be asked to go see if they'd run. And of course, you don't know which of these are rigged and which are not. I talked to a couple. I think Spoon was one; I can't remember who the other was. But I was authorized to tell 'em that they would not be asked anything by anybody to do anything or make any commitments—just run.

They'd try to raise money for 'em, which is really pretty close to "Boy Scout Handbook" to be real. I'm pretty sure that several people on there must have been set-ups for Norm. On the other hand, it was such an improvement over what we were replacing, that I was happy to go along with it.

I really have never—I can't remember having a campaign for either county commissioner—. We have handled some for city council, but they were small campaigns. I can't remember a county commissioner. I'm trying to think who all we had for council. There've been two or three, maybe.

By and large, our city government and our county government have been pretty bad. Those campaigns take a lot of time, and they take a lot of energy, and they get sometimes pretty firey and yet the money isn't there. And political advertising is a costly thing to do, because you do it all on a screaming emergency basis, frequently without funds.

And if you win, usually the winning candidate figures, well, that was your job, and you were well paid for it. And if you lose, it's your fault, and all the politicians in the group will blame you. It's not a particularly desirable kind of advertising to get into.

I did do the advertising for Grant Sawyer. I think Grant was desperate for a chairman for the Nevada Centennial [Nevada Statehood], and he asked me to do it. And I did it, and I worked at it. And we got to be good friends during the Centennial working period, which ran over a couple of years, two or three years. So then when he ran in '66 he asked me if I'd handle his political advertising, and I did. I'd become very impressed with him, during Centennial.

He had a very difficult campaign, and he was very short of money. And Laxalt had all kinds of money—he'd outspend us four, five to one. Frank Sinatra had lost his gaming license at Cal Neva Lodge because of gangsters hanging around and he threatened to defeat Sawyer for re-election. I will always believe Sinatra had a hand in Sawyer's defeat. And a few of the people Sawyer had on his team were extremely difficult to deal with. I would have people who I knew were working for him, and pretty high up in his organization, call me and say, "I want a couple of hundred dollars." Or "I want five hundred dollars, or I want something—we're gonna put on a rally somewhere."

Well, I was operating on a budget, and I made myself a few enemies, 'cause I wouldn't give. I'd say, "It's not my money. My orders are to take 'em from [Richard] Ham, and if you have Ham call me and authorize it, I'll give you the check. As it is, I've got everything committed for every dollar I've got, and I've got a waiting list." You know, some of those people never would speak to me.

And we had a strict agreement, of course, in all political advertising, "Cash with order." I had a line of credit with printers and artists and photographers and all kinds of production people, and many media. If I place an ad—I'm placing thousands of dollars of ads with them—they're the same people I

do business all the time—they'll extend me credit. I don't want the credit for *political* advertising. It's extremely dangerous! You can have a good person, say, "We'll have the money tomorrow." And tomorrow, the union that was gonna give them The money—the business, the trade association, doesn't.

I saw Ralph Denton, whose campaign we had handled—I saw Denton hung out to dry by labor leaders in Washington, D.C., who assured him he'd have a hundred thousand dollars to run with, and then the unions reneged. Meantime, he'd made commitments all over the place. It almost broke him. It took him *years* to work out from underneath that thing. It was only because he had a good reputation and was basically honest, he didn't go bankrupt. He couldn't even have a telephone in his office. His wife got a job. He *just went through hell*. They couldn't have a telephone in their home. They were—they couldn't buy any clothes. They were just—it was terrible, because of what happened to him when he got turned off money-wise.

What you're supposed to do, of course, is come back on your bended knee, and say, "Well, all right. I'll do anything you say. I'm desperate. I'm going to lose the election. What do you want?" And then they give you the money. Real rough!

Grant Sawyer was in a corner all the time during that campaign. All kinds of money that he'd counted on and been promised, dried up. I remember Ham asking me to run, I don't know, maybe ten thousand dollars worth of ads. They'd have the money in a couple of weeks. And I wouldn't do it. And he'd say, "What are you talkin' about? We gave you sixty thousand dollars a couple of months ago."

And I said, "Yeah! Who got the sixty thousand? The newspapers, television, radio, the outdoor. What did I get? Agency commission to pay my staff." I said, "That

wasn't a sixty thousand-dollar gift to me like you're implying." And, "We're barely breakin' even on this account when we look at our time, and I can't finance it. That's what you're asking me to do."

Well, he got very abusive and finally, Grant became aware of it. And he separated Ham from anything to do with advertising and publicity and put another person in charge, who understood what agencies did, and we got along very well.

At the end of that campaign, we were down to like twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours of election day, somebody came up with some money for Grant. And it was—I don't know—maybe a couple thousand dollars—and we were past deadline everywhere, you know, but we ordered the ads, and we wrote the checks against the money that we had, and we had people delivering them by hand, and driving places. Somebody was flying to Vegas and they'd hand deliver it to the papers down there. We spent—we did get some last-minute advertising in for maybe half of it, or a little more than half—I'll say eight or nine hundred dollars perhaps, advertising. We simply could not get more—it was too late; we were past the deadline. And yet, we had turned the money over to the newspapers and the TV and radio stations.

So of course, Grant finished that campaign literally broke, and he needed money terribly. And I still had about—I don't know—as I say maybe eight hundred dollars or so of campaign money, but the advertising hadn't run. So I called up the media and said, "Give us back that money."

They said, "You must be out of your mind!"

And I said, "Well, I sure as hell am not. You didn't deliver the ads. Return the money."

Well, they couldn't understand—you see, if we spent the money, with media we kept

the fifteen percent agency commission on it; if they returned the money, *we* lost our

Why did he have so much trouble raising the money, and why was Laxalt spending it so easily?)

I don't know what areas dried up. 'Course, what obviously happened was, maybe the polls, or maybe somebody convinced a lot of people that Laxalt was gonna win, maybe the Sinatra threat was carried out—. And everybody likes a winner, and a lot of business money dried up and went the Republican route.

It's very difficult for a weak Democratic candidate to get money from a lot of business sources. Of course, once you have an incumbent, then a lot of sources open up in the business community. But for any chance where they think the candidate may not win, they're naturally inclined to give more money to the Republican candidate. And then there are people who make power plays who like to have a candidate desperate and begging. And sometimes a candidate will get desperate and *will* comes begging, and all kinds of hard bargains are driven. And some candidates will promise up to a point and then draw a line, and some won't.

It's a rough game, and it's a rare politician who can avoid making enemies. There's a temptation to be vindictive and remember, but you shouldn't do that in politics. You should smile and take it and win 'em over, and next time around maybe they'll be with you, but it's awful hard for most people to do.

ADVERTISING NEVADA GAMING: HARRAH'S AND HAROLDS

We had a number of interesting clients; and they had a number of interesting business problems. Harrah's operated with a very formalized management committee from whence a chain of command went down to individual departments. Public relations and advertising of course, were on the route that our policies followed.

They were at that time, endeavoring to establish a reputation in the entertainment field to be attractive to the big names in "show biz." For this, they had developed a policy of pampering the big-name talent which they acquired. They had luxurious accommodations for them at Lake Tahoe, and they also had the equivalent in Reno. They customarily met these people at the Reno airport with a Rolls Royce and uniformed chauffeur. And they really went all out to show them a good time. If they enjoyed fishing, they'd take 'em fishing. If they liked to hunt or play golf, they'd arrange for them to do that.

The part of this policy which made it tough on us was that they did not want to bother them with a lot of details, and so

we never had adequate advance material to use. We would have Jack Benny opening, and perhaps just two weeks before he was due to open, we'd begin to get material—photographs, booking information, things to use in the advertising. (We did not handle the publicity.) It meant that we were operating on an overtime crash basis, continually. We managed this by—we had our agency at that time structured with three different account teams and we would rotate this work between one team and another to give them what advance time was possible. And we'd use some teams on totally other types of clients..

When we were doing the advertising for the opening of [Harrah's] big new club at Tahoe, we had our people in the press rooms of the major coast metropolitan newspapers, not because all of our people were experts in newspaper high-speed press work, but they knew enough to know if the ads looked properly and were printed properly, and were acceptable. The principal effect, however, was on the newspaper, and the newspaper press room foreman, and we arranged permission for this ahead of time.

We ran four-color ads—that is, *full* color was the end result. It took four different colored inks to produce this, so the ads ran through the press of course, four times, which is the usual thing. And we ran large ads, almost a full page. And these ads appeared in, not only the San Francisco metropolitan papers, but Los Angeles, and San Diego, and Portland, and Seattle. And each case we had people watching that thing for us on the ground. And the result was, they were printed properly, *in register*, as we say; that is, everything fitted tightly and correctly, and beautifully!

We had nothing to do with the publicity. That was handled by the publicity department of the club. But we did produce and place all of the advertising. And we had much of the advertising on that opening, and particularly things like menus and invitations and special printing, produced on the coast, using coast designers. We had some of the top talent on the west coast. For instance, Jerome Gould of Beverly Hills was the designer we selected to produce a menu. The menu was quite expensive, but it was so beautiful that Harrah used it about four years without changing it. And it was a souvenir piece for people who came to the opening of the show.

You wanted something more about Harrah's. And I touched on the speed with which they moved, and the way in which they operated with a management committee. I understand it's just the same today as it was then. They got too big for that much detail to be handled by a small agency. So they announced that they were going to not use our services, and they let it be known in San Francisco—I think four or five of the large giants, who had branch offices in San Francisco were approached; BBD & O, Foote, Cone and Belding, J. Walter Thompson, I forget who else, but these are agencies with

billings running into the hundred-million-dollar mark, and worldwide. None of 'em would touch a "gambling account" with a ten-foot pole. Harrah's were *very* embarrassed. They turned around and gave us the account for an additional year or two, while they started lookin' again.

And this time they came up with a small San Francisco agency—a very good agency, had just lost the Safeway account and was desperate to replace the account so they wouldn't have to lose some key personnel; it was Hoefer, Dieterich and Brown, and Hoefer kept it. But he had an advantage in negotiating that account. So they eliminated almost all of the frantic features of the service that had given us so much trouble. They kept the account for about ten years. We had it about five, between five and six years, which was a record at that time. But they kept it about twice as long as we did. And now, they have become so big that they wouldn't be bothered with this business where Harrah's would send an ad back because it was a comma instead of a period in a piece of type. (This is true. This is not an exaggeration. They'd have the whole thing done over.)

So Harrah now is organizing, and they just about have it ready, an inside, internal house agency—"captive agency"—which is their own. And they have a staff, I don't know, thirty, forty people, somethin' like that, perhaps. Terribly expensive, and terribly ingrown.

When they had an agency like Hoefer, for instance, Hoefer has twenty other clients. When they sit down to talk business conditions in the Bay area (which is a principal market for Harrah's), Hoefer has twenty clients in that area he's close to. He knows whether they're making a profit; he knows whether business is tough; he knows the consensus of twenty acute businessmen in the Bay area, who say,

"It's going to be tough for about sixty days, but then it's gonna be better'n ever," or, "It's gonna be a long, tough pull," or, "wages are going up," "wages are coming down." They *know* that market inside and out. Hoefer can give them information which is current. Nobody else can, unless it's another San Francisco agency of substantial size.

It's like *my* clients in a market this small. I talk to agencies who are affiliates or friends in other principally western cities, although some in the east (and I do not have a gambling account right now—I will have one in a few months), but I can tell them whether we can expect traffic Out of San Diego with money or not, because of my agency friends or affiliates in San Diego, and so on.

With a house agency you're ingrown. They only know one business, and they only really know one market. But many businesses go through this, and usually they'll keep a house agency for four, five, six years, and then go back to a real agency. They may keep a fair-sized public relations department. But usually the advertising goes back to an accredited agency.

I don't think the Harrah's case with a house agency is caused by the thing that prompted the Hughes hotels to go in-house. When the big shakeup came in the Hughes hotels in Vegas, and Maheu went out and the new management people came in, there was a great panic throughout the entire organization, all the employees, executives, over who was gonna be let go, and who was gonna stay, and what was gonna happen.

So one thing which happens under conditions like that is almost always, each executive tries to build himself a large department, which makes him look important to the business, and gives pause to making any radical changes in a new setup. So Harrah's dropped, I don't know how many agencies,

and went in-house, and built big, internal departments. And it's not too damaging, because the advertising for a resort hotel with a casino is pretty elementary. And an in-house agency can produce lots of—by hiring a good photographer and models—lots of "beautiful girl" pictures, which are the stock in trade.

There's little real thinking in most resort-hotel advertising. There's been nothing new done in about twenty years. The thing is ripe for some new ideas. The great innovator in the gambling business was Raymond I. Smith. When he died, there hasn't been anybody to step into his shoes. There hasn't since been a fundamentally new idea of any magnitude in the gambling marketing or selling. There have been some refinements of previous things, particularly in group travel, and in small-convention selling. But those are the only areas where I see anything new coming; and most of those are really kind of warmed-over things we pioneered.

I see copy that I wrote for Harolds Club twenty years ago for the first gambling package tour, the "bright lights tour," still used by major hotels in Las Vegas. Most are minor variations of a concept of our "three days and two nights package tour." We put that together for Harolds Club.

We had a terrible struggle with United Air Lines to get 'em to do it. They just didn't believe people would buy a product like that. It didn't fit any previous pattern that they had. People took vacations of two weeks or one week or—nothing like this apparently had been done, at least not much. And for them, we sold nine thousand first-class airline tickets between San Francisco and Reno the first year—all business they'd never had; it was entirely on top of their normal volume.

And we had a very difficult time to get 'em to put on additional planes to meet the demand when we began goin' above that

figure. A new chapter in group sales, or individual sales, in that case it was a package sale. But there's still room for some new thinkin'.

But in the meantime, the in-house advertising "agency" guys are doin' very well. And they're meeting the demands, without innovations. And I think one of the reasons for the lack of new thinking is this ingrown, house agency.

We were talking about gambling clubs and their advertising. Harrah's advertising was quite different from Harolds Club. Harrah's used big-name entertainers to develop customer traffic, and so their advertising was based on selling the star or the entertainment as a traffic builder, and it never used to touch on gambling as such.

They have a logo or a symbol, and where they got it, I don't know. I understand it came from a San Francisco agency that preceded us. But they had a little sultan, and there was no reason for it, it had no meaning—I don't know, really, the basis for it, but it was so corny that we criticized it. So then we were given the task of getting rid of the sultan. And so he became smaller, and smaller, and smaller in the ads until finally he was only suggested, and nobody missed him when he wasn't there at all. But it took several months to get rid of the little sultan.

This entertainment advertising, of course, is now chiefly done in Las Vegas. And it's an easy route, if you happen to have big-name entertainment. If you don't have a big-name entertainment, it can be somewhat difficult. But it's a touchy subject. And a great many people, even with moral standards the way they are today, are offended if they are asked to come in and gamble.

As a matter of fact, there's been a law in California that an invitation to gamble is a gross misdemeanor. And there's some

hairsplitting being done in Nevada advertising in California right now. I think one of these times, somebody is going to—as somebody always does—go too far and they may endanger all advertising in California of all gambling establishments.

That isn't as drastic as it sounds. There's a way to evade it, and it's very simple. You don't advertise in California publications, for instance. You advertise in publications which are in interstate commerce like national magazines, for instance, or national newspapers, and so you can get around it. But it can be inhibiting. And also there are some publications which will not accept gambling advertising, just as they will not accept cigarette advertising or liquor advertising. So somebody should—perhaps the state Gaming Commission should—police or at least take an interest in the advertising being done. And I'm not aware of any activity in this direction.

I've always been overcautious on gambling advertising. When Harrah's was designing their big club up at Lake Tahoe, I suggested their architect design that casino so that it would be possible for the general public to go into the show room without going through the casino. Not that we wanted to divert the traffic, but if California ever cracked down on gambling advertising, gambling promotion, there would be a way to divert at least families with children or traffic of certain kinds around the casino area without hurting anything.

Harrah's were definitely not interested in any ideas of that kind at all. They felt if they ever had that problem and couldn't settle it, then they would worry about it. And this has turned out to be the right answer, 'cause they've now gone, oh, ten, twelve years without any evidence of any problems. People are becoming more tolerant. And Nevada's gambling authorities have come a long way

in their views. When gambling was first legalized, you couldn't have windows or door that people could look through and see the gambling inside. Today you can take small children through rows of slot machines and table games, and as long as you keep moving, there's no problem. It's accepted.

I first became acquainted with Raymond I. Smith during the last couple of years of World War II. We were both on a Chamber of Commerce committee to expedite and coordinate relations between the military and the community. We had many problems with military personnel, who were AWOL, or got in trouble in Reno. It was a great place, of course, for people to come in wartime. Then we had, of course, the Reno Army Air Base, and it occasionally generated problems between the town and the base. And so the chamber put together a committee. Raymond I. Smith and me; the other member of the committee was Bob Miller, who at that time was manager of the El Cortez Hotel. And we all got along very well together, and got to know each other quite well in the process. We went through a number of relatively tough problems in which we found who would work with us, and who wouldn't, and we all got along just fine.

So about the time the war ended, or shortly thereafter, one day Raymond I. Smith dropping in my office unexpectedly, and said, "It's been interesting to see what kind of a business you run," and he said, "I've been thinking we should do some advertising for Harolds Club," and he said, "I think you're the person who can help us. Would you like to do our advertising?"

Up to this time, I don't believe any club or gambling establishment in the state had done any real advertising of any kind, with the exception of a sign over its establishment, and one or two on a highway near town, and

perhaps an occasional ad in the newspaper on Mother's Day, or Fourth of July, or some similar event. It was strictly a donation to the newspaper on the request of some advertising salesman. There was no attempt in the gambling industry to use advertising as a real business tool at all.

This is not surprising, when you realize that the people who made up the legal gambling industry in Nevada at that time were all old-timers, most of 'em from the mining camps, the Graham and McKays, the Crumleys; the people down in Las Vegas were the same kind. Many of 'em (not all) had operated illegal gambling establishments, or at best places which had been frowned on by the community, so the less public attention they drew, the healthier conditions were. So the whole name of the gambling game was to be invisible, and not make waves. They did do very well, for many years.

So it's not surprising to realize that Harolds Club was the first one to consider seriously advertising. When you realize they had a carnival background, and carnivals advertise just like show biz in all the little county fairs, they use signs, and display material in parades, and occasional newspaper ads, and of course, that just about was it when it came to advertising in those days.

When Harolds Club was interested in advertising, the only advertising media we had here in Reno besides magazines, newspapers, and radio, were signs. There was a posting shop here for billboards, but it was pretty small. And there was the usual number of sign painters, who painted any kind of sign, any size, any shape. And there was radio station KOH, and that was it!

So we had a talk about advertising, and Raymond I. said, "I want you to think about it, and come back."

And so I thought about it and came back, and met him again on it, and said that I felt that we would do well to base our advertising on an “old western” theme, because gambling was a part of the old west tradition, and that the public might adjust to the idea that gambling belonged in Nevada if they were well aware that it was common in the early days. While perhaps not widely accepted, it was so common as to be a part of the regular community establishment, and part of the activity.

This sounded all right to him, and so I decided to base a few western Nevada historical ads on a test campaign to see how it would go. So I approached historian Effie Mona Mack, the leading local historian and author, to do the research. And Effie was horrified at the idea! I knew her very well I’d gone to school to her. I’d been in her classes. She was *the* local historian, with the possible exception of Dr. Jennie Wier, at that time, in Nevada.

I felt that if she did it, our material would be accurate. And I had discussed the importance of accuracy with Raymond I. Smith. I said, “It’s goin’ to cost you a little more but you’ll have the respect of a lot of conservative people, and those are the ones you’re interested in.”

So he said, “Okay.” No argument. And it was much more far-reaching than I had expected. Because we were still not sure where we were going.

I approached the local cartoonist, Lew Hymers, not for cartoons, but I had seen some of Lew’s serious work, and he was a beautiful draftsman, his pen and ink work on serious material (when he wanted to do it) was *thoroughly* professional. I remember seeing a sketch he had done of a six-horse team and a stagecoach, and it was not only well done, but quite accurate. And I approached him to see if

he would do our illustrations. And he couldn’t have cared less! He was not interested.

But I was familiar with typography and art in the San Francisco market, and I knew of most of the leading commercial art firms. And at that time one of the stronger, larger commercial art firms was Shawl, Nyeland, and Seavey. They were all three good artists. They had a number of people working for them. And I approached them with the idea of doing the illustrations, and explained the importance of authenticity and the detail. And they were interested. Like me, they weren’t at all sure that it was more than just a flash in the pan. But on the basis of a steady series, I got a price of a hundred and eighty-three dollars per illustration! And that was about half of the going price at that time, but business was a little slow in San Francisco. And so we did sixteen ads.

Without Effie Mack as a researcher, I had a hard time. I think our first researcher was Mrs. Peter Burke. Her husband was a printing salesman, and a member of the legislature, and himself interested in Nevada history. I don’t think his wife knew much about it, but she was an intelligent gal, and she learned to go up to the Historical Society and dig out what we were after.

We put together, oh, maybe sixteen, twenty ads. And I picked a formal which would stand reprinting. I thought maybe we’d have a series of pamphlets. So I had a layout prepared where we could take the logo or the signature of the firm off the bottom, and with the illustration on top and the headline, and the text—it would fill a page beautifully for reprint purposes. I had no idea of it being printed in book form, but I thought maybe pamphlets would have some possible use as mailing pieces or something, after the material was published as a newspaper ad.

So we produced those ads. We ran them in Reno newspapers, and one or two others,

I can't remember which ones now, and they were an instant hit, right now! We got phone calls, got mail; the newspaper got mail, and we realized we had something worth doing. We decided to make a campaign of it. It was okay!

And in discussing where they should run, Raymond I. said—. (You notice I'm not calling him "Pappy." Pappy was a name—the only person I heard really use it was Harold Smith. At that time he was not Harold Smith, Sr. Harold Smith, Jr.—today—was named for his grandfather, Raymond I. Smith, and subsequently had his name changed legally to Harold Smith, Jr. with the idea that someday he'd be running the club. But Harold, Sr. called his father Pappy. He would say, "Hey, Pappy." But as far as the employees of the club went, it was "Mr. Smith," and as far as other people, it was "Raymond," or "Raymond I." And his wife to this day calls him Raymond. Iola Smith has always called him Raymond. When Harold Smith, Jr. got married, some of his wives, including Janet, began referring publicly to "Pappy Smith" and in the last fifteen years or so, that name has become common.) But Raymond I. said, "Why don't we run it in *all* the Nevada newspapers?" So we did!

We ran this series of ads in all the papers in the state. And we ran 'em every week of the year. We did not repeat them. Each week saw a new ad!

Our research load increased.. In the next, oh, seven, eight years we had maybe three different women doing research. I can't remember the other two. And then finally, I think it was the last, for about eight years, we had Mrs. [Myrtle] Myles, who was very interested in Nevada history, do most of the research.

Once in awhile, if we had a tough one, when I was down in San Francisco (and I made frequent trips in those days), my wife and I'd drop in at Bancroft Library at the

University of California. We got to know them, and they knew what we wanted, and they were very cooperative and a great help. so occasionally, we'd research one ourselves, but essentially, practically everything was researched by Mrs. Myles in that period.

In the course of this, Clara Beatty, head of the Nevada Historical Society, without our knowledge, took the series and submitted it to the American Association for State and Local History. And Harolds Club won the Award of Merit! This has been forgotten. I remember when the Fallon museum, the Churchill County Museum, about three years ago, won one of these. It was published that it was the "first and only" time that this award was made to anybody in Nevada. So I brought a photostat down and showed it to some of the people in the Historical Society, and when they had the testimonial dinner for Mrs. Myles, why, that was mentioned that night, which was fun.

The series also won a number of awards in the agency competition. The artists were excellent. The work was good. Two or three times they suggested they ought to raise the price, and each time I'd say, "We're married to that price. There isn't another job like this in the United States, where year after year, week after week, you never miss one, you're never paid ten minutes late. It's the greatest deal anybody ever saw.

Once, I suddenly realized that Nyeland was not doing the illustration because the style would be a little different. And I'd call him on it, and they'd shape up. In general, our relations were good, but I really found it was necessary to police the job to keep the quality and to hold the price.

The firm is now broken up. Of course, this has been a good many years, but both Nyeland and Louis Shawl are independent free-lance artists in San Francisco. I don't know what's

happened to Seavey. He dropped out of the firm, and I'm not even sure whether he's any long alive. But there's no question it was the longest, continuous art project, I guess at least in the West, if not in the country. Ran over twelve years without a single break. We finally wound up with an advertising campaign in every newspaper in the state, with an ad every week.

The size of the ad was carefully determined so that it did not dominate even the small newspapers. It was not quite a half page or a quarter page. It wasn't a definable, recognizable fraction of a page. It actually was a quarter of a page, plus two inches more. And yet it was designed so it wouldn't dominate the paper, but it would have a good recognition factor.

Very simple format with a dramatic illustration, quite a bit of text—had to be to tell—seems to me there were fifty-two lines of fifty-nine characters per line, to fit the area where the text went. And I got so I could write fifty-nine-character lines like you wouldn't believe! It was sort of like a super headline writing. (You know, when you write headlines for newspapers, you have what they call a headline count—so many characters, a certain size, for a line of a certain style headline. And you learn to think in twenty-one characters, short words. You develop a vocabulary of short words.) Well, in this case, we could use any length words we wanted, but we had to think in phrasing of about fifty-nine characters, so we got so we could write 'em.

In the reprinting of the newspaper ads which ran in Nevada and were based on Nevada history, we made our test, as I mentioned, on a sixteen-page paperback, which indicated that there was a popular appeal to these stories. So I assembled copies of the ads and grouped them loosely in

chronological order. And we printed them in paperback book form.

I have always regretted that I did not know enough at that time to include footnotes and references (we had them). And they were available in a shape that would have been very simple to use as footnotes for each individual ad. We had a rule of thumb, we had to have at least two, and preferably three independent sources for each story that we ran.

Some of these may have had one way back, one original source which—we found reprinted in two or three different places, so that without knowing it, we had a single source. Some of them had some errors in them. Although by and large, they're accurate, considering we had no professional researchers in the state at all, and the source material, much of which was the Historical Society, was sometimes questionable because they didn't have all the resources, either. And yet, they were interesting, and they were readable.

The reception by the public was very good. I can't remember the number we had printed for the first edition, but I think it was probably around 10,000.

We developed a totally new marketing plan for books. We were aware that the average small newspaper in Nevada is a newspaper, but it's also a print shop, and it's also the community stationery store with office and business forms and supplies, so we worked up a plan by which all the community newspapers in the state could get shipments of these books on consignment, so they had no cash outlay. We gave them an advertising kit so that they could use ads promoting the sale of the books for filler in their own newspapers, carrying at the bottom of the ad that you could buy *Pioneer Nevada* at the *Lovelock Review-Miner*, or the *Humboldt Star*, and so on.

There was about, as I recall (I can't even remember the price), but there was about a twenty, twenty-five percent markup for the newspaper publisher who retailed them. We had point of purchase material, that is, counter cards and easel cards for counters, and windows.

I think the newspaper which sold the most books— (in fact they used to get two or three hundred at a time, and they'd move right out). Finally, I went up to Lovelock and asked Paul K. Gardner, the publisher, what he was doing; he was out-selling everybody else in the state. And he said, "Well, nobody comes to the newspaper plant. We're a couple of blocks off the main street," but, he said, "I have an arrangement down at the Greyhound station, and" he said, "I set up all that material down there, and cut them in on the profit." And he said, "We sell some almost every time a bus comes through town." And of course, we passed the word to some of the other newspapers around the state.

We did have them on sale in a few San Francisco book stores, including the one at the San Francisco airport. There were a few other book shops, when they found out how they were selling, which wanted to sell them. We had a very informal approach. It was totally different from the usual publisher's book marketing programs.

We ran out of the initial 10,000 very quickly—10,000 copies. We reprinted, and we reprinted, and we reprinted, and in the space of oh, five or six years I guess, we sold more than 100,000 copies. I don't know how many were finally sold before they quit reprinting em.

So then we published Volume II, which contained, oh, maybe half as many anecdotes, and it did not sell as well as the first book. It was not pushed as hard, and of course, it didn't have the size.

There was a period in which *Pioneer Nevada* was used in many of the elementary schools of the state as a textbook in Nevada history. This always tickled me, that a gambling club's promotion piece was being used as an educational tool. It still is being used in some of the Las Vegas schools. My grandchildren in Las Vegas were very excited and told me one day that they were using *Pioneer Nevada* in their classes for reference work. And I hate to count the number of years that have gone past since that book was put together!

We, of course, have had nothing to do with it now for a long time. When Howard Hughes people bought Harolds Club, they acquired the copyright to the book. I had always copyrighted those stories and those books in the name of Harolds Club. And Hughes gave all the rights to Pioneer Nevada to the state of Nevada. The Department of Economic Development is trying to figure some way to use them. And they have not come up with an answer they're happy with yet. And I'm not sure what form it will take, if they do. (I kind of wish now I had kept the copyright myself.)

Well, it's not a very scholarly project in many respects, but I think it did something to popularize Nevada history, which was the name of the game. I am sure the first thirteen sequences of the television series on "Bonanza" were straight lifts out of *Pioneer Nevada*. I recognized the material. I think it was Dave Dortort who put that together and sold it to NBC. And the books are also used as a reference material. I recognize it once in awhile. Some of the First National Bank television series had incidents which were lifted from it; it's become an unofficial source for a lot of things.

I've been approached a number of times to put together a television series on Nevada history, but the people who want this have no

idea how much work is involved—research and the just plain pick-and-shovel digging that goes into it. And when you quote a reasonable price, they're shaken. They expect it for nothing. They think somebody wants to do it so badly that they can get it for nothing. And it's some of the hardest kind of work you can get into.

We also ran other ads for Harolds Club. Raymond I. Smith became interested in putting on fireworks displays. And he located an elderly fireworks firm owned by a man by the name of Cronkite, who lived down in one of the Los Angeles suburbs. A very nice old guy, who was a real professional. And every summer in Mackay Stadium, we used to have all kinds of fireworks; of course, admission was free, and they'd fill that stadium—I don't know, six, seven thousand people, I guess, at a time. This went on for a number of years.

Harolds Club, during the war, had sponsored a number of different patriotic organizations, and organizations which served hot coffee to soldiers and whatnot. And we were interested in the reaction they got, and the popularity which such public service seemed to engender. And so Harolds Club brought on a number of programs helping hospitals, helping churches, helping day schools, similar projects in the community, some of which were very much worthwhile.

All of this activity generated a lot of attention to the club, and its patronage began to grow. Now, it's difficult for people to realize how small Harolds Club was in 1945. It was in the "wrong end of town." I remember looking at the location which later became Harolds Club, before they were in Reno. And it was an abandoned building down near the alley. The windows hadn't been washed in two or three years. In the back of the filthy windows were dust and dirt, and old newspapers, and old carnival posters, trash, and an empty

building just quietly decaying and falling apart. It was on the ground floor of a fourth-rate flophouse-hotel.

The first improvement in that area came when George Johnson opened the "Giant Hamburger Stand" next door to what became Harolds Club, between it and the alley. And Johnson was a very energetic, enthusiastic, outgoing person, and he rapidly built up the size of his hamburger shop.

When the Smith family came to Reno, and Harold first came here, and I think it was about 1935—. They had, from the stories they told me, they had backed the wrong district attorney in some little town in California, and their carnival got in trouble. By then, gambling had been legal two or three years in Nevada. Raymond I. sent his oldest son, Harold, up to see what it was like. And Harold took a look at the Palace Club and the Bank Club, and the town in general, and came back and said that he felt it was worthwhile. Raymond I. came up and took a look, and agreed. So they moved the family up.

And, of course, the way they started is a story in itself, and other people have told it. They really began with nothing. But they treated people very well. They were a radical departure from the old-time gamblers of the mining-camp era, who were grim and silent, and never smiled, never said anything unless they had to, and it was a real, cold, stony-faced kind of business. The carnival atmosphere the Smiths brought was open, and warm, and friendly with a lot of wise-cracking, and kidding and joking back and forth. And Raymond I.'s wife at that time was a dealer. It was a family operation, and they gradually hired a few friends as dealers.

I heard Graham and McKay (owners of the Bank Club) talking with their lawyer, Bill Woodburn, one time—I guess it was in 1939, in Reno. And one of 'em said, "I wonder what

Smith's goin' to do next?" And the other one said, "The man's insane!" And that was their answer for all of the new things he was doing.

I enjoyed working with Raymond I. tremendously. It was a great experience. Anything was possible! He had many of the ideas for which I was given credit. The outdoor campaign started with an idea of his. We were looking at signs along the road, and he made remarks about the number of people who saw them, and that there was a lot of tourist business available to Reno, which could be attracted by Harolds Club.

He said, "Maybe we oughta put up a few signs."

And I said, "This is what they cost. This is what they rent for."

And he said, "No. From a tax standpoint," he said, "I'd be in better shape if I owned 'em."

So I said, "All right. I think the people with the most experience in owning their own signs is probably Coca Cola. And there's a Coca Cola sign over there next to the road; let's take a look at it."

So we went over, and the Coca Cola sign was about as wide as a standard billboard, but it was not as high. And it was fairly apparent to me that if it were not too high, it would still be visible, but it would not have as much wind load on it, so that maintenance would be much cheaper. And it was interesting to me that it was not hand-painted. It was baked enamel on metal, which, while quite costly, could be produced cheaply if it were done in quantity, and would have a much, much, much longer life.

We discussed this as we were looking it over, and he said, "I wonder where we can get 'em."

And I said, "Well, there's gotta be somebody's name somewhere." I looked around in back of the sign, and it said, "Allan Morrison Sign Company, Lynchberg—" I

can't remember, I guess it was West Virginia. So I felt that had to be a pretty good sign company to produce signs for Coke, that Allan E. Morrison signs this far west would indicate a pretty good-sized operation.

So I wrote 'em a letter just with that much address on it. I got a nice letter back. And I don't know how many hundred-thousand-dollars worth of signs I ultimately bought from Allan E. Morrison Sign Company! I never met 'em face to face., Talked to them on the phone a lot. They were a good outfit. They were honest. They were conscientious. They were dependable. And we did a lot of business and I always felt we became good friends, even though I would never recognize 'em, if I'd ever seen 'em

We bought a number of signs. I can't remember the date of the first order. And we used cartoon characters, because I felt, and Raymond I. agreed, that the minute we treated gambling as the serious business, we became tangled with all kinds of things, and seriousness was just a bad approach.

But if we treated it as *not* being serious, that it was a form of recreation, that it was *fun*, it was simple, it was not going to make or break civilization, and it was a thing that was optional, we were on reasonably sound ground. So we had started by using real simple, little cartoons; a man in a barrel who had lost his clothes, presumably gambling at Harolds Club, was the most widely-used character. They were very unsophisticated, very broad appeal. Our slogan was "Harolds Club or Bust."

The Harolds Club market at that time was largely uneducated, lower and middle income. They gambled because they thought it was fun. They were treated to all kinds of wisecracks and jokes in the club, which was fun. So we made that the general theme of the advertising, other than the historical series.

The signs reflected the cartoon approach. The “Harolds Club or Bust,” and the covered wagon coming west, drawn by a couple of oxen who were laughing. (I had a hard time getting the artist to do a cartoon of a laughing ox. He finally came through.) And this became almost a trademark between the man in the barrel, and the half-flying covered wagon.

We put up test showings of these signs, in different locations, and we got an immediate response! Apparently we were moving in the right direction. So we had a crew of club employees who we trained to put up signs, and how to negotiate with landowners and whatnot.

I wrote a lease which was then approved by the Harolds Club attorneys. But what I did was lift the lease terms from the regular outdoor sign companies, so it didn’t require much inventiveness. I wrote specifications based on the outdoor industry, and its locations. We gradually got into a sign project, which became more and more popular. Finally, it became a conversation piece.

We administered the sign campaign out of our own offices. And I had people on my staff who kept track of the locations, and traffic count, who kept track of the work. The people in the field were all Harolds Club employees, but they took direction from us. And we would give them—I subscribed to all of the traffic audits for the outdoor industry in the country, and I also purchased every year a copy of highway traffic counts from the various highway departments, so that we had a library on traffic volume, and before we sent a team into (for instance, Kansas) we would make a study of the traffic flow on the major highways in Kansas.

We picked areas where traffic was highest. We were particularly concerned with the east-west traffic flow, hoping people would

ultimately come through Nevada on Highway 40. We would define the areas for the location teams to negotiate. And they would go to some farmer, and offer to lease a sign site next to the highway.

I can’t remember now what we paid, and I’d hate to guess, but sign locations then, and even now, are quite inexpensive. We had a standard lease which they would sign, and identify the place with stakes. And then the crews would put the signs up. They’d have them in the trucks, and they would put ’em on the site quickly.

We ultimately reached a scale where we had several thousand signs, and we would have Allan Morrison drop a shipment of a thousand signs, or five hundred signs, or two hundred signs, or whatever the quantity was, at different warehouses in different cities, timed for the crews to pick ’em up and put ’em up. The crews would work in the wintertime in the deep South, and in the summertime in the northern states. And we ultimately had 2,300 signs from coast to coast.

This became such a conversation piece that troops on duty overseas in Europe would put up home-made signs, “12,000 miles to Harolds Club or Bust,” and they’d copy the signs that they’d seen at home. There were Harolds signs in the Brenner Pass; there were Harolds signs in Korea; there were Harolds signs all over, literally all over the world. At one time when the Strategic Air Command unit was leaving the United States to go on patrol around the Iron Curtain, they asked for small “Harolds Club or Bust” signs which they could drop while flying through eastern Europe. And so we had signs made in Russian with a covered wagon, and “Harolds Club or Bust” made in miniature, which they dropped and had a lot of fun!

While I’m on outdoor advertising, I’d better say we had one other campaign

that was used in Nevada in addition to the regular one. We took the stories out of our newspaper ads based on Nevada history, and we developed what amounted to an historical marker—actually it was a big sign—baked enamel, beautiful artwork with a changeable open book that told the history of the local area where the sign was placed. We had a prototype made.

I took it to the highway board and the highway engineer, and said, “Will you let us put this on highway right-of-way? I know it’s against the law, but we think a sign in the middle of Goldfield, telling a little bit about Goldfield to the tourist, or a sign out on Highway 40 where you can look out across the big Humboldt Sink, and it tells about the Forty-Mile Desert, or a sign at other key points coming across on U.S. 40 or U.S. 50 in the state—I think this is a benefit to the economy of the whole state. Sure, it has Harolds Club name on it. They can’t take a tax deduction if there isn’t, and they are commercial. But we don’t have a historical marking program in our state. And it’s important.”

They bought it! We put fifty-some signs up all around the state of Nevada. Beautiful, big blue panels— you may remember seeing some of ‘em. And they were well-maintained, and they were kept, and they were on highway right-of-way. And they were a tremendous goodwill builder. Tourists—the Club got hundreds and hundreds of letters every year from tourists who enjoyed it.

About this time, I found out Harolds Club was getting requests from officers’ clubs in Germany, or Korea, or other places for used dice, used cards, other gambling paraphernalia they could use in the officer’s club or enlisted men’s club, or something on military bases for parties. I suggested that we oughta make up a “party kit,” that we should put a number of things that could be used for

a party based on the idea of a night at Harolds Club in a package.

And like all of these countless ideas that he had or we had (this one happened to be mine), we’d move on them, and usually *right now*, or the next day, somebody would be asking “why it wasn’t done.”

The party kit—we really had a lot of fun—I drew up a party kit, trying to think of all the things, if I were chairman of a party, I would need. For instance, we had printed a sign about ten feet long and about three feet high that said, “Harolds Club Main Entrance” that could go on the outside of a building where the party was being held. Then inside, we had decorations to go on all the walls, and we had a lot of cartoon characters done as portraits with a— even the frames were painted on (they were all printed, but they were printed by silk screen process), put on with thumbtacks. We’d have “our hero, the local district attorney,” and then we’d show a very shifty-eyed, obviously dishonest cartoon character who was the “local district attorney,” and obviously in the payoff of this “pretend-type club.” We had other characters. We had what was obviously a madam of the local house of prostitution and three or four of her “girls,” all cartoon, all portraits. We had the “chief of police” who had money stickin’ out his coat collar. And we had “head of the vice squad” in cartoon. We had—I don’t know—maybe fifteen or twenty of these cartoon characters, which would be conversation pieces, as portraits on the wall.

We had actual game layouts which were designed to fit on card tables. We knew folding card tables would be available in all these military clubs. So if you could put two tables together and tie ‘em with string (and we had directions), then we’d put a crap layout, which was printed on paper, silk screen, or a “21” layout on a single cartable, or—we did not of

course, have a roulette wheel, because nobody could fabricate a paper wheel, but we had the other realistic table game layouts.

We had a row of printed slot machines, which you simply tacked against the wall. They were paintings of slot machines, all of 'em were on "jackpot," but of course, they were just a painting that was printed. They were life size.

We had all kinds of humorous signs: "Don't spit, the floor leaks," and on the ceiling, "What're you lookin' up here for, you'll get your pockets picked," and restroom signs, and all kinds of signs—crazy, fun signs.

We had life-size cutout figures of a cocktail waitress, girl dealers, bouncers with teeth missing, front gold teeth. We had a complete set that you could just build a party around, without any activity other than thumbtacks, and stickum tape—put it on. Harolds Club gave those free for—I don't know, maybe ten years, to places all over the world. They were in a box about the size of a box for a man's suit. I understand that the last ten or twelve years, Harolds Club has still been doing it, but now they charge for it; they're a profit-making item. And most of the characters are still the same as they were originally.

We had a lot of fun with other projects. It was a real fun thing to work with. We had to come up with more and more ideas as the club began to grow. The club grew from its original location, and in its original location the building was perhaps thirty feet wide, and I'm guessing at maybe fifty, sixty feet deep, with the plank floor. And they covered the cracked plaster on both sides with mirrors, so it was like an old-fashioned barber shop.

You could look on both sides; you could see your reflection, twenty or thirty times, diminishing off into the distance, and tube neon lights with a real glare. There was

nothing beautiful about the club. It was a nuts and bolts factory.

Raymond I. Smith was a teetotaler. He didn't believe in drinking. He realized he had to have a bar. He did. He did not have a restaurant. He said, "I don't think it's fair for me in the gambling business to serve food, and drive the people who have a life investment in a restaurant out of business." And for many, many years, when anybody wanted a meal or the Harolds Club family or officers took people out to lunch or to dinner somewhere, they'd usually go to the Grand Cafe or some other local restaurant, maybe across the street. But they did not get into the restaurant business until they were actually forced to by competition.

And they reached that point after a number of years where their customers actually were going out, and going into the Nevada Club next door, or another club, where meals were served, and where prices were low because the meals were being used as a traffic builder. Then reluctantly, Harolds Club got into the restaurant business.

The growth of Harolds Club was spectacular. They were enlarging, and enlarging, up until the time, I think, that Raymond I. died, or at least became less active in the business. They got into all kinds of terrible legal complications, because they were leasing part of the building. They wound up with a combination of parts of the location which they owned and parts purchased, and parts which they leased. The Chase family, Dr. Chase, owned a major part of the property, and having seen Harolds Club grow, naturally was very disinclined to sell anything. The building as it was ultimately constructed, was a hodge-podge of things they owned, and things they rented or leased.

Usually on major projects, I was made aware of them, and included in the family discussions. We had an extremely close

relationship. But on the building, I was not brought in until the plans were all drawn. The architectural firm was completing the specs, and Raymond I. said, "I think you oughta take a look at this thing. We're gonna put up a building."

And I was a little shocked, and I went in and took a look at the building. And then he said, "What do you think of it?"

And I said, "Well, off the top of my head, I think that this building is entirely too specialized. It can only be used for a gambling club. You may have a gambling club forever, your successors may have one forever, but some day gambling will be illegal, either on a federal level or on a state level, but the history of gambling has been—it's a revolving thing as far back as we have any record. It's been illegal, then legal, and then illegal, and then legal, back and forth as society's attitudes change. And I don't think it would cost you any more, or much more, to design your building so it could be used for gambling, but also could be used someday for offices. If it ever came by, you'd still get something out of your investment."

Well, the architects weren't about to have any of this. They said they had all kinds of reasons why we couldn't change anything. The steel had been bought. You couldn't get the steel changed. It wouldn't fit the change in plans. It was a heavy investment in plans and specs.

I had a couple of private conversations with Raymond I. and he said to me that he felt that I was absolutely right. But he said, "Hell, we're so far along on this thing," he said, "we'd have to bring in other—we'd have to run a real investigation to see how much of this is valid," and he said, "we're in a hurry. There's a lot of business available. We don't want to delay. We'll just take the risk."

So I was overruled, and they went ahead and built it. They had all kinds of complications

with getting people up into the upper floors. We had a lot of traffic builders we had to put in, things like a silver-dollar bar, which was pretty obvious, in the upper floors.

Old Man Stagg came to town. He was a onetime photographer for the old *San Francisco Call*. And he had picked up two or three collections of junk and some good authentic historic material, so that he had a museum, literally on wheels. And Stagg came to me for advice. And I said, "I'd like to see you lease with option, the town of Washoe City, which is an authentic ghost town, on a main highway, put your material in there, ultimately reconstruct Washoe City," and I said, "You'd have something that could become a national tourist attraction." And these were, bear in mind, twenty or so years ahead of Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm and similar things which later were developed along this line.

Stagg said he didn't have the money. He simply couldn't afford to do something like this. In fact, he was out of money, and he had to make a move in a hurry, or he was going to start losing what he had. He was on the ragged edge. So he talked his way into an abandoned nightclub, a joint called the Inferno, next to Reno Printing Company on Center Street. He talked the landlord into letting him in on spec. It became known as "Roaring Camp" and developed a strong tourist appeal; almost immediately, it was a success.

Raymond I. took a look at that, and he thought, that's what we need on the third floor of our building to draw traffic. So he and Stagg worked out a deal, and it was a good one. And Stagg's stuff was moved up to the third floor, and he was cut in on some of the business and did very well. He had a contract (as part of the purchase price) in which he drove an automobile wherever he wanted to go, and presumably was advertising Harolds Club by handing out souvenirs, and gifts and knick-

knacks, and he enjoyed it. As long as he lived, and was able to do it, Stagg, who was a real interesting guy himself, had a real fun-type deal. And “Roaring Camp” was a success; the name was given to the third floor.

The seventh-floor restaurant also never quite got off the ground. It had a continuing struggle. They didn’t know the entertainment business. They had a hard time booking good acts. They had an idea that a man who was a successful dealer could be a successful talent manager. So they had a lot of problems. At times it would show a profit, at times it would not. But it was an uphill struggle to keep it going all the time, whereas the rest of the club was doing very well without pushing.

A major concern in those days was whether gambling would continue to be legal. Every once in awhile, there’d be a rumble in Washington that there’d be national legislation which would close down Nevada. Gambling was beginning to get on its feet in Clark County. There’d always been some since the days of Boulder Dam construction and the legalization of gambling, but now it was beginning to blossom. And the Harolds Club national advertising—occasionally in magazines, and in newspapers—was attracting national attention, so there was concern.

Also, we weren’t really sure how Nevada people felt. I suggested an opinion survey, every year prior to a legislative session, which meant every alternate year, we’d conduct it in the summertime preceding the legislative session. If we found we had a problem, we’d have a few months in which to try to rectify the situation. We never did find we had a serious problem, although some problems did turn up. I engaged Facts Consolidated, a San Francisco-based research firm of good reputation, to come in and conduct professional surveys.

Facts, I think, did a good job.. At one time we found we had a negative attitude on the part of the people at Ely, which puzzled me because it was an old-time mining area. So we took a careful look at it, and we found out that it was the housewives in town who were upset because their husbands were coming off shift at the copper company, and stopping in the clubs in Ely and in Riepetown, and gambling away the paycheck, and consequently, they were running short on grocery and other household money! Also, we realized that Ely and Ely’s copper operation were not like the gold and silver mining towns of the state with that strong mining and western tradition. It really was an *industrial* area! The equipment used was a massive machinery on the surface, the underground mine was no longer being worked that Con Copper had out there. The mill was like a factory. The smelter was like a factory. These were really *industrial* workers, not really mining people, who were working on the day-to-day jobs. And they had a different background. But that was the only negative report that we ever ran into in Nevada.

We used to have people come in from California, who would tell the gambling industry in Nevada, there was going to be a bill to legalize gambling in California! And they could get it killed for \$50,000 (Or one year it was \$80,000). And after this had been going on awhile, I suggested that we have Facts Consolidated conduct an opinion study in California, and evaluate whether these moods were really serious or whether it was just an old-fashioned shakedown.

And so for—I don’t know—I think about \$5,000, we ran a study in California one year, and there was absolutely *no* sentiment in favor, and a *very* strong sentiment against legalized gambling in California! I think the request that year had been \$80,000, so surveys

paid for themselves over a considerable period on that one-time shot.

California politicians used to throw their weight around a little bit in Nevada. I remember Riley, who was the head of the liquor board, or whatever it was called—the liquor authority in California was tremendously powerful. It was very difficult to get a license, and licenses could be sold back and forth. Sometimes they went with the property, and sometimes they didn't. And they investigated the licensee, and—. So licenses were extremely valuable property in California. And the man who ran the licensing division was virtually a little Caesar.

I remember one time he called me. And he said he wanted a number of favors done in Nevada, and he expected to have them done in twenty-four hours, and a few more things.

And I said, "Mister, you're in *California*, not Nevada. We don't get our liquor license from you."

He said, "Well, I'll want to know that—I can make a lot of trouble for you. Now do I or don't I?"

And I said, "You don't." And nothing happened. But he was used to having his own way. He was a tremendous power in California.

The California labor unions did bother us. They came in and shook us down for ads in phony programs. And Harolds Club was not prepared to fight, because it would be very simple for them to throw pickets around Harolds Club, and their members in California couldn't cross that line. And so Harolds Club and all other Reno gambling establishments bought highly-inflated advertising costs, and questionable newspapers, and programs, and whatnot in the Bay area for years. I have no idea what, how long it continued, or if it's still going on. But they felt they were vulnerable, and it wasn't worth the fight, so they "bought."

The Harolds Club promotion really made Reno. The Chamber of Commerce never had any real money. Harolds Club was the first gambling club to really donate to the Chamber of Commerce. It was "unthinkable that a gambler would be on the Chamber board," so Guy Lent, who was their head bookkeeper, became the member of the Chamber to represent Harolds Club. And Guy Lent gradually worked more and more into position as community relations director, although he never held the title; it was a function he performed as well as being a head bookkeeper.

Guy Lent had come to Reno for a divorce. He married a gal from back home, Angela. He worked as a bookkeeper, starting the hard way at Harolds Club, but he was conscientious, and quite able, and worked his way up until he was the head of the bookkeeping department, and then became a—I think—a corporate official; I think he was deputy treasurer, or assistant treasurer, or something—one of the Smith family was treasurer, but Lent did the work on the corporation. I don't believe he was ever a member of the board. As far as I know, the board was composed of members of the Smith family itself.

M.A. Diskin was their attorney. Diskin was a very respected attorney in town. He was a member of the old Wingfield machine. He had been attorney general and lived in Carson. He had come from the Tonopah-Goldfield area in the old days. Extremely close to Wingfield himself. Highly reputable, and I think thoroughly honest. But he was a problem for me.

One time when Kefauver was preparing to run for president, and he was running against crime, and he decided that it'd be a feather in his cap if he put gambling in Nevada out of business. After all, we didn't have any votes that meant anything. And it looked great

nationally for Kefauver to shut down Nevada. Scared us to death. And there was no question where it was going.

I had enjoyed a close relationship with McCarran (which is something I did cover in this thing, too). But I knew him very well, and we were good friends. And Eva [Adams], of course, I'd known in school, although she was a few years ahead of me. She was an old friend. And we were all afraid of what Kefauver was gonna do.

Before McCarran was brought into the picture, we had a meeting in "206," which was the room where all the committees met in the old Riverside Hotel—corner room, northeast corner on the second floor. And every gambling club in northern Nevada, I guess, of any size, was represented by its lawyer in that meeting—Harolds Club had Diskin, of course—except me. I was the only non-lawyer, other than the club owners. Well, as a matter of fact, the first meeting, I guess there were no gambling people at all. Later there were some.

And at that first meeting, which there were no gamblers, there was a discussion of approaches and strategy. And I was very impressed with the fact that Diskin had the respect of all the other attorneys.

He was an older man, but also, they respected him for his ability. And they deferred to him. They listened to his suggestions, and it was quite evident. So I brought my report back to Raymond I. I explained it just in those words.

That meeting resulted in putting together a team composed of Ed Questa, who was president of First National Bank, and Senator McCarran, and Bill Cashill, who was president of Chamber of Commerce that year, went with Ed Questa to McCarran, and then with McCarran they went to see Kefauver.

I had talked with McCarran on this, and of course, Questa had. Questa was a very

good friend of mine for as many years as I can remember. We were all thinking along the same line. And by the time they got back to Washington, McCarran was well aware of the problem and the thinking and the strategy that seemed best to the group. So he took them, and they had some sessions with Kefauver in which, and I'm sure—I don't have the name of the trade on this, but I don't think anybody does—but McCarran was extremely powerful in those days in the Senate. And he had some desirable alternatives for Kefauver, which were more valuable to Kefauver than whackin' Nevada gambling.

Most of the customers who came to Harolds Club, came from California. I ran a study of this in the club, in which we had to know where they came from because we had to identify our markets. And got an okay on it. And people who came into the club were encouraged—as I remember, they got a drink chit, if they filled out a card that just said, "We came from San Francisco. We traveled by auto on Highway 40," or, "Highway 50." "We're on vacation," or, "we're not." Very simple. No name, no identification, just all we were after were the numbers. And on there as I remember, we printed: "We do not want your name, or you to be identified. It's a study of many, many people, not individuals."

We found about eighty-seven percent of our traffic at that time came from California, which was not a surprise. And virtually all of it was automobile traffic over Donner Summit, which was tough, and was affected, of course, by weather in the wintertime.

We were aware that there were travel agents which put together tours of people to go places, and with Raymond I.'s approval, I went down to San Francisco and spent—I made a number of trips just exploring what tourists did when they came to San Francisco. I talked with travel agents. I talked with

people who rented cars. There was a car livery establishment on Union Square. I talked to airline people. I talked to the AAA people.

The people coming from the Islands predominantly, would get off the ship in San Francisco—quite a few of 'em flew Pan Am. They would rent a car. They would go up and see the Redwoods. They might go down and see Yosemite. A few of 'em would spend a weekend at Del Monte. Then they'd drive over the mountains and see Harolds Club in Reno, and Virginia City and Lake Tahoe, and come back, turn the car in, and fly on to Chicago or New York, or wherever their real destination. There were a number of standard tourist attractions at that time, of which Harolds Club was one and Virginia City was one and Tahoe was one.

So out of that, I recommended sending promotional material to the car rental agencies in San Francisco, which was simple. And then I recommended a travel package. Now, for a travel package by air, you had to have a wholesaler in the travel agent business, who was accredited, who would wholesale your tour, and then it could be sold at retail by other travel agents different places, but it had to have a tour number. This is still in effect today.

So I got the okay on this, on a test basis first, to put together a tour with United Air Lines. I approached Durkee Travel Bureau on this. They were having a struggling time. They were a small family-owned business, nice people. Vein Durkee had been a Greyhound Stage Line sales and ticket agent in Reno for a number of years before he went into the travel business—well liked and highly reputable. And I tried to get him to sponsor this tour. And he really wasn't interested in it. And he "didn't think there'd be any business anyhow. And there weren't

enough people who came to Reno by air anyhow." And he really didn't care to do it.

I talked to the passenger sales people in San Francisco for United, and they were extremely negative. They didn't really care to be too closely associated with a gambling establishment. And they didn't think that gambling people used airplanes anyway. And they sort of discouraged the thing as much as they could.

So I checked with some of my friends in the Bay area, advertising and newspapers and business and others. And I belonged to San Francisco Press Club, and used to hang around there, and talk to the guys on the San Francisco papers. I found a livewire travel agent, named Andy Larius. And Larius was young, early thirties—had been a stockbroker down the financial district on Montgomery, but he had noticed that a lot of people that he met in that district took a lot of vacations in foreign countries, and the Islands, and places that could be extremely lucrative to a travel agent.

So he—I'm not sure just how, acquired the necessary experience, and opened his own travel agency, which was very small, I think it was in the Russ Building, and he specialized in—this was a sideline for him at first—specialized as a travel agent for people just in the financial district. Well, he did extremely well. He did so well that he finally got out of the stock and bond business, and got entirely into the travel business. Very aggressive, very dynamic, very appealing personality. He did a real good selling job, and his business just grew like Topsy. Well, this was the kind of guy I wanted.

So I went to Larius and had him come up to Reno, look at Harolds Club, look at the traffic we had, and he got very enthusiastic about it. I still wanted a home-based wholesaler. So I went back to Vein Durkee and said, "I got a

retailer (travel agent) in San Francisco who's reputable and good. His name's Larius. And if you'll wholesale this thing, you won't have to do a damn thing except collect the money. Larius will do the selling. He'll make his. You'll be the wholesaler." And we got it on.

United Air Lines was still pretty negative. But when they saw that we were using reputable travel agents, they decided that maybe we weren't gangsters, and with considerable reluctance, they agreed we'd do all the promotion, we'd do all the publicity, we'd do all the advertising; all they'd have to do really was sell the tickets and haul 'em.

So we put together the "Bright Lights" tour, which was the first—as near as I can tell—the first attempt in this direction done by anybody in the gambling industry, although it had been done by resort hotels in different parts of the world for a number of years. It was a new concept only in terms of the gambling industry. So "Bright Lights" tour was a tour for two people for three days, two nights in Reno. It included meals.

We had a terrible problem, because the only overnight accommodation was a motel that somebody had sold to Raymond I. Smith, the Pony Express motel down on the boundary between Reno and Sparks, which was literally rebuilt after he realized he'd bought it, and he modernized it, and a half a dozen suites were built by putting two rooms together. Iola Smith, Raymond I.'s wife, supervised the interior decorating, and they were very popular. She planned them to appeal to our market. And we put everybody in this thing. Now, that was a real handicap, but in spite of it, we made the tour go! We advertised it in San Francisco, put some steam behind it, hit it very hard. I know several times *I* couldn't get a plane home from San Francisco because it was all sold out for the "Bright Lights" tour.

United Air Lines got its eyes opened. They had never been terribly enthusiastic over it. And it finally dawned on me that they were not interested in having a lot of traffic on that Reno run for some reason. I still theorize that the reason was that if too many people got on that run—it was a short haul—maybe the Civil Aeronautics Board would reason that there oughta be more than one airline on that run. I don't know.

All I know is that United was not terribly cooperative. They cooperated just above the point where they could be accused of dragging their feet, but they didn't put any real sock into it. And *we* did! And we promoted that thing until we'd sell their airplanes out for 'em. And they never seemed to be very happy that we were making a lot of business for 'em.

Larius made a lot of money. Durkee made a lot of money. The club got a lot of gamblers who spent real money, instead of the run-of-the-mill. They got a much higher play, and did very well with it. Larius branched out. He had so much business that he opened a great, big travel agency office over on Market Street, and began goin' for all kinds of people. And then we didn't seem to be doin' as well. And I sensed it, and Raymond I. sensed it. He mentioned it to me one day.

And I said, "I don't know what's goin' on. But I'll take a quiet look." so I went down to San Francisco, took a look at the Market Street operation, and they were selling, but they were not selling *Reno* very much; they were selling Honolulu where there was more money, Mexico—not too much Mexico in those days—Alaska, Canada, not too much European business as I recall, but *longer haul* stuff.

And I asked about the "Bright Lights" tour and they said, "Oh, yes, we have that." And they were prepared to take care of it, but they didn't push it. I went up to the

Montgomery Street address, and it was still a small operation, but there was nothing pushing the "Bright Lights" tour that was visible in the way of promotion, or even our promotion displays which we supplied Larius.

So I discussed this with Raymond I. when I got back. And he went down and shopped the thing, too. And he did a more thorough job, because he talked to the people in the neighborhood. Once he got his teeth in something, the old boy was really something to see go, and smart! He came back and said, "Get rid of him. We made this guy. Look what he's doin' to us."

So we did a lot of lookin' around and couldn't find a travel agent operator who we felt was sufficiently aggressive except there was a gal named—can't remember her name now. Anyway, she worked for a travel agent, but she worked out of the office, and she was a very aggressive salesman. We talked with people in the travel business, and they all mentioned this gal as an effective salesman who—we oughta look for somebody maybe like her, if we could find somebody like her. So Raymond I. said to me, "Why don't we talk to her?" So I did.

To make a long story short, we leased a store site in the San Francisco Elks building. And the Elks were very fair, but much afraid of having a gambling establishment represented in their building. They took a lot of time to investigate Harolds Club. They *finally* decided they weren't hoodlums. They *finally* decided that maybe it'd be all right. So we got a lease on the site. We furnished, outfitted it, equipped it as a travel agent office. We hired this gal, guaranteed her a salary, gave her commission as a travel agent. Durkee was still the wholesaler. We cancelled Larius. And turned out to be a tremendous success. And actually it was a Harolds Club travel agency.

We promoted it hard. We had city officials down for the opening with a little champagne and a little tape cutting—nothing very spectacular. And we had that thing, I don't know, it may still be goin', I don't know. It went for years and years. And we added additional tours and different packages, and they were sold.

But we became sufficiently interested in the tour business to where we decided to explore other markets. And by this time, the Korean war was on. We considered trying a small charter. We—including Raymond I. and Guy Lent. But there wasn't an airplane we could charter on the west coast. They were all under government contracts to the Korean war. And we were about to give up.

I belonged to a network of advertising agencies, and we had affiliates in many cities. I thought, well, I'll bet on the east coast, they've "never heard of the Korean war." I'll bet there's probably a charter operator back there, who'd be delighted to come to the west coast. So I had my affiliate in Miami go out to the airport. And I described the kind of operation: I wanted an operator who had equipment of at least the size of a DC-3 or bigger, at least a half a dozen airplanes or more, who's been in business for two, or three, or four years, and obviously in business to stay, and who has a good reputation on the airport and in the travel business. And of course, we'd pay for the services. And my affiliate went out and found one just like we described. It was Peninsula Airways.

So I called the owner of Peninsula Airways, paid his way to come out to Reno and have a talk. I spent a day talking with him. I'd run a few other checks on his credit and general reputation before he got out here, and he checked out fine. I took him over and introduced him to Raymond I. He brought out some pilots, and crews, and planes, and maintenance people.

We tested markets. We'd take Calgary in Canada where there's a lot of wheat and oil money. I'd run an advertising campaign on Calgary radio and in newspapers, on charters to Reno and Harolds Club. And then we'd measure the return from the advertising. We'd offer an attractive charter deal. And in Calgary, for instance, we did very well. But we tested Boise, Idaho, Salt Lake City—some of the intermountain states—we drew very poorly. Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, we did very well. We had surprises. Some we expected to be poor were good, and some that were good turned out to be poor. But we identified the markets with good potential.

So then we went first class! We put on a tour package and a strong regional advertising program in the cities that we were interested in. And in one year, we moved 41,000 people into Reno, which at that time, was the biggest movement of civilians by air in the history of aviation. I'm sure that something has passed it since then, but it was a landmark at the time.

We had other tours out of San Francisco. We had the "Big Night." The "Big Night" was the first tour of its kind. You'd fly up at the end of a workday, stay all night, but no overnight accommodations. You'd have dinner, you'd have drinks, you'd have some kind of a snack or midnight supper, a hot breakfast, and back on the airplane, and home to the job the next day. (And it was for strong people only!) But we did very well with it. It was a low-priced package, a quickie, but for the people who had the urge to gamble in the middle of the week, it was great. And it supplemented our weekend package on which we were beginning to get more than we could handle.

We had a number of tours, but you get the general idea of the scope and the approach. And we did not use buses. I think Harrah was the one who pioneered the buses, and used them at Lake Tahoe. Did an outstanding

job with them. But we used airplanes and automobiles, and that was it. We developed tours (as everybody has since) where you supplied your own automobile, but there were other incentives on drinks and meals and accommodations, and whatnot.

We became concerned we were not getting enough non-California business by automobile in Reno. Sometimes in those days, it was impossible to draw a line and say, "on this side is the Reno Chamber of Commerce," and "on this side is Harolds Club." Because if we felt there needed to be a brochure to encourage people to stay in Reno another day, it would look and appear much like a typical chamber of commerce brochure, but it carried the Harolds Club name and was paid for by Harolds Club, but it was a straight chamber of commerce-type pitch on all the things that the people—maybe the children and the wife didn't want to gamble.

So there was a lot of material on Virginia City, and Carson City, and the state museum, things of family-type appeal. Pyramid Lake would be described with photographs, and descriptive material. Foreign to Harolds Club, but we were convinced, and subsequently felt that we had been right, that some members of a group would want to gamble, and other people couldn't care less and they'd be urging "go home" all the time, and so it was important to their total trip, and did turn out to be a success.

But we simply didn't seem to be getting any measurable business from the *east* coast. The largest influence on traffic then was the American Automobile Association. And I have been a member of AAA, for I don't know how many years, thirty years, maybe. And I was familiar with their tour service, and their tour books.

So I realized they reached the middle-class and an upper middle-class tourist, and

they were desirable in our market definition. So I shopped the AAA offices in San Francisco and San Jose and Oakland and Sacramento and Portland. On trips back east, I'd stop in in places like Chicago and Kansas City and St. Louis and other places, and say, "I'm thinking about taking a trip west; should I stop off in Reno?" And AAA weren't really knocking Reno, but they would support a trip routed maybe on Route 66, so that you could see Hollywood, and where the stars lived in Beverly Hills, and colorful Arizona. They really weren't interested in sending traffic via Reno.

And if I'd say, "Oh, what about goin' through Reno?" they said, "Well, yes, but that's across the Donner Summit." They didn't give me any information on Reno's tourist attractions. It appeared to me they didn't know anything about Virginia City, Carson City, and the six beautiful summer routes across the Sierras, which we had promoted in California, purely on a *scenic* basis.

So I felt that we were not getting adequate treatment from AAA. So with Raymond I's approval, I called the national tour director for AAA, who was in Washington, and I think his name was Michael Fromm. He's now editor of some magazine; I'm not sure which. We eventually became good friends, and I got to know him quite well.

I told him, "I've shopped your offices in these following cities, and this is what I found. And I don't think that your people are aware of what we have to offer. And I'll make you a sporting proposition. We will buy you and some other official you want to bring along from AAA, a first-class ticket on United Air Lines to Chicago. From Chicago, we want you to be acquainted with the highways and highway conditions, times and accommodations and whatnot. So we'll put you in a Cadillac with a driver who knows

the highways. And we will drive you to Reno. You'll stay where you want to stay—your own suggestions, but at our expense. You'll tell the driver how fast you want to drive, where you want to go, what route you want to take. We hope you'll take the most heavily-traveled routes, but you're calling the shots. When you get to Reno, we'll put you up in a hotel—" (I think the Mapes was built then, and I think the Mapes was the place we put him) "—and you will stay not less than six days in Reno.

"And each day, you'll make a local trip. You may spend one day in Reno, but you'll take a trip each day to somewhere out of Reno, and back that night. You'll decide where you go, and when you go. You do your own research before you come out. We'll give you a list of things that maybe you should consider, but it's up to you to decide what to see."

We felt he'd want to see the Redwoods and Tahoe and Crater Lake and Mount Lassen, and some of those things. But we put on a list of things that we wanted him to see, things like Pyramid Lake and Virginia City and Carson City and the state museum and Glenbrook and a number of other things. They thought it over and took us up on it!

Well, at this point we did the only, I guess you'd call it unethical, maybe you'd call it a dishonest thing, that we ever did for Harolds Club in all their promotions. We set the speedometer back on this Cadillac so that you could drive at an indicated sixty miles an hour, and you'd really be doing about seventy-five. I had the best driver that I knew of, Tom Carson, who worked for me on many Harolds Club projects.

The thing went very well. They met Tom at Chicago, and brought him out. Fromm told me, "You made much better time than I realized was possible." Later, I told him about the speedometer, and he laughed. But they came here. They did everything according to plan.

We didn't know what they'd do, one day from another, so we couldn't set up anything for 'em.. And they walked in and found accommodations and meals and sights and scenes completely cold turkey without any setup. And when they got through, they said, "We had no idea it was like this." They were astounded.

We took [them] on over to San Francisco by automobile, and put them on an airplane, flew them back to Washington.

Then, new tour information was sent out nationally, and they also told this to their AAA tour offices in western Nevada and the Reno area. And of course, they were up-to-date because they'd seen it all firsthand. And when we felt we were getting a fair shake from their offices, we began to advertise Harolds Club tours and Reno and whatnot on their trip maps and in their tour guides, etc., because we felt that we'd now get a fair shake from the travel counselors. I don't know whether that's still continued or not, but we continued it all the years that I continued to handle Harolds Club advertising. And we enjoyed an excellent relationship with AAA.

Out of that grew a project that I used Tom Carson on, which is now still widely done by the gambling industry. That was to put a man on the road and have him stop at every motel that appeared to be clean and modern and usable, and supply them with all kinds of literature and folders, and booklets and material on Harolds Club and on Reno (which we asked them to put in the rooms). And then we offered such incentives as a weekend in Reno, expenses paid, for the owners or managers of the motel to come down and have a pleasant weekend on Harolds Club, with Harolds Club providing the accommodations and meals and entertainment.

So we did very well. And Tom Carson was a very aggressive, able guy. And we had a system that covered all the motels in all

directions for four or five hundred miles or more—more going east and west. And I guess it's still in use. And now, every time I stop at a motel, I find materials from Las Vegas or Reno, or Harrah's or you name it, and apparently it's still a good working deal.

One time, Raymond I. said, "I want you to go down to Las Vegas. Take a look, see whether or not we should have a club down there. There's been some talk in the family." So Jessie Howard, who is now Jessie Beck, was a dealer in the club and quite an intelligent gal, and Harold, Sr., and Jack Myles of our agency, and I drove down to Las Vegas. We met Harold there, but the rest of us drove in my car. It was wintertime, and the weather was unpleasant.

I had two or three very interesting nights in Las Vegas, going around to all the joints in town with Harold. Jack Myles and Jessie went to some, and I went with Harold. And he'd say, "This dealer is dealing from the bottom of the deck." And he'd point out some of the places were not quite—some were and some were not—quite right at that time.

About the second night, somewhere along in there, I lost track of Harold. I couldn't find him. I called Raymond I. He couldn't find him. And I think some people from the club came down and looked. But Harold would do this. He'd go off on a tangent and disappear, and surface maybe a week or two weeks later. And I heard later that *I* was in *real trouble* with Raymond I. and the family because I had lost track of him. Well, I hadn't understood at the start that I was supposed to keep track of him, but I couldn't've even if I'd been trying. I don't know whether he found some gal who appealed to him, or what really happened. He just went. And sometimes on some of these, he'd show up in San Francisco or New York, or New Orleans. You never knew where. He was very impulsive, and completely unpredictable.

Anyway, after three days of this and three nights, Jessie came back, I don't know whether by air, or around by San Francisco, I'm not sure how she came back. Jack and I had business in Ely. We went in my car. It was in a helluva snowstorm. It showed in Las Vegas, of all places! Snowed all the way through Caliente. We followed a highway snow plow over the Caliente summit.

Got to Ely, and it was twenty below zero. Lot of snow on the ground. We got our business done in Ely. (I can't remember now what it was, whether it was with our client Kennecott Copper, or what.) We came back on Highway 50. And coming back on Highway 50, we passed a number of stranded automobiles out on the side of the highway which had been abandoned, and the snow was getting worse! We didn't know it, but this became the historic winter of the hay lift, We were about a week ahead of the hay lift, maybe ten days.

But later, Harolds Club abandoned the idea of moving to Las Vegas. So they just dropped it right there.

We expanded our newspaper and outdoor advertising with the addition of radio. And I had very innocuous copy on the radio. We did not talk about gambling as gambling. It talked about excitement in Reno, "colorful Reno," a thrilling town. It talked about, oh, western tradition. We talked about excitement, and things you could see, like Virginia City, and the different attractions in Reno.

Mentioned Harolds Club by name, of course. I had that campaign on forty-four radio stations. Each station was instructed in writing (and they had to acknowledge it), they would not let Harolds Club spots be on the air adjacent to church programs, educational programs, programs appealing to young people or children. We preferred adjacencies to sports programs. We didn't

want any spots broadcast at all on Sunday. We were pretty careful.

And we got our spots on about forty-plus radio stations, including the Mormon Church-owned station in Salt Lake City. But after about a year of this, I got a call from the Utah station manager one day, saying that—(and I had asked to be advised if they ever had any local criticism, I wanted them to call me collect)—he said, "We're beginning to get some negative comments. I think it's probably coming from the church. And it doesn't look too good."

And I said, "Appreciate the news. Let's cancel it. Do you agree?"

And he said, "Yeah, really do."

So we got off that one station. The others we stayed through as long as we had an advertising program going, and it was very successful. We had singing commercials, with a musical background, western music. And we updated them periodically. It was, I think, a good campaign.

About this time, there was a promoter who came to Reno (perhaps his name will come to me). He'd made a lot of money buying run-down hotels in the Bay area and rebuilding them; building up the business and selling it. The guy was a genius at it. He was still a young quite a young man, maybe later thirties. He had made several million dollars. He had a number of friends, who with him, invested in properties, so he came up to Reno, and started negotiations with the Smith family to buy Harolds Club.

It was a very complicated thing on both sides. The Smiths didn't know what their property was worth. They were aware their own personalities had made Harolds Club. They weren't sure how somebody else would fare with it. So they wanted as much money in the pot right now as they could, but they had tax problems in which Uncle Sam would

take it all. And the San Francisco group were interested in stringing out the purchase, which made it much easier for them to finance it. In fact, I suspect they had an idea, they probably could finance it after the first year, out of the net they'd make on the club.

All this added up to this man staying in Reno. And he "went Reno." He couldn't take the booze and the gambling and the nightlife and the gals. And pretty soon, he was gettin' in over his head on the gambling. And his backers became apprehensive. And finally, some of his key backers cooled off. A little before they backed off, one of his lieutenants said, "We may not be able to wait for Harolds Club, and it looks like the Harolds Club deal may come unstuck anyway. What other locations are there in town we could get for maybe a hotel?"

Well, I had been interested in seeing a resort hotel come to Reno; I felt it was the only way we'd ever begin to match Las Vegas, which was already outstripping Reno. And all of the locations anybody would want to use for a hotel had been bought by Harolds Club or other people in the gambling business. They had options on ranch property for miles around on major highways. Just like it is now, they were intent on keeping competition out. It was simply impossible to find a good, available location.

Finally, the Harolds Club deal fell through. This guy could not come up with the money to make the actual buy, although at one time the sale of Harolds Club was announced. They had agreed on a buy, and the Smith family agreed to sell, but the buyer had trouble with his backers and they wouldn't put up the front money, so he couldn't deliver, largely because of his own behavior in Reno.

So then this "lieutenant" who was interested in a location came to me and said, "Well, now we're *really* interested in a hotel.

We have enough backing left so that we could put up a hotel. We can't buy Harolds Club, but we can buy something and build it the hard way, and some of our people are still interested."

So I took a look around town. And I don't know anything about real estate. And I realized how difficult the situation was. So I drove around—took a fresh look.

I knew the Peckham family very well. I had gone to high school with Dorlan Peckham, and I'd known his father, Jim Peckham, when he was a county commissioner. As a matter of fact, I'd gone to Jim Peckham when he was plowing a potato field one time, and said, "I think the Chamber of Commerce oughta have some county money. It supports *all* business in the county

And he said, "Well, I never thought of it before, Tom, but I think you're right. What do you think we ought to do?"

And I said, "Oh, how about one cent?"

And he said, "Okay." So the Chamber got about \$5,000 a year, \$10,000 a year Out of it. Nobody'd ever asked for money for the Chamber.

So I saw the Peckham property sitting out south of town. Nice ranch. Close to town, on the main highway. So I got ahold of him and I said, "Look, your children are grown, and they've moved away, and you've got grandchildren in Long Beach, and you folks are still plantin' potatoes the hard way. I think this place could be sold for a gambling operation. I know of somebody who's interested in it. Why don't you sell—move to Long Beach—sell for enough money so that you can live comfortably, and be with your family? The climate's better down there."

He said, "Well, we'll think about it." Next morning they called me. They said, "We had a family meeting that went pretty near all night, and we're interested. We'd like to sell."

And they said, "Also, we thought that maybe the Fifes (next door) would like to sell their adjoining ranch, so we talked with them, and they'd like to sell. They adjoin us, and together we've got more than 300 acres."

I said, "Well, it sounds good to me. There's room for about three, four, five hotels in front maybe, and a golf course in the back, and all kinds of stuff. We could really go with Reno's 'strip'!"

So I went back to this promoter and his henchmen and said, "We've got a deal. They're ready to talk, and they want to deal right now."

And so the promoter picked up the phone, and called his backers in San Francisco, but the rest of them were afraid of him by then. He'd been deteriorating, and now he had nothing to work with—money, financing.

So I thought, well, gee whiz! Here I sit with the only site for a strip in Reno, and we need it so badly. The town is goin' cheap. I can see it. Nobody's puttin' any real entertainment in the town. It's my home town; I gotta live here. So I talked with Raymond I., and told him what had been goin' on, what the thinkin' was. And I said, "Look, buy this thing; whatever you pay for it is cheap. The price doesn't matter, because if you put a hotel on that front property, you don't have to ever do another thing except fight off the people who want to buy the place next door to you, and the place next door to that. No reason why you can't get Las Vegas prices, and they're being sold by the foot down there. The hell with the gambling business. You can get it in the real estate business, and you can sell enough off this one piece of property for your whole family to retire. Get out of the—sell Harolds Club to somebody else, and go live in Switzerland!"

And he said, "Goddam it! I think you're right. Give me a presentation. Put it all together on what future Reno has, what the tourist traffic will become, what resort hotels

do in the way of business." He said, "You know the kind of thing." And he said, "I'll take it to the family. And we'll get this on." He said, "I'll make the presentation. You get it for me."

I beat my brains out for about two weeks. I got traffic counts on United Air Lines. I got traffic counts in and out of Las Vegas. I got hotel operation numbers from hotel chains, and hotel trade publications from people in the business. And I got everything I could to put together this kind of a proposal. I put it all on flip charts with easels and the whole thing, and I turned it all over to Raymond I.

And the family liked it. There was some argument about whether—from Iola—as to whether the family could really run a hotel, and she's smart—it's a valid point. Their attorney, Diskin, was quite negative on it. Diskin had a loyalty to the Wingfields, and the Wingfields still owned the Riverside Hotel. But finally (Raymond I. told me this afterwards), the Smiths bought the property.

I'm getting ahead of myself. They bought the property from the Fifes and the Peckhams. Then they prepared to plan a hotel. At that point, Diskin brought George Wingfield, Jr. into a meeting with Raymond I. Diskin said, "You're building a house of hate. You're competing against the strongest interests in Reno." And George said, "There just isn't enough business for another hotel in Reno. It'd just break everybody. Why don't we make a deal? Why don't we wait til' the highway over Donner Summit is made into four lanes so that we can get a much bigger tourist traffic flow in here, then we can all survive. And then, if you build your hotel, we'll give you all the political support you need to get it on, if you'll give us your word you won't build a hotel until that highway improvement is made."

And Raymond I. told me this. And he said, "I think I made a mistake. I shook hands

on it. I gave my word." He said, "Now I don't feel so good about it." He owned the land. The Peckhams had gone to Long Beach. So he said, "There's only one thing I can see to do." He said, You were right. We really *do* need that hotel. So get me a four-lane highway over the Sierras!" [Laughs] And I'm not kidding. (For more on this, see the four lanes over Donner campaign.)

Raymond I. Smith was a highly emotional, complicated person. And along with a lot of other patriotic people during the McCarthy period, he became extremely concerned over the threat of Communism to this country. He reached a point where he was so concerned it almost became an obsession with him.

All kinds of people found out, after about three or four minutes of conversation, that he was really upset and concerned over the threat of Communism as he saw it. And many of them were looking for some sort of an angle to develop to establish a friendship or confidence, and influence, and it was very apparent that by being an "anti-Communist," was the route to go.

So all sorts of characters endeared themselves to him by coming in with supposed facts on how the Communists had penetrated virtually every organization in the United States, and the Communist policies would call for a takeover, and there would be an immediate execution of all influential citizens and community leaders. And more than once, he told me that when the Commies took over western United States, he'd be among the first ones to be put up against a wall and shot. He really believed this.. And it was amazing how many people got money and backing and support for all kinds of projects "to fight Communism."

There was one professional veteran out of central California, who ran a steady stream of letters and correspondence of all kinds to

Raymond I. Smith about new Communist infiltration and threats. And every once in awhile, he'd come up to Reno, and I don't know how many thousand dollars he was given when he'd come up on those trips, to go back to California and "fight fire with fire, and attempt to penetrate the Communist movement."

There were many, many things which were funded by Raymond I., in the genuine belief that we had to do everything to stop this terrible menace before it got to us. And he was so concerned, he'd wake up in the middle of the night worrying about it. And he couldn't understand why the country was asleep and oblivious to a threat that was so real and so dreadful.

There were a great many people capitalizing on the Communist threat. McCarthy came to Reno a number of times during that period, and met with Molly Malone. But I do not know that McCarthy ever made a personal contact with Raymond I. Smithy he may have, but I'm not aware of it, if he did. But it was more than a coincidence that he would come to this little town out in the middle of sagebrush.

McCarran at that time was an out-and-out foe of Communism, and he took a strong public position on it. I believe that McCarran was sincere in his concern over the Communist threat. I'm not too sure that there were any large blocs of votes to be garnered in Nevada at that time by being anti-Communist. The state was quite conservative, there was not much question where the overwhelming proportion of the population stood, and we did not have an influx of liberals. And really, McCarran didn't have much to gain by going as far as he did in his own state. I've talked with him many times about it, and I'm convinced that he was genuinely worried and sincere. McCarran

expressed the opinion one time that he wished he had some kind of a forum he could use to help waken the people of the United States. As you know, he was on the Senate Internal Subcommittee on Un-American Activities. (Incidentally, [Jack] Anderson [newspaper columnist] gave Jay Sourwine a bad time this morning [February 4, 1975].)

So I went to Raymond I. Smith and told him of McCarran's feelings on this. Raymond I. was aware of it— wasn't sure how deep it went. And so Raymond I. asked me to work up some kind of a plan we could follow to help McCarran reach more of the public on anti-Communist issues. I finally came up with a plan in which I proposed to—these were the days before color television—I proposed to have McCarran make a series of talks, which could be telecast from various stations around the country. And I got approval for it. I put it together and carried it out.

And it was quite simple. I arranged for a production studio in San Francisco to do the actual filming and sound work. And I picked a good one. McCarran had his scripts all worked out in his own office. And he went down to San Francisco, and he and I spent two or three days in which he gave a series of talks on camera, in a studio, with an introduction. He spoke on various things which had become evident to him through some of the research and studies made by his committee.

And he had quite a bit of information. And they were interesting talks. There was a certain amount of flag-waving and oratory, anytime Senator McCarran spoke on anything. But he did have quite a bit of factual material, and quite a number of sources to quote with the material he had at hand.

We had prints, of course, made of those films with a sound track. And then I retained a professional veteran, who worked for Harolds Club, Val Dage. Val Dage had been very active

in the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He'd been in the [American] Legion. He was an old-time politician in the various veterans' movements. And a very energetic sort of person. And dedicated to a project of this kind.

We arranged for letters of introduction for Dage. I got them from the National Commander of the American Legion, and I believe the National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and also from the governor of Nevada. I worked out an itinerary for him. He would go into a city like Cleveland or Cincinnati, and call on the commander of the local Legion post. I had this scenario planned for him. He had letters establishing who he was and what he was doing.

The commander of the Legion post would go with a committee to the leading local television station, and arrange for public service time and do the necessary local promotion to generate an audience, usually with ads in newspapers and publicity releases through the publicity committee of the Legion Post.

We had press releases and material available for them in kit form for them to use for local promotion. And then the program itself would have a local introduction with the local Legionnaires and veterans' groups appearing on camera, describing the program, and then it would play for a half hour. And then they'd move on to the next city and do the same thing.

And there was no problem at all. The Legion posts were anxious to put on programs of this kind. The stations were interested. There was a lot of public feeling which was very strong at that time, concerning the threat of Communism. As a result, I can't remember how many million people we estimated we reached, but we reached a good-sized national audience. And McCarran was delighted with it. He was very pleased, and it gave him a lot

of nationwide exposure. Raymond I. was very happy with it. Dage had a good job, which was well-paying, and doing the kind of thing that he was highly enthusiastic over, anyway, so it worked out very well. How much good it did, I have no idea. But we did reach an awful lot of people with a lot of nuts and bolts type facts. It did not mention or promote Harolds Club in any way in this project.

[Where do I think that McCarran got this idea of the Communist threat?] Well, I don't know. Whether he got it from—I doubt that he got it from the church. He was, of course, a good Irish Catholic, and I know the church twisted his arm on a number of occasions and he was highly resentful. I'm a thirty-second-degree Mason, but I had many good Catholic friends (in fact, I married one), and I've never seen any conflict from it or had any problems with it.

I was a little shaken to see—and yet I should have expected that—a man with the power like McCarran was subject to pressures of all kinds from all kinds of places for all kinds of favors or accomplishments. And I have seen him turn purple and slam his fist on the desk and say, "If that goddam bishop asks me for one more thing, I'm goin' to punch him in the nose." [Laughs] He was fine. He resented any squeeze.

He was well-liked. At one point in his career, he was given a green fez by Kerak Temple (Shriners), which is a very rare thing indeed. From a religious standpoint, he was probably as unbigoted a person as you could find. He had a few narrow vision perspectives, like most of us, but in religion, he was completely open, unbiased.

That was the only significant anti-Communist movement, although there was a continuous stream of people knocking on Raymond I.'s door for money, or for support of one kind or another for various patriotic causes.

[How did I feel about this promotion, and about the Communist threat?] Well, of course, you know hindsight tempers your viewpoint. At the time, I believed there probably was a Communist trend, a possible threat of one kind or another. There were a lot of influential people in the communications field including the newspaper field, and the motion picture industry, who were sympathetic to Communism. I didn't believe they were all secret agents of an enemy power, or anything as ridiculous as that.

But I felt then, there was a serious trend in that direction which could be harmful. That period was one in which a number of countries were going Communist, and there was a spread of Communist power worldwide at that time. I felt that possible there was something of a real threat to the country. And I could support it with a clear conscience. I felt it wouldn't do any harm, and it might do some important good.

Looking back on it today, we think the whole thing was childish. But that's a totally different place from which to take a view. And there're a lot of things in the past that people believed sincerely, which were considered childish in retrospect.

There were a lot of innocent people whose careers were damaged. There were some serious threats, I'm sure, to the country, many of which were perhaps never uncovered. I wouldn't go so far as to say that it was a period of witch-burning. I think there was more substance to it than that, and more basis for serious consideration. But today, it all seems overblown.

We're entering an anti-business phase now, in which business has become—or a large segment of it—so greedy, we're developing an almost hysteria against abuses by business. There have been many abuses which are quite real. And yet every businessman is

not a thief. There are a lot of honest people in business, and if we damage business, we're really harming ourselves; it's going to be really bad. I think it needs some cleaning up in many cases. There are abuses which have to be settled with a lot of careful thinking and a lot of balance, so that we don't damage our business community, but at the same time, we need to stop some of these ripoffs—the built-in obsolescence, and all the things that go with it. It's somewhat parallel; we have to be hysterical about something, I guess, all the time. Usually if it's just a movie star or a television star or a heavyweight champion, why that's harmless.

[Did I know anything about Raymond I.'s All American group or become involved in any of that activity?] No. I really didn't—not only not become involved in it, but I really didn't know much about it. To this day, I'm not sure what it really was, or how far it went. I think it must have been a promotion of the veteran from central California, who used to come up here. (I can't even remember his name.) I think he had some kind of an organization, and perhaps that was it. I don't know. I would be surprised if there weren't two or three of those things, really, goin' on at that time. I wouldn't consider them—I don't know anything about 'em, but I would be surprised if they were fascist, because Raymond I. Smith a number of times expressed himself as being concerned about over-reacting over what happened in Spain, and that, of course, was as bad an extreme in that direction, would be in the other.

He was an extremely patriotic guy. I don't know whether this anecdote belongs in the Harolds Club story or whether it belongs in the McCarran story. But there was a point where I got a phone call from Senator McCarran, and it seems to me it was the middle of the night. And he said, "The

National Guard Bureau has just authorized a fighter squadron for the Nevada National Guard, and if we don't get it for Reno, it'll go by default to Las Vegas."

Now McCarran did a lot of things for Las Vegas. They didn't name McCarran Field for him idly. But in this particular thing, he wanted to see this done in Reno. And he said, "We can *get it!*" We gotta move very fast." And he said, "I've taken a look at it, and if we can find there's sufficient pool of former fighter pilots living in the Reno area, we can get Reno designated as a National Guard fighter base.

I said, "Well, that isn't your only problem. I happen to know the adjutant general, Jay White, who's a nice old boy, but his background, and the background of all the people in the Nevada National Guard is Army. And they're not going to be interested in an air outfit. They're going to lose control of it. They're going to be jealous of it. The Army Air force is a very glamorous deal, and they'll upstage the infantry, artillery, cavalry, and whatnot, so you're going to have opposition from the Guard itself."

He said, "Well, that's your department." But he said, "See if you can find fifty pilots, and see if you can organize a squadron committee." He said, "I can take care of the Washington end of this.

So I didn't say anything to the Nevada National Guard people. I put a press release in the paper—I swore the *Gazette* to secrecy, and guys I knew—that a committee was being formed to get an Air National Guard fighter squadron in Reno, and that all fighter pilots, former fighter pilots in the area, should report to this committee, even though they weren't interested in joining, but if they would like to see something like this, just on a sentimental basis.

And then I got a committee put together with Bob McDonald, who flew P-38s in

Alaska, as chairman. And we kept a campaign goin' with letters to the editor, which I faked, and other real stories, and kept a drumfire goin', and we got our fifty pilots, and got their names and their addresses, and sent it back to Washington.

Meantime, all hell was breaking loose in Carson City (from what I heard) because they couldn't find out where all this Air Guard stuff was coming from! And I was right. They were *not* interested in an Air National Guard. But meantime, McCarran grabbed the ball, went to the National Guard Bureau, got the 152nd Fighter Squadron activated, and they sent people out who did the active recruiting, and got the necessary number of people to form the nucleus around which they built the squadron. And we've had a Nevada Air Guard ever since.

There was a period in there where the National Guard Bureau had to have an active unit by such-and-such a date. But our legislature didn't meet for about three months, and it required over a hundred thousand dollars in funding. And Raymond I. Smith put the money up as a personal donation—funded the Air National Guard until the legislature could take over.

When the legislature met, I had never done any lobbying, but I went over to Carson on it to get the legislators to vote. There were a lot of federal matching funds, or more than matching, if the state would make an appropriation. I didn't know how to lobby. I'd never done it before. But I knew enough to know that the two money committees were controlled out of Elko County. Ted McCuiston was the chairman of the money committee in the assembly and Senator [John E.] Robbins, chairman of the senate money committee.

It developed that the legislators from Elko County had a problem that year on some of their Fish and Game matters and they needed

help to get what they required. So I went back to our Washoe County delegation, and explained the situation to them. They had no conflict or problem of any kind, and they promised to support the Elko Fish and Game measure.

So I went back and assured the Elko people that they would have Washoe County support, which was enough apparently, to put it over. They agreed to support the Air National Guard appropriation. And we were home free! And that was the end of my services to the Air National Guard. But we had a little fun putting it together.

Let's talk about Reno. Without meaning to, and largely pretty unconscious about it, Harolds Club became a powerful influence in Reno. Up until this time, all of the thinking and all of the planning and all of the direction of the community had been pretty well shaped by the Wingfield organization, and it continued to be.

The Wingfield organization found it necessary to manipulate and direct some of the power of Harolds Club. They did most of this through M.A. Diskin, former state attorney general, and attorney for Harolds Club, and attorney for Raymond I. And as near as I can tell, much of that influence was constructive, except it was very protective as far as the Wingfield holdings were concerned and they included protecting Wingfield's Riverside Hotel. And I think that was to be expected.

But the thing that concerned me was that Las Vegas was developing resort hotels, and Reno was prevented from developing hotels. There was an argument which Diskin fostered—I heard him say it—that Reno didn't want to get “trapped in the mistake that Las Vegas made,” where they “had to pay out all this money for elaborate hotels, and they had to meet all the expenses of these ridiculous entertainment figures, who got such fabulous

money, and that we were lucky that we had a chance to study the mistakes that had been made in Las Vegas, and avoid them.” And on this premise, every attempt by anybody to get a resort hotel in Reno was defeated. Wingfield’s hotel was protected.

There were a number of methods used. Owners of clubs like Harolds, Palace, and Nevada Club, and later Harrah’s, had been encouraged to take options or make outright purchase of local land which might be suitable for resort hotel sites, as a protection against outside groups building a strip. And on land that they couldn’t acquire reasonably, or where too much was involved, an “educational program” was conducted so some of the old land-owning families around here who had farm land on sites which would make for good hotels, were told they had property that was extremely valuable, and not to let anybody play ‘em for a sucker. They drove the prices up so high that any sale would be very difficult, if not impossible.

There were other instances. One of them was U. S. Mitchell, where people who were determined and rugged, and expected to put up a fight, came into town and got options on hotel sites, but then were delayed and stalled on one technicality after another in city and county government, until their financial backing ran out on ‘em and they could not go through with their hotel-casino-strip projects.

This, incidentally, is not limited to Reno. When Tom Hull wanted to build a resort hotel in Las Vegas (there were none at that time), and came to Las Vegas. The Apache Hotel had been built downtown, and it was the only modern hotel in town. The others were old and decrepit; the McDonald, the Sal Sagev, some of the others. But Hull wanted to build a real fine, luxury hotel, first-class hotel.

And, of course, the place where all the traffic was, and all the business was, was on the highway between Boulder City and Las Vegas.

And Hull was unable to get a site for his hotel on that entire stretch of Boulder Highway between the Dam reservation and Las Vegas. The price was pumped so high, he couldn’t buy it—so finally, in desperation, before he lost his money, he “made a terrible mistake” in the minds of everyone. He went out on the Los Angeles Highway where there was nothing, except maybe the old Red Rooster and the Pair O’Dice, and one or two other joints, and of course, no hotels, just mesquite and desert. He got a piece of ground close to the city boundary, and he got FHA financing.

Now, I’m not sure how he got the FHA commitment. [George] Probasco was the head of the FHA in the state at the time. And I believe it was [Harry] Scheeline was working with him. But Hull did get it!

And he had one attempted block after another during construction. At one point, he could not get connected to the sewers, or perhaps it was the water main—I’m not sure which. Hull had some pretty smart people working for him. They knew enough to go to Washington to the FHA people, and everybody in those days had some FHA or similar type money —federal funding—and while using that money, nobody could block you. And they got hooked up and from then on nobody could stop them.

They built the El Rancho Vegas, the first resort hotel on what became the Strip. It was an instant success! They booked good entertainment. I remember Joe E. Lewis and Lily St. Cyr. But there, they had a lot of other talent, they were such hits that they came back again and again. But there were a number of other big single acts, and a small production line. And because they were so successful, it immediately stimulated development of what became the Strip.

Naturally, this was a thing that the Wingfield people wanted to avoid in Reno.

And they convinced Raymond I. that he should stay out of the terrible expenses and the overhead involved in show biz and casino-hotels.

I mentioned already that through Diskin, they had discouraged the development of hotels on the Peckham and Fife ranch property south of Reno. Through the constant urging of Harold Smith, Sr., there was a small—a tiny—showroom developed on the seventh floor at Harolds Club. With great misgivings, they did get some entertainment in there. But the result of all of this pressure was that we did not get a single resort hotel built in Reno at the time they were proving satisfactory in Las Vegas and at Lake Tahoe.

The Las Vegas competition from Reno's market in San Francisco became extremely serious. We never had much from Los Angeles, but San Francisco and Sacramento were vital to our gaming business. And Harrah began experimenting at the Lake with buses, which proved to be highly successful. Harrah was a client of ours at that time. And they ran a count on the amount of business they did. They had the new big club at the Lake. And they had a dead period between about two o'clock in the morning and about eight o'clock in the morning, when the people who came in for the show, or who came in for daytime play were absent, and all that equipment was laying idle—all the games and slot machines. So they got additional utilization out of their investment by timing their buses to arrive when the normal play fell off and to return when the normal play picked up.

So the lowest economic level market in California, the bean-pickers, and the lettuce-pickers, the Filipino crop workers, etc. were brought in by bus with their payday checks. And they came in at a time when they would not rub elbows with the regular club patrons. They would do their gambling and then catch

the bus home, thus avoiding contact in the morning. I have no idea how much business it generated, but it's significant that Harrah's is still doing it. And so are the other clubs at the Lake.

And a number of clubs in Reno picked it up. The ones in Reno were not sufficiently sophisticated to time it to avoid contact with their upper-middle-income customers, and the general result has been a cheapening of the overall Reno gambling market. These are people who would not stay at a resort hotel, even if Reno had one. If they stay anywhere, it would be the lowest-price motel available. And Reno has become a motel—cheap, carnival-type gambling town.

I walk down Virginia Street and it reminds me of the "speedway" in Ocean Park and Venice a couple of generations back, where all you need is the smell of popcorn to have the complete, original scene. The customers are about the same, and some of the places are about the same. They're dirty, they're sleazy, they're rundown, and as a result, our town lost some of the quality which was built for it during the '20s by the fashionable divorcees who came out here with lots of money. It will be a very difficult market to recover. It's significant the hotels we're getting now are really "vertical motels." Some of 'em are better quality than others. But they're mostly aimed at low-income groups in which there is not significant gambling revenue or highrollers. It's going to be interesting to see if our gas shortages continue, and if the problems of getting gasoline grow, whether we will be lucky or unlucky in the market we are now appealing to.

The final decline of Harolds Club came when I was no longer close to them. I had great difficulties with Diskin. They became more and more apparent. And the family, the Smith family itself, the members were fighting among themselves.

And the fights would be very destructive. Each one had charge of a certain activity of the club, pretty much. Raymond I. had promotion and advertising, and Harold had dealers and training of dealers, and Raymond A. was pretty much concerned with accounting and business methods, and Guy Lent had been coming up the ladder in the bookkeeping department until he was pretty much the working head of that department. They'd get in a family fight, and at a board meeting, they'd cut each other's activities back. They cut down on the number of people that Harold was hiring. And then Harold would cut down on the advertising, and there'd be no advertising for awhile. And everything that "was going" was cancelled.

And at one point, they felt that they should have something done about their restaurants. All the people working in the restaurants were former employees of the club, or members of their families, or friends. And the menu would feature what the Smiths would like to eat, and the hell with the public. And they were being stolen blind, and didn't know it. There was more stuff goin' out the back door than in the front door.

So I was asked to bring in a food consultant, and I did. I checked hotels on the coast through our affiliates and I came up with Flambert and Flambert. Flambert and Flambert were consultants for people like the Fred Harvey restaurant chain, and a number of other restaurant chain and franchise outfits, railroad dining cars, steamship line dining. They were a good, professional outfit—pretty good-sized outfit with an excellent reputation. Flambert came in and lasted *one* week! He fired two or three people who were close friends of the Smiths, it was said, because he caught 'em apparently stealing or selling material, or something similar, and fired 'em out of hand. And then the Smiths rehired

them over his head. So he just packed up and went back to the Coast. And that was the end of the professional food management. There probably was a lot of this stuff going on. It used to be sickening to me to see people who were trusted. And it was pretty widespread. And they were working for some of the most generous people I've ever seen, the Smiths.

For about six months, I thought seriously of resigning the Harolds Club account. I'd had it for a long time, and I thought so much of Raymond I. (I couldn't have thought more of him if he was my own family). And it was apparent this kind of stuff was destroying him. You couldn't even discuss it with him. They didn't want to know about it. They may have suspected it. It was something that was just "bad news."

I had one thing that indicated that I would probably always have a problem with Diskin. In my book *Pioneer Nevada*, there's an illustration and a story about a mailbox at Lassen's Meadows. The mailbox was a barrel on posts, and the wagon trains coming by would leave letters for people who were following. Each wagon train which came would look to see if it had mail left in this barrel. It was kind of an interesting little story. And then we also had a Nevada Bell telephone directory cover to do in 1958, which was based on Lassen's Meadows, and the fork in the trail between Applegate Trail that went north and the California Trail which came on down the Humboldt, and Forty-Mile Desert. Our original mailbox barrel story was at this location, and had been one of the early ones in the Harolds Club series. It'd been so far back that I had really forgotten we'd ever run such a thing. And our art director came to me with an illustration for the phone book cover at Lassen's Meadows. And it was showing the wagon trains coming through there, and leaving notes and things for each other. And

I thought, “Well, this is kind of familiar,” but I didn’t recognize the old illustration. And I thought, “Well, I guess it’s all right to use. It’s different.” And so I gave him the go-ahead.

Went down to San Francisco to Spike’s wedding. We were down there for about a week, when the phone directory was published and distributed. What happened was—and I didn’t know this—was that our art director had flopped over (reversed) the original old barrel mailbox illustration, to use on the phone book, and made a close copy of it, and instead of facing this way, it faced that way, and so did all the elements in it. So I had had a funny feeling it was familiar, but I didn’t identify it when I saw it.

Well, unbeknownst to me, he later decided it’d look better if he turned it back. So he flopped it back. Well, this was right like the original *Pioneer Nevada* illustration. So when it came out (and I was in San Francisco when the phone book cover came out), Diskin took it to Raymond I., and said, “Look. Wilson has stolen your illustration from *Pioneer Nevada* and sold it to the phone company!”

Diskin then also phoned the phone company and told it to Paul Garwood. And both Garwood and Raymond I. Smith called me while I was in San Francisco. Both of them were good friends of mine. Both of them realized I wouldn’t steal somebody’s artwork, but they wanted to know, how come? I didn’t know that our art director had flopped the thing, and I really didn’t know what they were talkin’ about on the phone. When I got back to Reno, of course, I found out in a hurry. And our art director said, hell, he “didn’t see any harm;” he’d “reversed it.” I mean he’d told me what he’d done. He didn’t see anything wrong with it. But of course, it was wrong.

Raymond I. and Paul Garwood thought it was funny! They weren’t bothered at all, and so I was not in trouble over it. They were

concerned that I was so upset about it. But I realized that this sniping by Diskin was gonna go on forever. So I spent two or three weeks thinking about what the hell to do. I didn’t want a fight with Diskin. Diskin was a guy who I thought was an excellent lawyer, and basically honest, and did a lot for Harolds Club, and yet he was an enemy that I would always have. And about this time I got an offer from Harrah’s to do their advertising.

Harolds Club had been offered the Sahati property at Stateline Country Club—a gambling place at South Tahoe—and Harolds Club had previously turned it down. They had a family fight over it, but the end result was that they had rejected it. There was a lot of hard feeling in the family over it. I had not been aware of this. Anyway, Harrah bought it. Harrah offered me their advertising account, because they were going to build a huge club up there. They wanted us to handle their advertising. They made us a very attractive proposition. And I could see a continuing fight with Diskin. I made the decision to change, and I did.

It was a very hard thing to do. But I think I’d still do it, in view of all the things which were happening. The in-fighting was getting more and more—by this time, the Smith family had cut out our *Pioneer Nevada* series. They’d cut out our scholarships. They’d cut out our radio advertising—not all at once, but they were being eliminated down, and down, and down to the point where there was almost none. And so I took the Harrah advertising account.

I was worried because I’d built up a pretty good agency team by then, and it was working well, and good advertising people were hard to come by in Reno, and I thought that I might have to cut back taking the Harrah account, but it was better than seeing the thing nibbled to death with a constant decline of Harolds’

promotion. And Raymond I. was less and less active in the club, and I was beginning to deal more with Guy Lent, who I liked very much, but I've never known a bookkeeper who understood either marketing or advertising. They just didn't—never could understand why you should promote things with vigor, and a little dash! So I made the decision and I made the change.

I was astonished, after I acquired the account, at the size of the Harrah advertising account. It was larger than Harolds Club; larger than Harolds Club when Harolds Club was actively advertising, but totally different. And it was a totally different outfit to work with. It was not a happy outfit to work with, because you would be dealing with a management team.

And they'd read a book somewhere which indicated they should impress people who worked for them. And you'd come into a management meeting, and you'd be given the silent treatment. Nobody would say a word! They'd sit there, and look at each other. In fact, it was so ridiculous, at times, it'd be funny. When a question was asked, everybody would look towards Bill Harrah, and he would nod, then everybody would be for it, or he'd indicate a negative attitude, and everybody'd be against it!

But they had retained, I think it was the George S. May Company, business engineers, to structure their organization, business-wise.. They had grown like Topsy, and they were perfectionists. They imitated a lot of things other people did, but they improved on them. When they originally retained May (this was long before I had anything to do with them), May was kinda one of those who were really winging it at the start. And they were a hotshot promotion outfit. And they recommended that Harrah drop the Reno agency they had, which was—I think Wallie

Warren and Walter States had a piece of it, and—can't remember the other people who were in it—and take a San Francisco agency.

Well, the San Francisco agency happened to be good friends of May, and they were just starting and having a struggling time—it was Meltzer agency. Meltzer, who had a good radio background, and Lemmon who was an artist had just started their agency, and were struggling. And I often wondered about all the things that must have gone on in that recommendation, because it was a very small team, even by Reno standards, much less San Francisco. There were a lot of very good agencies in San Francisco. But the May company picked this small, struggling outfit.

Well, they did a pretty good job for Harrah for a number of years. But Harrah's organization had no idea what an agency was supposed to do; and they were very demanding. And they became so demanding, the account simply couldn't be served out of San Francisco. So then they approached us.

They demanded from us—they had a show change every two weeks—they demanded a totally new advertising campaign for each show! The ads had to look different. They had to have different treatment, different copy, in many respects different art.

I used two teams, two account teams on them, so that each team had to promote a new campaign—one a month. But by alternating 'em, we managed to actually meet that requirement. It had broken Meltzer's back, but we managed to do it. They increased the demands on us, materially, until it became a great pressure.

In the meantime, they were operating through the fall and into the winter. Now, it doesn't sound like much today, but no resort (except a couple of tiny establishments) had ever operated in the wintertime at Lake Tahoe. Lake Tahoe, for a hundred years, had been a

summer resort. Everything was regarded as a summer activity. In the wintertime, the only people at Lake Tahoe were caretakers, who watched for the private homes in the resort areas like Glenbrook. Everything came to a standstill at Tahoe in the winter. Harrah had a lot of courage to try to learn if he could operate in the winter, but the Winter Olympics were coming [1960]. (And remind me to talk about *Reno's* Olympics.)

So Harrah started out to test it. And we were their new agency. He would book an act for two weeks; and they were headline acts. They were good, big names. We'd promote 'em, 'cause we had to bring people up to Tahoe in wintertime! And this was difficult, if not impossible. We went two weeks to two weeks to two weeks, and were still drawing crowds, still getting a good play, still filling the little showroom that they had, on the north side of the highway.

I remember one night, Ima was with me, we went up to have dinner and catch the show. I had a short meeting with some of their people, then Ima and I went into the showroom, and there were four people in the audience besides us. Anna Maria Alberghetti was the act. She must have been about eighteen years old, just beginning to become a star. The other four people in the audience were Burns and Allen, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone! And we, six of us, sat and saw the whole show, while there was a blizzard outside! We had a fun evening. And we got home before the blizzard increased too much.

In a blizzard, there'd be no crowd, but when the blizzard would end, then there'd be a crowd. And finally it was April, and we'd gone through the entire winter! They finished building the new Harrah show and club building that spring and summer. And by the time the Olympics were on the next

winter—winter of 1960—they had a smooth-running operation. There were a lot of people who weren't aware that this was the first time anybody had broken through that show biz winter problem at Tahoe!

We kept Harrah's as a client for about five—between five and six years I guess, which was, I don't know, longer than Meltzer had 'em. They were growing, getting big, and more demanding. And it was extremely difficult. We could not get information on the acts with enough lead time to handle production. We were doing the impossible for show after show.

Harrah's entertainment director was—we couldn't get much information from him. We tried to work out some kind of an arrangement that, when they signed with an act, that they'd get adequate photographs and adequate information at that time, so we would have a chance to put the ads together, without everybody—typesetters, engravers, and artists, and us, and everybody else working overtime—weekends, and nights—and then sometimes almost missing a deadline; it was a frantic type of thing, and really unnecessary.

But Harrah had problems of his own. He wanted the biggest acts there were. And many of these actors said, "Why should we go up to one of those two-bit joints at Lake Tahoe?" They had no ideas of the size of Harrah's operation. Harrah was an unknown. They knew about Harolds Club.

But in the meantime, all the action was down in Las Vegas where they had the big hotels, and the big showrooms were developing. And a business manager for a top name act would be very careful not to damage his client by putting him in a third-rate joint.

So Harrah developed a format which he still uses to this day, which is to pamper the acts. He'd meet them at the Reno airport with a Rolls Royce. He built a luxurious mansion

at Tahoe—finally wound up with two of 'em— where he put these actors with all kinds of service, and all kinds of recreation. And made such a fuss over 'em that it became a conversation piece in the show biz world. And he managed to get the quality acts on which he really wanted. It was quite an achievement. He had had a very serious barrier to break.

Well, he wasn't too concerned about how much time his *agency* had, when *he* had a much more serious problem of getting the act itself, then to turn around and harass the acts for advance information for advertising them. So we did not get much sympathy on the thing. So it became more and more difficult. We finally lost the account. We just—they were just getting too big for us, and too demanding. Really, they weren't too big for us; they were disorganized and were just moving too fast for anybody.

So they went down to San Francisco, and let it be known that they were looking for an agency, and they dropped letters to the large national agencies in San Francisco, that their advertising account was available. They asked J. Walter Thompson, and Foote, Cone and Belding, and BBD & O, and some of the others. And to Harrah's acute embarrassment, none of those big agencies would touch Harrah's advertising. These were agencies which were headquartered in New York, and they weren't about to endanger an account like PG & E or Pacific Telephone, where they had a lot of Puritan top management, by taking on a gambling club. They would have none of it.

So Harrah's came back to us and said, "Well, would you serve the account for at least six months to a year more?" And of course, I didn't see any business available to keep all my team together, so I swallowed my pride, and took the account again. And finally Harrah retained an advertising consultant by the name of West-Marquis.

Well, I knew Marquis. West-Marquis had been an agency with a very good reputation in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. And because my uncle in southern California knew them (he worked for the *LA Times*), and asked me one time, I helped West-Marquis get the Las Vegas Convention Authority advertising account. I knew West and I knew Marquis. They eventually got tired, and both retired, and I didn't know that Marquis was in the advertising consulting business, but he was. And he was in San Francisco. And Harrah retained him.

He recommended to Harrah the agency of Hoefer, Dieterich and Brown, a team of four eager young men who were putting together a very creative agency, which today is one of the best medium-sized independents, I think on the west coast. What Harrah did not know was that Marquis was the father of [Harold Holliday] Hal Marquis, Jr., a junior partner in Hoefer, Dieterich and Brown. So they got the account.

And with the aid of the consultant, they convinced Harrah's management team that all this "changing of these ads every two weeks" was ridiculous, that there was a value to having the same-appearing ad for the recognition value, which is a valid point. We'd never been able to get that on. And so they retained the agency.

And Hal Marquis had been pumping me—he was an affiliate of ours—on Harrah's, off and on for about a year. And dumb me, I was telling him how they worked. So when they finally took the account over, it was like taking candy away from a baby. And *we* were really hurt.

I had felt that it was impossible to have a legitimate agency in the market as small as Reno without a large gambling establishment as an anchor. But I was mistaken. I operated without a gambling account of any kind, for

about oh, maybe ten years. And we did very well. And we built back up to the size that we had had with Harolds Club. And I developed a branch office in Las Vegas, so that although we were scared to death, we weren't as badly hurt as we had expected.

Hoefer kept that account longer than we had. They lost it about, oh, two or three years ago, when they could not meet the changing demands that Harrah had. Harrah was drifting back into the frantic (I had heard) changes again. And it was just impossible to show any kind of a profit on the account. Hoefer got more and more unhappy with it, and finally Harrah just set up his own in-house agency, which he has now. Meantime Hoefer's picked up all kinds of accounts like Safeway, and other large accounts. So they are really not hurting. In fact, they're doing very well indeed in San Francisco, and have an excellent reputation. And I guess Hickson, Jorgensen sold out to Foote, Cone, Belding in Los Angeles, I think Hoefer's shop is the largest independent on the coast.

[Would I like to give some character sketches of some of these people that I had to deal with on an everyday basis?] Well, Harolds Club was under-organized, Harrah's was over-organized. The Harolds Club thing just grew like Topsy. And I don't believe they ever had an organization chart—not that they needed one. They had general spheres of influence, each one headed by a member of the family. They in each case had a first lieutenant, who was on the payroll, who was a real close buddy, personal friend, and then there were certain—there was a lot of nepotism, a lot of influence by friends.

When we ran the surveys on public attitudes, Raymond I. became very interested in the surveys. And he liked candy. He was a teetotaler. He would not drink anything—wine, beer, or whiskey. But like many

teetotalers, he had a Sweet tooth, and he almost was always eating candy. They had a candy stand down near the cigarette stand. The cigarette stand was a concession to a councilman for the first ward, Southworth, who was another Wingfield henchman, who was very influential with Raymond I.

I got along very well with Southworth. Southworth didn't make any pretenses at all. He knew that I knew what he was doing. And he'd tell me. He'd say, "The old man" (meaning George Wingfield) "wants this. I'm gonna get Raymond I. to support it."

And as far as the things that he did, I *never* knew of one which was damaging to Raymond I. And I would say, "Well, I don't see where it's hurtin' Raymond I." And he'd go ahead and do it.

I regarded Southworth very highly. We got along fine, Raymond I. thought the world of him. And yet Southworth managed to do the impossible. He served two masters, and I think, did a good job on both.

Southworth had the tobacco, cigarette concession at Harolds Club, which was a very lucrative one. He also took care of a lot of things for Harolds Club in the city council. Didn't make any bones about it. Didn't make any bones about it with the city council. He was out in the open, no holds barred, and "Raymond Smith needs this, and I'm for it, and how about you guys goin' along?" And it'd roll right through the city council.

I saw Raymond I. one day. He said, "I'm makin' a test," he said, "I want you to watch this." He had four or five girl employees—dealers—and he was trying to decide what candy should be featured at the candy counter. He said, "Now we'll make a test. Now all take one of these chocolates and taste it." And they all did. He said, "Now taste these mints. I want to know if you think the mints would be

more popular than the other candy.” He said, “Myself, I’ve always favored mints.” He got a hundred percent vote on the mints!

He was smart enough to know what he was doing, and I think he was just having a hell of a lot of fun. But the mints were featured at the candy counter.

How they operate over at Harolds Club—its as informal as I’ve mentioned. At Harrah’s they’ve got management charts all over the place, departmentalized. Of course, today, it’s a different world. Harrah’s now has 5,000 employees. It’s a completely computerized operation. Their computer programming includes not only just paychecks and overtime and vacations, but it also covers the play each shift on different tables, games, and has a pattern.

I know that Harolds Club kept tight books on each table, each shift, and disorganized as they were, they could see any deviation from the norm. Now I believe this system was put together by Guy Lent. But you could look at the activity on a certain table, and the win or the loss, and you could tell if somebody was cheating. You could tell if the game was cheatin’ the customer, or you could tell pretty much, the efficiency of the operation simply by deviation from the norm.

If the swing shift is showing a certain percentage drop—bang, there’s a wild fluctuation from it on every Friday night, you’d better look out—better do some checking. And this was done. Harrah has this on a computer now. I think all of these clubs operate with this kind of thinking.

Also, It’s possible for an old-time gambler to cheat anybody. They’re so good, so smooth. The restraining influence is the fact that the license is so valuable, that at most of the time we’ve had an honest gaming organization in the state. There have been times, in the Pittman and Russell administrations, when gambling really ran loose and wild. And we

might have lost the whole ballgame, except that it was finally really tightened up. Today, it’s run on an extremely professional basis.. Investigations are in great depth.

I have a few old-time friends in the business who tell me that hell, it isn’t worth it. There’s one problem coming up: the clubs reached the point where they won’t, they don’t let people gamble who are card counters, ’cause they can follow the odds too closely. The gamblers are really not gamblers. The gamblers are the customers. There’s not much chance taken.

There’s going to be a showdown on the card counters one of these days; be interesting to see what the state gaming commission rules on it, because it’s not dishonest. It’s done informally by all card players who know anything. And the ones who do it with pocket calculators and whatnot, are being hustled out of the club, they’ll get a tough one some day who’ll turn around and sue ’em, and then there’ll be a real showdown.

Harolds Club used to welcome the high rollers and meet ’em head-on. I remember one game that ran all day and all night, and the player—Harold Smith was dealing—the player was so exhausted he could barely keep goin’. And as I remember the club got into him for about \$80,000. And he said, “I can’t keep it up. I’ll roll you the eighty, high die.” So he rolled an ace and Harold rolled a deuce [laughs]. And it was one that you really couldn’t do much with ’cause nobody’d believe it. A lot of people saw it.

We had a continual series of stories running in national magazines. Gambling was still new. It was easy to get feature stories. I didn’t overdo it, but I could hit the *Saturday Evening Post*, six to eight months later, hit *Time* magazine. I would get story ideas, and write them to editors. And it didn’t require any great thinking.

One day, I saw they had a dealers—girl dealers— school at Harolds Club, and I thought, gee, that's a great story. I can't remember him—I called the west coast editor for a magazine in LA. And I said, "I think I've got a story here, but I'm not sure of it. Would you like to cover the graduation ceremonies for the girl dealers school when they graduate a class, comin' up?"

And he says, "Don't let anybody else have it." [Laughs] They wanted it!

And so I turned around and got Raymond I. to use report cards, and we printed some diplomas, and we had a valedictorian, and I rented some caps and gowns. We had a commencement ceremony [laughs]. You could do things like that so easily, 'cause *everything* they did made news, made a good story!

For years, one of my best friends was Roger Butterfield. Roger was one of the principal writers on *Life* magazine staff. He had a contract that paid him \$50,000 a year, and he had to write at least one feature story a year—up to five. He could pick his own subject. He really had a beautiful setup.

Roger came out here to unload a wife, and take a new one. And while he was here, he got interested in Harolds Club. I met him, took him down there and introduced him to everybody. He was very gentle, a big man, but very quiet, with an excellent mind. I don't know how many books he'd written by then. Was on the consulting staff for two or three publishing houses. So he did a story on Harolds Club.

We became good friends in the process. And I was his best man when he got married. And I remember I had to pick a bouquet for the bride. They were totally disorganized. Mary Smith, Thor Smith's wife, was covering for the Associated Press at that time. So we brought Mary along as a witness, and went

up to Virginia City. And the bride almost backed out of the marriage at the last minute, but then went through with it. And about this time, in the Delta Saloon, we ran into one of the Gumps, who had just taken his third or fourth wife, and they had a whole crew of well-wishers from San Francisco. So the two parties—wedding parties— merged, and it got to be one of the most swinging parties I've ever seen since I was a kid in school.

And about every three or four hours, our bride and groom would have a fight, and the bride'd threaten to go home. But they finally stayed together. And we finally collected everybody, and I drove 'em down the Geiger Grade and got 'em all home, without anybody gettin' hurt. And when Roger and Lynn went back east to his home in New England, they took her horse and a horse trailer [laughs] and drove all the way from Reno to Connecticut.

We still hear from Roger once in awhile. And I think the marriage has lasted for several years. He is a great guy, and could write so beautifully with seemingly so little effort.

And Duncan Enrich was another one. Duncan Enrich came out for a divorce. He came in to see me, and he said, "I'm an author. These are the books I've written. I'll be here for a few weeks," and he said, "I'd like to write a book about Harolds Club." And he said, "I think it'd be worth about \$7,000 for me to do it."

And I said, "Well, Mr. Enrich, you're a professional writer, and you deal with publishers, and if you write a book that's gonna be bought by the public, one that's salable, the publisher is a professional at evaluating your work, and you don't need a subsidy from a bunch of hicks like me and my client, do you?"

And he laughed, and he said, "Well, hell, there's no harm in trying!"

And I said, "Okay. Well, let's go have a drink and forget the money. We'll give you all the information you want." So we did. We became good friends.

The book is called *It's an Old Wild West Custom* (1949). We used to have to help Emrich out occasionally with local information. He really did a lot of research through our various and sundry saloons. Great guy! Haven't heard from him for some time now. I don't know—he's in the diplomatic service, and the last I heard, it seems to me he had some responsible position with our embassy in Greece. But I'm not sure.

There were a whole series of people like Butterfield and Emrich. They were all fun and interesting. And gambling was still a great curiosity. People wanted to know how they worked. They wondered what it was like behind scenes. They wanted to meet a "real, live" gambler. And Harolds Club people always went along on somethin' like this. We had a great time. We'd usually take someone like that out to dinner, and they'd ask—always be the same questions. But the end result was we had something going for our clients in a national publication about every six months for, I don't know how many years.

Harolds Club's business grew and developed. And we were lucky. They were the first big, colorful club. And they would do anything we wanted them to do in the way of stimulating promotion. The girl dealers thing was just the kind of situation where they'd see instantly what you were getting at, and away they'd go.

Harolds Club got a lot of business from the talks that Raymond I. used to make. He discovered people liked to hear talks on gambling anecdotes. And he had a lot of colorful stories, and he could tell them with a flourish. And so I used to contact the program directors of Lions clubs and Rotary clubs and

chambers of commerce in communities up and down the central California valleys, and then sometimes I'd drive him down to some of those clubs, and give a press handout to the local newspaper on what he was talkin' about. He could handle an audience beautifully! Great, great talent in dealing with people. He understood what made 'em tick. Great gift.

He was his own best promoter, really. We had a lot of things that we did for him, and many of 'em were original; in fact, a lot of firsts. But he had a lot on his own, too. And sometimes he'd have an idea which was right, and mine would be wrong. One day he said, "I've got an idea," he said, "let's sell these things to people or give them to them, and fasten them on their license plates, a sort of extra license plate headlined 'Harolds Club or Bust,' with a picture of a covered wagon and oxen, 'Harolds Club or Bust!'"

I said, "Gee, that's an old idea. That's worn out. Everybody in the world has done that."

He said, "Well, let's try it."

Well, so we tried it. And that particular thing worked like a charm! I was completely wrong. And where I'd made my mistake was I hadn't realized that the Harolds Club name was so strong that people would do it just because it was Harolds Club. It made people know they'd been there. It was a conversation piece. So he was right! And I don't know how many thousand of those things were used by people all over the country.

A lot of fun to work with. Great guy! Very generous, and in many respects a real fine person. But he was a kind person, too. I've seen people go bust in the club, and he'd buy 'em a ticket home and see somebody put them on a bus and got them the hell out of town so they couldn't come back. And he had a "once only" list that they kept in the club for people they felt really couldn't afford to gamble, and he didn't want them to gamble.

[The Harrah outfit is so wildly in contrast.] They don't quite know how to do it. The thing is so antiseptic that all of the color and fun has been extracted from it. Their place (1965-1975) is spotless. They insist their executives follow Harrah's as a way of life. If you're on Harrah's payroll, even today, you mixed socially with Harrah's people; except for one or two people whose duties call for them to mix with the townspeople, you stayed inside the circle.

You got your haircut at the Harrah's barbershop. You had your meals at the Harrah's restaurants. You went on golfing trips with Harrah's people. If you were high enough up, you went up to the Idaho hunting lodge with other Harrah's husbands and wives. If you hunted or fished or golfed, you did it with Harrah's people. And above all, not other people in the business, in the industry. They owned your soul. And you were completely isolated from much of the rest of the community.

You didn't talk about company business, so matter how prosaic, or how simple, or anything else. You just didn't *talk about it!* And if Harrah's wanted the public to know something about their club, it went out through a press release. You don't see Harrah's executives giving talks before service clubs on the gambling business. (They should, but they don't.)

Raymond I. made a real asset out of the talks that he gave, about how they got into the gambling business, the problems they had, the mistakes they made, how they operated, their pay scale. He'd have a give-and-take question period afterwards: How much do you pay your people? Do you have any medical benefits? Do you do this? Do you do that? He'd answer 'em all, and handle it very well. And he was just folksy enough so that if he didn't know he'd say, "Well, I guess I'm not bright enough for this business."

But he'd go get the answer, and give it to whoever the questioner was, so that the guy would go around town saying, "Well, you know, gee, I really *did* get the answer!"

Hell, well, you don't see this in Harrah's. Harrah has some people who have been pretty outgoing before they came to Harrah. Take Chuck Munson, as an example. Now very circumspect, even with people who formerly, he was open and free and easy. It's a way of life. But now he's kinda like a different person. They pay him very well. They have tremendous advantages. They send their executives back to Mayo's for an annual checkup. They have great medical and educational benefits for their people. They have training schools. They send 'em away for specialized training.

They're very enlightened in their business procedure, and there're people who are department heads who have become specialists. Some are old-time gamblers, who have taken business courses, and attended management seminars. Some are people who never knew anything about the gambling business, are learning it, but are maybe specialists in the areas of personnel and purchasing. Totally different.

Now, the Las Vegas operations, I don't know too much about. I've had Las Vegas clubs as clients. I was a consultant on the Flamingo—I told you—and I had Thunderbird as a client. And I used to exchange a lot of ideas with Bill Moore when he ran the Frontier, although I never really had him as a client. But he had a western theme following Harolds Club, and I used to help him with suggestions and ideas. They were, I think, much more businesslike than Harolds Club, but not as formalized as Harrah's. Of course, there are big operations today, and enormous hotels. They've brought in professionals from the big hotel chains, and they are pros, and they operate with professional management.

You talk about how colorless and antiseptic that Harrah operation is, although it's entirely businesslike. I think that Harrah's is vulnerable competition-wise to an operator who had a sense of humor, and the color, and warmth to run an operation like that.

When Raymond I. was in full form, he used to provide that at Harolds Club. He would go through the club, doubling people's bets, buying people drinks, slapping 'em on the back, and cracking real, corny jokes, kidding the dealers, who would kid him right back, and it was a warm, friendly, hilarious place. Nobody could touch him. They were the only club in the state which had the humorous, friendly atmosphere.

Harrah's is, in a sense, like the old-time mining camp gamblers where everything is grim, everything is quiet, everything is formal, everything is frozen. It's a cold business. If anybody laughs or jokes, it's the customer, not anybody connected with the club. There is no warmth, and no relaxation, and no excitement. It's the grim business of gambling and making money. Harrah's has never had serious competition until the last year. To me, it's going to be interesting to see whether they can handle it or not. I have some serious doubts. But they are very intelligent.

As long as—when they had competition from Harolds Club, Harrah didn't "go anywhere." When they finally went to Lake Tahoe, they had no competition. The Harvey's organization was very informal and disorganized. And Harrah had no trouble taking a strong position in the scheme of things at Lake Tahoe.

Now they have Del Webb at Lake Tahoe. Del Webb has some problems in that Del Webb, himself, recently died. He'd not been close to the management of the clubs and hotels, so it may not make much difference. And Webb, of course, is a businesslike

operation. So they may not hit Harrah where they're most vulnerable—on the humorous, warm, feeling part of the business.

Webb will give Harrah serious competition as a businesslike operation. And I think that Harrah's pretty apprehensive. They're really up pretty tight. They've never had to do anything about this before. Furthermore, Webb has moved into Reno. He would not have moved into Reno, if he'd been afraid of Harrah's operation, but he'd seen Harrah do his best at the Lake, so Webb came into Reno. And they're gonna meet Harrah face-to-face very likely in the Reno market, which could be very interesting.

There are a lot of Reno businesses which have never faced serious competition, and they're real soft as a result. The one thing that makes a gambling business tough is competitive activity from somebody who's knowledgeable and strong. And Harrah may be able to take it. Okay. But Harrah is no kid. Harrah's getting along in years. Possibly Harrah may not be able to take it. But Harrah is intelligent enough to be planning for continuity with the organization, I suspect, after he's gone. He may turn around and sell it to somebody, or he may want to continue it.

He's also intelligent enough to start building, or trying to build an organization which can meet competition. But he's never had it, and it's a dangerous place for him to be. He really needs to have some management experience in some market where he could train his people to a competitive threat. As it is, I don't know of any major person now got on his team who knows what it is to compete. Lot of internal politics, but I mean *business*, versus *business*, of course. I think that somebody with the warmth and the color of a Raymond I. Smith, who is a good gambler, good manager, and has a good bankroll, could come into Reno, or come into Tahoe, and take business away from Del Webb, and Harrah's—like taking candy away from a baby.

WILSON-TYSON-CURTIS AGENCY, AN INTERIM

In the late sixties, 1965 and on, it became apparent to me that I should give a lot of serious thought about succession in my agency. Most of my friends who owned medium-sized agencies had members of their family, or members of their existing staffs, to whom they could turn the additional load of responsibility over to, as they became older.

I didn't have anyone who fit this particular capability. My son has always wanted to be a lawyer; he became a lawyer, and a good one. My daughter was interested in creative writing, newspaper work, was an excellent copywriter. When she was a little kid in high school, we let her work summers on the receptionist desk, and other odd jobs in the agency to give her some business experience, and then she got jobs Outside the agency. So by the time she was college age, she knew what it was to work for wages in and outside the family. She would have been an excellent agency person, but she got married before she graduated from college, and raised a family of kids, lived far away, and there was

nothing she could do that would have any relationship with the agency.

Accordingly, I had to go the other route, which was look for talent. And I began about 1965, for the next oh, four or five years, looking for bright, young people, in either the agency field or the allied fields like newspaper, television, radio—find someone who appeared to have some spark which could lead to management capabilities.

I had seen this happen to other agencies in the mid '50s. I had a friend, Robert Young, who owned the Robert Young Agency in San Francisco; very fine, medium-sized agency, specializing in industrial accounts. Young had no children. He was an extremely able management guy. He was the kind of a person who is called in on a consulting basis for agencies which had management problems.

His wife was a great gal. Bob was in his seventies and still extremely active, but he was looking for somebody to take over management. And after I had a chance to know him well in the agency network to

which we both belonged, he approached me one time.

He said, “Give or sell your agency, come down and work for me for a year, and I will give you, not sell you, half interest in my agency. And you will take on an increasing management load. But I’ve got to have something going to take care of my wife. And at my age I’ve gotta do it pretty quick.”

I gave an awful lot of thought to that, because it was an excellent agency, and he would have been one of the best teachers in the country. But I finally decided against it. The last time I had lived in the Bay area, I kept finding myself wondering how I could work an angle to come back up here.

All of my friends in the agency business, as I’ve said many times, were saving their money in the Bay area and the Los Angeles area so that “someday they could retire and do what *everybody* does up here—hunt and fish and outdoor life and small town living, in a good place to raise kids.” So with a good deal of regret, I backed away from Bob’s offer. He finally sold his agency to a larger agency, so his wife was provided for, and he didn’t live much longer after that.

[Balance of chapter in restricted addenda]

CIVIC AFFAIRS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

THE MARK TWAIN CENTENNIAL

As I mentioned, we had a project for many years, designing the front cover of the Nevada Bell telephone directory, and we developed a theme based on Nevada history, essentially on events a hundred years prior to the year of that particular directory. And these were extremely well-received by the general public. And so we approached 1961—actually, during 1960, we were concerned with a subject for the 1961 (I guess I have my years straight). And in the course of our research, of course, we turned up the fact that Sam Clemens and Orion Clemens came Out to Nevada to organize the Territorial government. Orion was secretary of state, or was to be secretary to the new Nevada Territory when the Territory was organized, and the story goes, his younger brother, Sam, came with him, primarily to escape military duty in that militia company he belonged to back in Hannibal, Missouri. So they came out by stagecoach to Nevada, not yet Nevada Territory, and lived in Carson City.

So we decided that probably the '61 phone book cover should be the Mark Twain centennial, that is the centennial of Mark Twain's arrival in Nevada. So we really lucked out. We knew the name of the stage company that he came with, and the Historical Society had a photograph of that stagecoach and I think it was a six-horse team of mules, in front of the original Ormsby House. So our illustration was a small sketch from that photograph, showing the stagecoach and the team, and then a large portrait of Mark Twain, as he is popularly visualized; that is, after he became famous. We had a photograph of him when he was, I believe, lecturing in San Francisco. He was still a young man, but recognizable as Mark Twain.

After we'd made the decision, and the art work was being completed, I wondered how many people knew about Mark Twain. So I walked up Virginia Street one day from the Riverside Hotel to about Virginia and Second, and every person who I could stop—coming, facing me—I'd say, "You know anything about a book called *Roughing It*?"

And really, there were perhaps out of the whole number of people, there were maybe one or two who'd ever heard of it. So I felt that maybe we'd have to have some kind of a publicity campaign accompany this cover or it might not go over very well. As Christmas approached, and I thought that I had an idea for my clients, and I'd like to see what it would cost to give each one of 'em a copy of *Roughing It*.

So I tracked down the publishing house (I don't know whether it was Putnam and Sons—I can't recall). Well, anyway, they were still in business, or the successors to the original publishing house, were in business. And I located their New York address, wrote them, and asked them if they had any copies of *Roughing It*, and what would they cost? And I got quite a letter back from them saying they didn't think they had any, but they did check the warehouse, and they found thirty copies that they didn't know they had. They'd sell 'em for three dollars apiece. I bought all they had, and I gave 'em to clients and friends for Christmas.

And I had a number. I remember C. W. Maxeiner, who was head of Pomeroy Construction, and they were clients of ours—Pomeroy Construction in San Francisco; they had developed Tahoe Keys. Maxeiner begged me for some additional copies. I didn't have any. I didn't know where he could get any, other than secondhand bookstores. They were very well received by our clients. Others wanted to know where they could get them. They were not expensive books, and not expensively bound. But they were hard cover and they were not edited back, they were okay.

So one night at some function, at some civic deal of some kind, or state Press meeting, Paul Garwood, who was general manager of Nevada Bell, and Eva Adams, McCarran's administrative assistant, and who's a good

friend of both of us, and I were having a drink at the old Corner Bar at the Riverside. (I can't remember what the event was. It was in late 1960.) But I told of my adventures with *Roughing It*. And I said, "Well, maybe what we ought to do as a vehicle to publicize this thing is hold a Mark-Twain's-arrival-in-Nevada-centennial."

And Paul Garwood said, "That sounds like a good idea."

And Eva said to me, "Yeah. I nominate you as chairman of the Centennial Commission for Mark Twain."

Paul said, "I move the nominations be closed."

I said, "Wait a minute, before we get too anxious—I think we'd better have some policies in the tradition of Mark Twain. We must never do any work ourselves. We must always get somebody else to whitewash the fence." So it was agreed, that'd be it. And I said, "Mark Twain was always broke, so we must never spend any of our own money." So that was agreed. And I said, "I think we should never have a legal meeting of the commission unless it's in a saloon." And they agreed to that. So with those fundamental policies, we launched the Mark Twain Centennial.

We did fudge a little. I sent postcards to all of the libraries that I could find in Nevada, and told them this was Nevada's Mark Twain Centennial Year, '61, and displays of his books and things like that would be very much in order. And they caught fire and did it. And then I talked an artist into donating a sketch of Mark Twain and the "Mark Twain centennial emblem." And I talked an engraver into rolling mattes, and making cuts, and I supplied all the newspapers in the state with mattes to put up in the ears of the paper on page one—the masthead—throughout the centennial year. He was Nevada's "number one journalist in pioneer days," and they

went along with it. No problem. Almost all of 'em did it. There were a few who only did it spasmodically, when they didn't forget.

And I began to have "problems" with Nevada historian Effie Mack (a good friend). Dr. Effie Mona Mack wanted a big banquet in memory of Mark Twain, with a speaker. And I kept ducking and dodging, figuring that finally she'd get disgusted, and do it herself, which she did. And it took a little doing, and we finally wound up with a black tie dinner. I had to go to it as the chairman of the commission. I think I introduced the speaker. I can't remember his name, but he gave impersonations of Clemens as "Mark Twain Tonight."

There was another group of history fans, and I can't remember now who it was, that maybe they were raising money for something—I can't remember what it was now—who went out and engaged Hal Holbrook, brought him in, and Holbrook gave "Mark Twain Tonight" in the old State Building. Packed the joint. And I got to know him. And he was a very pleasant guy to know. I enjoyed him thoroughly. And he was—when he heard about how we were holding this centennial, he was really tickled with it.

And we had a number of other things going. 'Course, when the telephone book came out, it had Mark Twain's portrait on it and so on.

We had a number of Mark Twain events of various kinds. The newspaper guys found out what it was all about, and I got trapped into almost making a speech at their annual meeting luncheon at Ely on Mark Twain, which was very easy, since there's a lot of research available on Mark Twain. And so I had no trouble at all getting about a fifteen-minute discussion of Mark Twain. And Governor Grant Sawyer showed up as a—he was a banquet speaker that night. And the

next morning when we were leaving Ely to come home to Reno—Sunday morning—Grant got me in a corner and he said, "I want you to be chairman of the Nevada state centennial, which is in '64." And then he really twisted my arm.

And I thought'd be kinda fun, and so I said, "Yes." And that's another story. But that's what happened. I guess Grant had been worrying about how to organize for the Nevada Centennial. And I had been a member of the Diamond Jubilee Commission when Nevada was seventy-five years old, largely because I worked at establishing the first Nevada Day observance in Carson City. So that's the story of the Mark Twain Centennial. It was fun.

THE 1960 WINTER OLYMPICS

Well, I've got some notes here on the [consults papers] Olympic Games [winter, 1960], and our attempts to get them in Reno. And since the notes were written at that time, and pasted in the report, maybe I'll just read the introductory comment I had on this, and go through the report and touch on it.

My notes on this thing say that in December of 1954, the United States Olympic Committee was seeking a site for the 1960 winter games, which were due to come to the United States, as countries take turns on Olympic Games. And it's not a hard and fast rotation, but you have a much better chance of having it when your turn comes up than to break up the sequence.

The last American winter Olympic Games had been held in Lake Placid. And the difficult thing about picking an Olympic Game site was that one of the major events needed a bobsled run, which was very expensive, costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. They had to ice and bank the turns to take the speeds

up to a hundred miles an hour, and they had to be engineered precisely. They had to be a certain length. They had to have a certain amount of drop. Quite technical. Had to be in a climate with low enough temperatures so that once they were built and iced, they would hold. Lake Placid had had a bobsled run, but it was the only bobsled run in existence in the entire United States. The Olympic Committee reasoned that if they could get a different site for Winter Olympics in 1960, then the United States would have a second bobsled run, which would be very advantageous for future training and experience.

Accordingly, they did not put any pressure on having the games again at Lake Placid. They started out by offering the games site to Aspen [Colorado]. And Aspen turned 'em down. Then they turned to Sun Valley [Idaho]. And Sun Valley turned it down. Both of 'em were concerned with the expenses, but not so much the expense as the disruption of their very successful winter sports industry that they had going. Nobody had spent much money on the Olympic Games at this point —\$100,000, \$200,000 was big money. Finally, the American committee was getting desperate, and they had heard of the Chamber of Commerce promotion of winter sports in Reno, and the development in the Tahoe-Mount Rose-Slide Mountain area, so they called up the Reno Chamber of Commerce.

The Reno Chamber of Commerce appointed a Winter Olympics Committee, consisting of Tom Wilson and Selby Calkins. Selby Calkins was publicity man on the payroll of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, and I was chairman, I think it was, of a winter sports development committee on the early development of Reno Ski Bowl, Slide Mountain, and so on. Our committee of two was requested to prepare, on a crash basis, an invitation from the city of Reno to the

American Olympic Committee for the winter games. Accordingly, Calkins and I locked ourselves up in a suite in the Mapes Hotel. And with unlimited use of long distance telephones, and some runners, we researched the project and assembled the necessary maps, had aerial photos taken, wrote the text for messages signed by various state and federal officials, obtained approvals and support from the community for the games. We wrote, produced, and had printed the entire invitation in less than five days. We were workin' night and day, and livin' on coffee.

As we started work on this project, the *Reno Gazette* ran a story about the Reno Chamber activity, and the fact that the committee was preparing an invitation. And Alex Cushing's publicity man in Squaw Valley phoned Alex, who was, I believe, down on the coast, and said they'd better do something; maybe they oughta have the games. Well, Cushing came on pretty strong. He had a lot of connections, and a lot of Olympic Game connections, and a powerful family behind him. He immediately went to work with a lot of money and a lot of salesmanship to compete with us. We finished our printed and leather-bound invitations from the city of Reno, and a prominent [group] of our local citizens flew back to a meeting of the U.S. Olympic Committee, where they ran into Cushing and his people who were, of course, competing for it.

In the appearance before the American Olympic Committee, Cushing promised outright to build a bobsled run. He had the money. There was no problem. He had the site for it, and showed them reports that he had everything it took to get the thing done. And the American Olympic Committee was putting great emphasis on the bobsled run as a prerequisite. On the other hand, the Reno Olympic Committee could not

promise a bobsled run. Reno really would have problems financing it. They estimated by the rising expenses for this sort of thing, that it might well cost a million or so to build a bobsled run. Accordingly, based entirely on the bobsled issue, Cushing and Squaw Valley, with a narrow margin, won the site for the Olympic Games. They won by a margin of two votes out of a committee of eight. We came that close for Reno!

Once he had the site in his pocket from the American committee, Cushing then went to Europe, did a terrific selling job, called on all the members of the International Olympic Committee, and talked them out of the need for the requirement for the bobsled run. "Really, a bobsled run was obsolete, and it wasn't that important any more, and was very difficult for spectators to see, and it was quite dangerous," and he had all kinds of arguments, and he actually talked them into eliminating the requirement. And so, no bobsled run or bobsled events were ever at the Eighth Olympic Winter Games in Squaw Valley in 1960.

There were some Reno people who said later that it was lucky Reno failed to get the Olympic Games, after they saw the tremendous amount of money—four and a half million, I think—the state of California put up. But Reno's basic thinking on this thing that Calkins and I worked out, provided a number of make-do arrangements which would compare very favorably with the arrangements that had been made for any previous Winter Olympic Games, without the expenditure of such large sums. Nevada, of course, couldn't come up with four and a half million dollars, but our thinking was to call on the Nevada state legislature to, by legislative act, close the University down for the period of the games, which would be a month to six weeks in the dead of winter, use

the University campus as the Olympic village, use the dorm facilities for the athletes, use the gymnasiums for their training facilities, lease and rent portable ice rink equipment from all over the United States (and we had looked up outfits), and pool that equipment and put it in the Mackay Stadium where we had ample audience facilities for much greater than Blythe Arena turned out to have at Squaw, with a big ice rink for the figure skating events, and, of course, for the speed skating and hockey. We would have had an Olympic Games area, Olympic Village much closer to airline, airport, railroad trains, arterial and expressway highways, good communications—all of the problems and the things that had to be built at Squaw, we had in being. This was one reason why very serious consideration was given to Reno's very real advantage for the games by the American Committee. We really had better support from the American Committee than we had from some segments of the Reno population, although the Chamber of Commerce, the city, the county, and the state were strongly behind it. Reno eventually turned out to be a headquarters city for much activity at the Eighth Winter Games, but we really didn't get the international publicity and activity that we could have had.

Our invitation from the city of Reno to the United States Olympic Committee included a series of aerial photos of the terrain, showing accessibility and snow and shaded areas where snow would hold up. We had messages from our officials (which Calkins and I wrote, then got telephoned approval to affix the names and sent them). Here's an invitation from the office of the mayor, city of Reno, to the International Olympic Committee: "Greetings: As Mayor of the city of Reno, I speak for the people of my city and myself personally in extending to you a most friendly welcome and official

invitation to hold the Eighth Winter Olympic Games at Reno in Nevada in 1960. I promise enthusiastic support of every citizen in our community” (and so on). Signed: Francis R. Smith, Mayor: and Attest City Clerk: E. E. Gill.

We had a chart showing the ways to get to Reno on the map, showing how Chicago was seven hours and fifty minutes away. This was a 1954 airline schedule time. Seattle was four hours and fifteen minutes. Portland three hours and forty-five minutes. San Francisco one hour and ten minutes—not bad for those days. Los Angeles, two hours and fifty minutes. Boston, twelve hours and thirty minutes. And so on. Our story on how to get there explained that with typical 1954 travel times, “none can say how much these will [be] shortened by 1960, but shorten they will in the coming jet age. Nor is there lack of ground travel. The area proposed lies at the intersection of three major-highways, two transcontinental, and one expressway, and two American railroads, and two airlines,” and that expansion was being planned by all.

There’s a telegram to the Reno Winter Olympic Committee signed by George W. Malone, United States Senator: “No place better than Reno in which to conduct Winter Olympic Games. If the National Winter Olympic Committee selects Reno as the host city, you can count on me and my staff to do everything possible” (and so on). Here’s one signed by Senator Alan Bible, December 24, 1954, to the United States Winter Olympic Committee: “Understand you’re making plans. Urge careful consideration. Facilities at Reno and the site for the games. In the event a decision is made to select Reno, my office will give every support.”

We had a page on ski racing in the Reno area, in which we brought up Snowshoe Thompson, and the ski meets that were held up in Portola, in the birthplace of competitive

skiing in the world, where over a hundred years ago they had clubs and organized meets and races. And we had a little fun with that.

We had a letter signed by the governor to the International Olympic Committee, with ribbons and seals and all kinds of embellishments. “As Governor of the State of Nevada, and on behalf of the people, I extend you a cordial welcome” (and so on). He assured them of hospitality. Russell signs as Governor, John Koontz as Secretary of State.

We indicated a bobsled area, although we were very, very vague about how we were going to get one. On our map, we showed a stadium for ice events at the University of Nevada auditorium. We had a potential Olympic Village site. The downhill area and the slalom area were spectacular, and very adequate.

We had an invitation from the Washoe County Commissioners signed by Ray Peterson and Kleppe and Capurro, with County Clerk Brown signing it.

We had as proposed dates, January 31 through February 15, with the meteorological studies on minimum high wind and maximum calm, sunny days, and low temperatures. The events included indoor skating events, hockey, speed skating, outdoor ice events—the University of Nevada Olympic Stadium, as we called it—bobsledding, ski jumping, cross country and relay racing, downhill racing, slalom and giant slalom. We indicated all of this could be held in a twenty-five-mile radius of Reno.

The housing was proposed for 2,500 men and women. We had a page or two on how the Nevada State Highway Department cleared highways up here during peak snow periods with reports on how much equipment they had, how fast it would operate, how quickly, and how experienced they were, and so on. We talked about a “soon to be constructed” Reno

civic auditorium, which they would use for ice skating. We had designs showing the aerial photographs of buildings and the Mackay Stadium and how we would allow for the ice events. We had material on the growth of Reno, and the athletic facilities which were here. And we had a hastily-printed Winter Olympic Committee letterhead, with Bill Brussard, who was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, as executive secretary of the Reno Olympic Committee. And they offered a lot of support.

We didn't get the Games. We had a good exercise in organizing. It really did help, I think, in a large way, accelerated the development of winter sports in the area. Of course, when the Winter Games were held at Squaw, the town fell to, with interpreters at the airport, flags of all nations in the Reno airport, a very fine Press Club facility at the Napes Hotel, a lot of shuttle bus service for athletes, and press, and a lot of facilities. It worked out very well.

One way the Olympics, Eighth Winter Olympics, I think were unfortunate; California spent so much money that it raised the standard to the point where the Winter Olympics can no longer be conducted anywhere in the world without governmental financing, and it's taken the bloom off of the amateur activities that've always been there in the past. Well, of course, it's just a might-have-been, but it did have a long range effect.

[Did I get very much involved in the activities?] In the actual Olympics? No. No. Our committee, really, had nothing to do with the Olympic Games of any kind, neither Calkins nor I. There were two or three Reno people on the Olympic Committee as a token from Nevada. The committee was pretty much dominated by San Francisco.

There was a terrible "fight" which disrupted the California activity. Cushing and [Wayne] Poulsen hated each other cordially. They had

been partners in the development of Squaw Valley. Poulsen used to go into Squaw Valley when he was a kid-student at the University of Nevada. And he worked for years attracting money to develop the potential that he knew Squaw had. He formed the Squaw Valley Land and Cattle Company. He begged and borrowed enough money to get control of the land, which was simply summer pasture. And Squaw Creek provided the necessary water. He finally interested Alex Cushing, and Alex came into Squaw Valley and had the necessary connections, and of course, financing, to build the lifts and start the development. Cushing and Poulsen fell out over, I think, a struggle over who was gonna control the Valley. I think there was a move to squeeze Poulsen out (at least I heard there was).

At one time I had Cushing and his part of the Valley, and Poulsen and his part of the Valley, as clients. And I got along very well with each of them, but they weren't speaking to each other. Poulsen's kids grew up in Squaw Valley. A very difficult period.

Well, when the Olympic site had been selected for Squaw, Cushing loaded the Valley up with his friends and money, and they kinda looked down their noses at the Poulsens who kinda resented it. And the two San Francisco newspapers chose up sides. The *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, each one backed a participant in that fight, and it really was disgraceful. They almost wrecked the games. There was some talk off the record by some members of the American Olympic Committee that they'd let it go to Austria or some place else, if they'd known it was going to be so unpleasant. It really was, it really was too bad.

NEVADA'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

I mentioned, I think, that at the Nevada State Press meeting in Elko, Governor Grant

Sawyer asked me if I'd be chairman of the Nevada Centennial. And we really didn't know what we were gettin' into. Grant appointed a Centennial Commission which was composed of Clarence Swain, who was a druggist at Ely; and Dr. Thomas Gallagher, a dentist in Elko; and Gerald Roberts, who was the editor of the *Tonopah Times-Bonanza*; and Mrs. George Phillips, who was active in politics in Las Vegas; and Paul Garwood, who was vice president and general manager of Nevada Bell in Reno; and Robert Berry, who was district attorney for Storey County up in Virginia City; and Art Smith, who was president of Bank of Nevada, Las Vegas; and G. W. "Swede" Russell of Carson City.

In this final report [refers to papers] we state that more than 2,000 people participated in various Centennial activities. We estimated 150 annual events, which were already regularly staged in various parts of Nevada were given a Centennial theme, this one year. In addition to these, there were some four hundred new events, which were created by people just for the Centennial. There are lots of statistics in this thing that may or may not be interesting.

The first meeting of our commission with Grant, he said, "I want this to be observed in all parts of the state. And I want the observation to continue throughout the Centennial year of 1964." Which turned it into a big, big job. It was far greater, than I think even Grant, had any idea of—to cover the whole state. And when I look at the money they're talking about for the Bicentennial this year, I laugh, because we came out of the legislature with a total appropriation of \$60,000, period. And I think somebody on our commission must have talked, because we had a gentlemen's agreement previously, that if they didn't come up with something better than \$60,000, we'd better just quit and not even try to have a

Centennial. And so they came up with the magic number. Not too hard to figure.

We finished the Centennial without any loss of life or bloodshed. And it was a tough job for everybody. It was really spread so far. We had all kinds of Centennial seals, and all kinds of—we had special license plates, and state maps. The state agencies cooperated very well. Every state agency had an order from the governor to get with it. And they really did, in good spirit as well as just the letter. And had a great deal of support.

The Oldsmobile factory loaned us a fleet of brand new Oldsmobiles—to all of us on the commission and staff—which was very nice. We had new cars all the time throughout the couple of years preceding and the year of the Centennial.

Each county had a program of its own. And the report covers the events in each county, and the county committees—people who worked on 'em. Some are quite extensive. Some are quite simple, as you'd expect.

A number of events that started out as Centennial events are still continuing in the state. The National Championship air races in Reno started as a [Centennial] event with some intramural fighting among members of the committee, which were refereed by Harold Gorman and me. The Basque festival at Elko was a Centennial event, which became permanent. There were a number of others. White Pine County had a lot of fun with an old train that they put together, and had train trips. They had a White Pine county muzzle-loading Centennial shoot to hunt lions, which is still a secret, and I think I've covered somewhere else—and how the lion was too tame—nobody could bear to shoot it. They turned it loose, We had—the Colt people manufactured a .45, a Centennial Colt Revolver.

I got ahold of Levi-Strauss Company in San Francisco, and got them to make a Levi

shirt, which had the double-breasted type shield effect that cowboys and prospectors used to wear in the early, early days of the Far West. Made it Out of red flannel. They really kind of got clubbed into the first part of the project, and they were kind of reluctant, and dragged their feet. Later, they never could keep them in supply. As fast as they'd make up five hundred or a thousand, they'd sell instantly, and then they'd make up some more. And they were very cautious; they were afraid they'd get stuck with a lot of shirts on their hands and no sale. But actually, they were a collector's item, and I don't know what their total sales finally turned into. This was the first departure from Levi's historic trousers as their sole merchandise. Today they have expanded their product line into scores of various garments. I had a Hollywood alleged cowboy, author, movie producer in here makin' a pitch for some wild deal, the other day. And he was wearing one of Nevada's Centennial shirts. He didn't know it was a Nevada Centennial shirt. He told me it'd been in his family for many generations [laughs].

Antonio Morelli had an idea that each county ought to have its own flag. This really bore fruit, and each county did turn up with a flag. Those flags are on display over in the state capitol building. And there're some very good ones. But most of 'em are too complicated. The usual approach on these things is to have school children compete in designing a flag, or a seal, or an emblem, and of course, what comes out is much too complicated. They've got everything in the county in the flag. You never in the world could produce the flags commercially. But there were some good ones in the group.

Jack Benny got in the act. The cast of "Bonanza" got in the act. All had parts in various events. Dr. Effie Mack was chairman of the postage stamp committee, and that was

a running battle that never did let up. Was funny—Effie had to have everything done just exactly right. We had an assistant postmaster general come out from Washington, led a parade, and took part at a cocktail party and whatnot in Carson City. The map was specified by the head of the postal arts committee. He was a very charming gentleman by the name of Kent, lived over in Kentfield near San Raphael. I don't know who the artist was who designed the stamp, but I do remember that they got the negative backwards, and the whole stamp [laughs] was printed—right was where left should be. Had a lot of fun. I wanted Bob Caples to design the stamp, and Effie wouldn't stand for it. She just raised merry hell to show Virginia City, and the whole town. And that's what the stamp is. From a design standpoint, it's really a nothing, but it was fun.

The Assistant Postmaster General Tyler Abell, who came out to Carson, was the son-in-law of oh, the "Washington Merry-Go-Round"—Pearson. You know who I mean? Jack Anderson was his leg man.

All kinds of crazy stunts, as you'll see when you look at the report. As you'd expect, we had a committee for early days.

We had a school teacher by the name of Mildred Breedlove, who was a poet, and who announced to Governor Sawyer that she had been appointed "poet laureate," and that she had been ordered by the governor of Nevada to do a narrative poem, called "Nevada." And this poem was twenty-eight pages long. She spent months of research. Not a bad poem; in fact, it's a very good one. But Grant Sawyer had no recollection of ever having appointed her as poet laureate. Seems that once in awhile the state legislature would designate somebody as poet laureate, and it was good for their term, and then the appointment would expire. And the nearest that Grant could ever figure on this was that Governor

Charlie Russell sometime had been asked by her loyal friends in Boulder City, where she taught school, to appoint her poet laureate. And he had appointed her poet laureate, and as far as she was concerned, that was a lifetime appointment. She took it very seriously. She was very bitter that the state would not put up about \$35,000 and publish her poem in book form.

We had a great deal of pressure to publish poems, plays, novels, histories. About the only smart thing I think I did in that Centennial was to realize that we would not get involved in an art contest, and so at the very beginning I announced that there would be a lot of activity among Nevada's talented artists, but it would "all be on the county level," and each county would have its own committee on the arts. I was a devout coward in that field, and I was really—a number of county commissioners later told me that it really was a dirty trick to unload it on 'em, because they didn't know any better, and they charged right into it.

Well, the poetry thing was even worse. Every once in awhile, I still get a letter from Mrs. Breedlove, who's still alive and hale and hearty, living in Nevada City [California], and she says in her letters that the governor and the legislature, and the Centennial commission were a bunch of thieves and liars and pickpockets, and that we all conspired to suppress her poem, and she's very bitter. And she has a number of good friends about the same age, who keep her stirred up. Every time they pay her a visit, I figure I'll get a letter, 'cause they'll bring this thing up, and have a hate session. Apparently, got to the point where I just file them in the waste basket. It's become an obsession with her. The ironic thing was that her poem was good.

The E. Clampus Vitus members of Nevada and California were pretty active in the Centennial. I don't know how much you

know about E. Clampus Vitus, but it's a secret society to end all secret societies. Its ritual is absolutely delightful. It obviously was written by somebody with a good, strong, classical education back in the '49, '50, '51 mining camp days in California, where it started. It contains elements that are reminiscent of Freemasonry and every other secret society that ever existed. But it's a spoof. It's a really well done—it's fun to go to damper events just to hear the ritual. And their great historic figure is the charming and daffy Emperor Norton, of course. And we called a bi-state meeting in Sacramento of all dampers with the Emperor Norton present. The avowed purpose was to remove the boundary between Nevada and California for the Centennial year, so that California could celebrate it with us, and we could have permanent friendship and trust. And in the course of the ceremonies, the Clampers brought in "the state boundary," which they had pulled up by the roots, and coiled it up,* and put it in storage for the Centennial year. The

Emperor Norton made an impassioned speech, and Governor Brown and Governor Sawyer put in brief appearances. And we dedicated a plaque and aid other similar noble things.

Later we had a tour by financial editors of the Far West through Nevada during the Centennial year. Toured throughout the entire state, and it did a lot of good. They stopped at each major community, had a banquet or a luncheon. The local people brought out facts and figures, and photographs. And in some cases, they'd tour a mine or a big ranch. And it was an eye-opening event for a lot of these people.

*Actually the boundary was an old fire hose, much decorated.

We had a national press photographers' contest with wonderful photography. Had a lot of trouble gettin' action for awhile in Clark County. But finally in sheer desperation, I appointed a committee on the "*next century*," and we had one almost entirely composed of people who were scientists, active either on the Test Site or other projects. We had a few from northern Nevada. The only one from northern Nevada was Wendell Mordy, who was director of the Desert Research Institute. But the rest of these people were all with the Atomic Energy Commission or contractors. And you'll find their names all here.

We had Boys State [shows picture] that year—was in costume, see the silk hats and the frock coats? And the markers, historic points of interest. We had ethnic celebrations of various kinds for Basques and Irish and French and Slavs and Italians and Chinese. We had a governor's tour through California, which was extremely well attended, and particularly in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

We had one event that backfired. The Reno Junior Chamber of Commerce wanted to have some kind of unusual event, and they preferred things that were kinda rowdy, so I suggested that they celebrate the discovery of Lake Tahoe. I think it was February 14, 1844; I'm not sure of that date. (That's out of Fremont's diary.) Fremont says on that date that he and [Charles Preuss] ascended a high peak—probably Freel's Peak, from where they saw a lake to the south, which did not seem to have an outlet, and they named it Mountain Lake. And later he changed the name to, I think it was "Lake Bonpland." That's all that Fremont says.

I checked Preuss's diary, the translation, and all Preuss says on that date was that [they] climbed a mountain. Doesn't mention the lake, but dwells at great length on the fact that they cooked and served the party's

dog mascot that night, and what a great, sumptuous dinner it was. I guess it was the first time they'd had meat in weeks, and they were really starving. And he goes on and on and on for considerable length describing this thing.

So I suggested, in my innocence, to the Reno JCs that they have a dog banquet every year, starting in the Centennial year, on the 16th of February, and that the dogs, of course, be these giant-size hot dogs, and they drink bourbon straight in tin cups, and that preferably it be held outdoors, in a blizzard, in the forest, somewhere in the Lake Tahoe area. They could vary it year to year. And they went for it.

And the first press releases went out, and then the roof fell in. Almost every women's club in the Far West rose up in fury. I had a phone call at seven o'clock one morning, woke me up, from Molly Magee (now Molly Knudtsen) out in Austin calling long distance, just giving me merry hell. I knew her very well, but she really was screaming angry. And finally, we all beat a hasty retreat. And the final ceremony, which was done for the benefit of the press photographers, was to bury a hatchet. The JCs and a representative of the Reno Kennel Club took part in the burial [laughs]. So it never got held. I still think it was worth doin

One of the things that turned up was a Chinese event, which came out of Grant Sawyer's talk to the San Francisco Press Club, a joint meeting of the press club and a Chinese Chamber of Commerce. The Chinese formed a Chinese Historical Society, which, by the way, is still going very well in San Francisco. And they really put on a colorful event.

There were all kinds of events on Nevada Day, as you would expect. It was a three-day celebration, and one day was an Indian Day, another day was Nevada Youth Day, another

day was the regular Nevada Day. Had parades each day, and pageants, and all kinds of events. They're all covered in here [final report].

I was quite impressed by Lorne Greene [of the TV series, "Bonanza"], who was parade marshal. I've seen a lot of western actors who couldn't ride, and Greene was sitting on his horse right next to a stagecoach, in which the Centennial Commission rode—I could have reached out and touched his horse from the coach; we were that close. We were waiting for something to happen farther on. The parade was stopped. A little kid around two years old ran out and got right under Greene's horse between the four feet. And there were bands playing and airplanes flying, and guns being shot in the air. It's all very disturbing to a horse.

But Greene moved that horse sideways away from that kid and so nicely and so gently, that I realized the guy really could handle a horse. He had a well-trained horse, but there were a lot of distracting things going on. I've ridden horses in that parade, I guess, at least three or four times myself, and you never know when a Navy jet's gonna come down that Street about two hundred feet off the deck, and every horse in the parade jumps out of its skin, and it's on slippery pavement—not a good deal at all.

A lot of coverage of that parade, and winners. And we got Scoop Garside, Sherwin Garside, who organized a sheriff's jeep posse—one of the first in the United States—down in Las Vegas. And Scoop was interested in Nevada history, and so he took his posse out and they explored and marked the Old Spanish Trail near Las Vegas. It's been remarked a couple of times since, but he got it started, and it was quite a contribution.

A lot of funny things, and a lot of serious things. Any time people give their time for free on an event, they get very thin-skinned,

and you have a lot of fights to referee. And there were hurt feelings—people who should have won awards or something. But on the other hand, there were an awful lot of people who had a hell of a good time.

People in Winnemucca had their own committee of course—Humboldt County Centennial Committee. And one of their members was exploring in the basement of the old department store down there—I think it's Reinhart's, yeah. And in the corner of the basement, they found a whole bunch of men's suits, and women's dresses in the original boxes from about 1905. There were a lot of 'em. So all the people on the committee bought 'em for the original prices—like fifteen dollars for a suit, and seven or eight dollars for a dress and hat. And they wore these things. They had one party after another—costume party—throughout the whole year. They didn't care whether anybody else came or not, that is, from out of town; they had their own private Centennial. They re-enacted the holdup by Butch Cassidy's gang of the First National Bank. In fact, they had so much fun, they did several repeats on it. They had all kinds of stuff goin'. They showed up at some of the state events with their suits and their dresses. Really, they were absolutely wonderful. The suits had vests, and the kind of thing that you just can't find anywhere any more. It was a real successful deal.

The Indians on the Duckwater Indian Reservation had their own committee, and their own Centennial events. Didn't bother with anybody. Told us about it after most of it was [laughs] over with. It would have been fun to see.

Of course, the Indians at Pyramid and Nixon and Schurz, came in and took part in Nevada Day. And others did, too, from other reservations around the state. But that's covered in the report. But somehow the thing

got on and it went and everybody had a hand in it, and really, now I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was a terrible burden at the time. We were just commutin' all over the state for about two and a half years or three years. And cars—I had a new Oldsmobile loaned to me about every six months. They didn't want us to keep 'em much longer than that, because they could still sell them as an executive car, and replace it with a brand new one.

And I know I was coming back from a committee meeting in Carson one night, and just at Huffaker's, where there's a jog in U.S. 395, I was still in the fifty-five-mile-an-hour zone, and I was doin' about fifty-five. It was dark, night. And a fellow in a heavy—I think it was a heavy model Chevy, I'm not sure—came in from the west without stopping, drove right into the intersection, and as he kept coming, I realized he was gonna hit me. And I tried to get away from him, but I couldn't stop. I was right into the intersection. There was a Richfield (now an Arco) service station about a hundred feet down the highway, and he hit my car—beautiful, new, shiny, brand-new Oldsmobile, right back of me about six inches back of where I was sitting and broke a hole clear through the car, and threw my car sideways. And I couldn't bring it out of the skid; it was skidding sideways. It would almost roll and then skid, then tip. I was afraid I was gonna hit the gasoline pump and have a gas fire. I did manage to get it to skid a couple feet farther to the left so that I missed the gas pump block, and it didn't roll. There was just enough thin film of dust on that pavement so the car would skid, rather than roll. I wasn't hurt. I could have been killed. The other car, the front end was totaled. He wasn't drunk. I don't know, he was just thinkin' about somethin' else and drove right in. And we had sheriffs and all kinds of people. Oldsmobile was great about it. They

had everything insured up to the eyelids, and apologized for not having a new car the next day. I think they were like two or three days late [laughs].

We've talked about the Levi shirts, but Colt Firearms always gave, to officials involved in such events, a commemorative gun for all state Centennials, particularly among the western states. And they wrote us a letter saying they would be happy to produce a Nevada .22 Frontier model Colt revolver for the Nevada Centennial. And I thought, well, hell, there's no harm in trying, so I sat down and wrote them a letter thanking them for their thoughtfulness, and as tactfully as possible, but with tongue in cheek, explained that Nevada was a little different from these other states, and really, they ought to realize that in Nevada, "a .22 was a girl's gun!" And all very nice, and we appreciated it, but really, if they wanted to put a gun out for the Nevada Centennial, our advice would be to either make it a .45 or forget it. And they made a .45 [laughs]! And they were very nice. They gave me a very beautiful gun—they gave number one—they're all serially numbered—to Governor Sawyer, and they gave me number two which was very nice, but when I found out what a collector's item I had, and that to protect the collector's value, I must not shoot it—I have that thing in a case; it won't fit in my safe deposit box; it has a fantastic value, but I must not shoot it! And I have another .45, a .45 Army service automatic (I hand-load my ammunition), which shoots a different shell. So. I have some .45 shells for the .45 Frontier, but I can't use 'em. So it's just something nice to take out of the case, and admire, and look, and show off, and then put back in again. But it *is* a beautiful gun. And I used to wear it at damper meetings until too many Clampers were shooting up the place, and they finally had to have a rule of no more firearms, before

somebody got killed. And it was gettin' to the point where I think somebody might have, 'cause when you've got about fifty or sixty people all having a little too much to drink, and everybody carrying a loaded revolver, it's liable to get exuberant.

I wrote Remington and I wrote Winchester, and urged them to issue commemorative rifles or carbines. I got nice letters back, and since then, they've been producing commemorative models, but we didn't get any for the Nevada Centennial. I think they commemorated their own centennials, and their own anniversaries. But they really didn't do much. They'd inlaid a medallion into the stock of the gun or something like that, or they'd brass plate the lever action on a carbine, things like that. But they would have been a nice thing to have, even so. And we just were a few years early, I think, in suggesting it.

I don't know. There were all kinds of funny little things that happened. I think probably you have enough to get a feeling of the thing.

I think really what made the Centennial most fun and most appealing for various people to participate was the fact that there was such complete autonomy in the counties where they could do anything they wanted to—have their own fun, their own committees. We had a series of newspaper feature stories at the start, a year or two before the Centennial on, "the Centennial was *everybody's* Centennial." You didn't have to be invited by anybody to take part. If you wanted to do something, you'd go out and get your friends, and form a committee, and do something. All it had to do was be tied to Nevada and 1864 some way or another, preferably as accurately as possible, but, get with it. And as a result, it didn't get locked up into an organizational structure. If you had a square dance club, you could bring them in as a committee on square dancing in some

little Nevada town, and get special costumes, and create a special dance if you wanted to—do anything you wanted, and just have a helluva good time. And I really think that we stumbled into a formula there that paid off.

I'd seen that Olympic thing, when the Californians had the Winter Olympics, and if you weren't a personal friend or a friend of a friend of the California organizing committee, you were locked out. And there were a lot of bitter California people, who were interested in skiing, and interested in the Olympics, and maybe had attended Olympics in Europe—you know—and just stood on the sidelines and watched the thing go by. Really too bad.

So if you had any spark or initiative at all, *you* could have a full-fledged committee, and appoint yourself chairman and *do something* in the Nevada Centennial.

THE AD CLUB

The community did not have an advertising club. And as a matter of fact, I had the only advertising agency in the state for a number of years, starting in 1939. And just before the war broke out, I think it was fairly early in 1941, I thought it would be worthwhile to form an advertising club. Advertising clubs were springing up in many cities about that time, and so I put a couple of stories in the newspaper. Actually, I used the same format we did later in organizing the Jeep Squadron. I mailed post cards to all the local people in advertising and the two newspapers and the radio station (there were no TV stations). We had a couple of commercial artists in town. We had two or three photographers. We had an outdoor company—Leggett Sign Company, I think it was. We had a few advertising managers of businesses like chain stores. And I called for everybody interested in advertising to meet.

It seems to me our first meeting was in the Sky Room of the Mapes; maybe not, maybe it was somewhere else. At any rate, we had about twenty people show up. And we formed an ad club. And as so often happens, because I'd organized it, I was elected president. I can't even remember who the other officers were. We drew up some by-laws. We met every month. That was about the time the [Reno] newspapers were sold, were consolidated and they had a pretty good-sized advertising staff between them, so that we had a lively group, and we had enjoyable meetings.

Our programs were pretty primitive. We started with local talent, and then occasionally, we'd get somebody from out of town.

We were approached by Chick Collier, who was the executive secretary of the Advertising Association of the West, which was a group which was sort of an umbrella organization over advertising clubs in the western states. And they urged us to affiliate, and we finally did, in the hopes of getting a convention here, which we finally did. After Pearl Harbor—most of the members of our club were young people. Most of 'em were men. And so many people went to war or went to other communities that we suspended operations during the war. And the Ad Club didn't do anything or go anywhere until after the war.

After the war, people drifted back to town, and one or two other advertising agencies started up. The newspapers expanded their staffs. Other radio stations came in. They had new printing plants. The advertising community doubled, and then probably doubled again in the space of a year or two. By this time, the Leggett Sign Company had been purchased by Jess Heywood. Jess was an old-time Foster and Kleiser man—a real fine person. And he mentioned to me one day, he said, "There used to be an ad club in town. Why don't we get one going again?"

So we invited half a dozen people to lunch, and this time he took the lead. And we put one together. And I don't know, we must have had thirty or forty members—good size club. By then we were meeting in the Sky Room of the Mapes, and we met other places after that—the Garden Room of the Riverside, the Toscano Hotel, and the Columbo Hotel, and other places around town. We usually met on the fourth Friday of the month.

We had a good club, a lot more talent, very interesting programs. The [Reno] newspaper staffs had increased in size, and they always had a good turnout. I think after Jess, the next president was Lyle Harper, who was advertising manager of the *Gazette* and *Journal*, which had merged by that time. I think the Speidel papers owned it by then.

The club proceeded to grow. Had good programs. Scholarships didn't come until many years later.

I guess about ten years later, they heard about the Printer's Ink medal. The Printer's Ink medal is a once-a-year award, given to people in advertising. It's quite an honor to receive it. It's a joint award given by the Printer's Ink magazine, which was a leading advertising trade magazine at that time, and the local advertising club, which nominates the person to receive the award each year. And the custom was to have a—some cities it was a black-tie affair, but in all that I knew of, it was a dinner at which the recipient got the medal. And I was fortunate, I got the first one. I have it up on the office wall. It was a real nice thing to have. From then on, they've had committees. In fact, I'm meeting Monday night with a committee to select the winner for last year for the silver medal. It's essentially the same award that it has been.

The Ad Club has been a good, active group. A few years ago, they had a lot of amateur theatrical talent. They decided to

have a “gridiron dinner”—they called it “Sheep Dip.” They staged it on the big stage at the Sparks Nugget at the bottom of the year, from an entertainment standpoint, so that the Nugget could make the stage and facilities available for rehearsals and putting it on. And they packed the house with the first one. A lot of people put an awful lot of time into making it go. It’s clever and witty, funny, covers all the “personalities” in town, and all the silly things that have happened. About three years ago, the attendance was so heavy that they expanded it to include a cocktail show and then another cocktail show, so there’s three performances now.

The proceeds from the Sheep Dip show—and they’re considerable—they run six, seven thousand dollars a year, net—went into a scholarship fund. But they never got around to giving scholarships. And there was some question about whether or not—it really hadn’t been deliberate, it was just a case of getting it on, and with changing officers every year, it hadn’t quite happened—so there was quite a little money in the kitty.

So I guess it was about a year ago, the president of the Ad Club, who’s the current head of the Donrey Outdoor Company, [Silas M.] Si Sellers, called me up and asked if I would chair a board of trustees on scholarships, and I accepted. And he appointed a good group for me to work with. And we had a series of meetings last summer, discussing how to approach it, how to organize it, and how to qualify the recipients. This fall, we met with the Journalism Department in its advertising courses at the University, and set up a method to select candidates for the scholarships. And I don’t know, I think we’ve got about \$9,000 in the kitty.

And I had an idea that we really could go beyond this. Ted Scripps made a grant to the Journalism Department for the Scripps Lectures, and once a year in the spring,

the Journalism Department, University of Nevada, brings in a speaker of national prominence. Herb Klein, who was press secretary for President Nixon, was the speaker a year ago. They’ve had a number of nationally-prominent speakers on this lecture series. I’ve been invited for, I guess to all of them. Not too many townspeople go, but they’re outstanding. They’re given primarily for the students.

The Scripps Lectures seemed to me to be so fine in the *news* end of journalism, that maybe the money that we have from the Ad Club scholarship fund? that some of it could be used for a parallel lecture series in the field of advertising. I broached this at a meeting of the Ad Club. And really, it was kind of roughshod, but we got away with it, and there were no objections. We got it legitimized; we give fifteen hundred dollars, which is enough for an honorarium and travel, and we asked the Journalism Department to pick a recipient. The first one that they tried to get was Mary Wells, who would be for this year, but they couldn’t make it stick, they couldn’t make a go of it. They’re working on somebody equally prominent in the field of advertising.

I have an ulterior motive. I haven’t mentioned it to anyone. I feel that the advertising courses at the University are very basic, very simple, and very few, and that if we begin to focus this much attention on the University of Nevada campus, it will almost *compel* the University to expand its courses in advertising till they’ll have something worthwhile there. I think the pressure will come naturally. And the field of advertising is maturing and expanding. And it makes an interesting career. And I think that the school is large enough now to have a really good course in advertising.

I’ve served on the national educational committee of the American Association

of Advertising Agencies for two, two-year terms. And I have been appalled at the lack of adequate advertising curriculum in different schools. The courses they teach now at the University are literally on the high school level, and not practical. The kids are given a T-square and told to lay out an ad. This happens in an art department in an agency, you know. It might be good training for somebody who is learning to be an ad manager for a grocery store market, or a super market, or even a chain store, but it's a—the course here is nearly a total loss.

One of the things that shook me on the 4-A committee was that I could not find a single instance of any university teaching advertising courses in the country, teaching a course in *outdoor* advertising. They felt that outdoor advertising was apparently a bad thing. They didn't teach it. And yet several *billion* dollars a year have been spent in outdoor advertising, and I think always will be. There is a lot of pressure against abuses of putting outdoor advertising in scenic areas, although most of this is done by small town independent sign companies and not the outdoor industry, which has a pretty strict code of ethics. But even so, it's an important fact of advertising life. And if you don't know how to do outdoor advertising, there's a serious hole in your advertising education. The design, from an art standpoint, for outdoor advertising is quite different than it is for magazines, newspapers, television, periodicals, brochures. So much of the outdoor advertising design has to transmit part of the message. And the whole message should be understandable in about seven seconds. So the technique is quite demanding, and there's a great deal of very, very poor advertising done in this country, not only in small towns like this, but in metropolitan areas, too. I would like to see

outdoor advertising courses given which would include, among other things, practical solutions to environmental values.

I got a liberal education in this doing the outdoor advertising for Harolds Club, where we had over 2,300 signs nationwide, and we were working with some of the best outdoor artists and outdoor designers in the West. To this day, when I design an outdoor sign treatment for a client, the first version is about the size of a large postage stamp, and we put it back on the edge of the desk, and the client is on the other side. And I bring this little design up quickly to eye level, and I say, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—what did you get from the message?" withdrawing the design at the count of seven.

And if they don't get the fundamental message, we know we have a poor design. That's hard to do. Every time you introduce another element in the sign, another thought, another element in the artwork, you have divided the viewer's attention. So it's very difficult to do it and do it well.

There are a lot of holes in advertising education, still. And there are some supposedly good courses. At least, they're an improvement over what they used to have. And I think that the day is coming when advertising will become much more professionalized. We need a lot of training in marketing, and in statistical method for research, and the nuts and bolts of the various career areas in advertising—and they're varied. Just in agencies alone, they include sales, and client contract, and art, and music, and radio technique, and television producing, and the writing of all these things, supervision of the art work, intimate knowledge and production methods including the newest phases in printing, plate making, camera work, electronic composition. And of course, the developments in radio and television

are just coming one after another. Difficult staying on top of them. So that it's a highly technical field. But if you don't understand the technical methods, you can't work with these people, and especially, you can't direct 'em.

So I hope this will be the first nudge for the little University of Nevada to get moving in that general direction. The few who are really aware—well, they're not aware of my trying to get the courses going—but just the idea of the lectures has sparked quite a bit of interest.

THE PRESS CLUB

The Press Club really wasn't that exciting to start. I did not originate the Press Club. I was brought into it after a committee had been working on it a few weeks, chiefly for the purpose of making a two-hundred-dollar donation as an underwriter, which I did. The Press Club has grown since then. It has everybody in it except press. It's like a good many press clubs. I belonged to the San Francisco Press Club for many years, the Las Vegas Press Club for many years. And most of the people in press clubs are publicity people, and lawyers who have political ambitions, and educators who feel that this is an important point of contact between town and gown, but really not too many working press. That's unfortunate.

Most newspaper people and radio-television news people do just exactly as they've always done. They pick some shabby, down-at-the-heels saloon or coffee shop, and they gravitate to it, and hang out there, and it just becomes a habit after awhile. The Waldorf used to be the center in Reno. You'd be in there in the morning about ten o'clock, and half the news guys in town would be havin' a cup of coffee, and wasting their boss's time.

So what I have for the Press Club really isn't that good. I've been on the board of the Press Club; I've never been president of it. I haven't been nearly as active as in the Ad Club. But they've had a good press club here.

San Francisco Press Club was a lot more fun and great, when I was on trips to San Francisco. I finally dropped out of it because I felt I couldn't afford it. Reestablishing my agency, I'll reinstate my original membership when I get big enough to handle it. But I really don't need it at this point. I have almost no publicity problems in the San Francisco market, and if I do, I have a former affiliate down there who is very able and who I can use so I have the mechanism to cover. But I have a number of things that I'd like to do when I can afford them. That's one.

NEVADA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

The State Press Association is, has been, largely dominated, as you would expect, by Reno Newspapers, who are the nearest large paper to the Journalism department, and the head of the Journalism department by tradition has been the executive manager of the State Press Association. Ted Conover holds that post right now. A. L. Higginbotham had it before Conover. Both were journalism professors.

They reflect the thinking of Reno Newspapers, which is to be expected. Pretty good little association. It doesn't accomplish a great deal. Lobbying on newspaper problems with the legislature has usually been handled by Walter Cox and Jack McCloskey. Occasionally, somebody else is put on that committee, but they seldom function very much because the legislators know Jack and Walter. The channels of communication have been there for so long that it's just taken pretty much for granted.

The newspapers do not throw their weight around with the legislature. In fact, there's some unhappiness at the annual meeting each year over, why don't we get more out of the legislature? Legal rates are important to the little papers. Freedom of the press is an issue with the larger papers. Rights, public hearings, got their original push in this state from the State Press Association.

There's a committee on education, but I don't think it's ever done anything, and a committee on education in journalism. The State Press Association is a small group, close-knit, not necessarily close friends, but close acquaintances—some of 'em are good friends. All kinds of people belong to it. Being dominated by the Journalism department, their programs almost always reflect some speeches by some journalism professor from somewhere. And the programs are very impressive to read, and there are a lot of names, and a lot of committee reports, but really, the entire business is conducted at the bar the night before the meeting takes place, and before the banquet. And the offices, as I mentioned before, are rotated—everybody gets a turn holding office. I even was a member of their board of directors one year, which was highly illegal. I'm only an associate member. I'm not a newspaper person any more. But it's just that informal, and it's a real good place to compare notes, and find out what's goin' on all over the state from the people who really know. I enjoy the group very much.

There are a number of associate members—utility publicity people and others. But as you would expect, there's a little group which runs it. And there's a little group that does not run it, but who get together and exchange a lot of ideas on what should take place in the state. And these are great fun, and after you've been there long enough, why, you're with 'em.

THE FREMONT CANNON

Oh! The Fremont Cannon was fun. You know Fremont, when he was in Missouri in bivouac before startin' his trip out to the Far West (Mexico, it was then). A lot of debate over why Fremont was making the trip. A pretty good argument can be made that, one, he really wanted to make the trip because he wanted to see what was on the other side of the mountain. But a lot better case could be made for the fact that he was politically ambitious, that his Senator father-in-law was using him to complete the philosophy of "manifest destiny"—the hawk group in the Congress that wanted to get California and all the Mexican territory into what is now the United States before it fell in the hands of England or France, or Russia, or whatever. Certainly the Mexicans were gonna lose it to somebody. And so they cooked up a deal in which Fremont was going to lead a "scientific exploration" party into the Far West and report back.

This is all well established, and there's no use me covering it except that while—we're gonna talk about the cannon—while Fremont was in bivouac in Missouri, he drew on memorandum receipt, a cannon from the local arsenal with the written approval of the commander of the military district, who was Colonel Kearny, later general.

The book said at that time, that to draw major weapons like artillery, required the approval of the War Department, Secretary of War. And a request had to go back to Washington, be acted upon, returned, and then something could be done about it.

Fremont felt he didn't have time, and maybe he felt he wouldn't get it because it was such a hot political issue at that time—that is, the westward expansion thing was being bitterly fought back and forth.

So his good friend, the colonel, gave him an o.k. in writing to take this howitzer. This is important, because Fremont was later court-martialed for doing just this. And General Kearny (by then) repudiated his approval, claimed some misrepresentation, and testified against Fremont, because apparently he had become allied with the opposite side politically. Anyway, Fremont got his gun and took it with him when he came out West.

The gun had an interesting history. In 1833, this gun aroused the interest of the American War Department. The French, who've been world leaders in artillery throughout history, had need of a light cannon which could be transported *in pieces* on the backs of several animals in the Algerian pacification campaign. They invented a cannon that did just this. It was the first mountain howitzer in the world history of artillery. The cannon was very successful. And the French were very jealous of it. The tube came off and went on one mule. The wheels went on a mule. The carriage went on a mule. And then the ammunition, of course. So you could actually take real artillery with you on pack animals deep into rough country. This was a "first."

The American War Department sent a young lieutenant of artillery to the French government, offering to buy the plans and specifications to manufacture this type of gun. They were interested in using it against the Indians in the Far West. The French refused to sell. And there's always been a question as to how this young lieutenant did return to the U.S. with the plans, but he did. He either stole 'em or bribed somebody. But the point is that he came back with the information to this country.

An experimental contract was let by the government — American government — to Alger and Sons in Boston. I think the

first contract was for thirteen guns. It may have been more. And then more were manufactured. And actually, the gun was so successful, it's described as the most effective muzzle-loading cannon in the history of American artillery. It was in use clear up to and through the Civil War. The first guns were made about 1833; the Alger contract, I think, was in 1833. (There's so many threes in the numbers in that thing that I'm not sure of 'em. But 1111 give you a field manual for that cannon that has the record in it—pins it down.)

A few of these guns were issued to arsenals out on the frontier, but there were very few at that time, and very rare. And it was quite an accomplishment for Fremont to actually get his hands on one.

Now, this was a major weapon system in its day. It was a twelve-pounder. That's big caliber. The designation comes from the weight of the solid shot, and it fired a solid metal projectile that weighed twelve pounds, so it was called a twelve-pounder. It was a howitzer because it fit the howitzer definition, which is a rather short tube, which is fired usually in an elevated position and the trajectory of the ammunition—the shells, the bullets—go up high, perhaps over a hill, over a fortress wall, comes down behind it, and hits the target. It's not like an artillery rifle, which like a hunting rifle, fires on a flat trajectory and can fire solid shot against a stone wall and break the wall down. But it can also fire antipersonnel high explosive and shrapnel above the wall at people hiding behind a wall.

So in reducing a fortress, which was a major problem in those days, you would fire anti-personnel and high explosive into the confines of the fort, and decimate the garrison. And then you'd knock a hole in the fort, and run your infantry or cavalry into it, and take it. And it was a very simple

process. The Romans did it with incredible machinery a long time ago—same technique, exactly. High trajectory rocks and bullets and arrows, and heavy battering rams and heavy projectiles against masonry walls. Same thing. Same technique. Same approach, down to a T.

I think to realize how outraged Mexico must have been, would be to try to look today and wonder how we would feel if a Russian army was conducting a “scientific research” in Nevada, and that they came down marching through Nevada with a lot of tanks, and heavy artillery, looking for butterflies or buttercups or insects or—you name it. We’d buy it about the same way that the Mexicans and the doves in Congress bought the Fremont expedition. Because Fremont had a great, effective, powerful weapon. The excuse was to protect them from the Indians. But they had a weapon that could be used very well against Mexicans, and had been established as an effective weapon in the field, of course.

Fremont came down from the Columbia River, down through Oregon, entered Nevada—we’ve been researching the trail—he entered it near a system of lakes in northern Washoe County, near Twelve-Mile and Twenty-Mile Creek. And his journal reports to Congress give in detail much of his route down through Nevada.

He fired the cannon. He was warned the Klamath Indians were hostile. The Klamath Indians were massing to attack him. He thought he was at Klamath Lake. He wasn’t. He was in swampy area, though. Looked like the Klamaths were gonna attack him. Maybe they were. They were formin’ up in attack formation, and makin’ ugly noises, and were heavily armed, So Fremont had his Prussian artillerist, [Louis] Zindel, unlimber the gun and fire a charge over their heads. And this made everything turn peaceful instantaneously. The Indians all fell flat on

their faces, and from then on, they wanted to be friends. Nobody got hurt.

The gun has actually never been fired in anger. That is, the *Fremont* gun. He had a terrible time with it. It had a high center and was awkward. He brought it down through Pyramid Lake on the east side where the country is extremely tippy, very steep hills. Sometimes cattle fall off it today, into the lake. I reason that they must’ve put lasso ropes on that gun and ridden horseback with the ropes a-dally around saddlehorn to keep it from tipping over, escorting it over what—I named that “Howitzer Slide” for that incident—for the Geographic Survey people—and Fremont’s men abandoned the gun in a blizzard, came back the next day, of course, picked it up. They abandoned it again somewhere out of Markleeville. I don’t think it’s ever been found. There was quite a story to the effect that it had been recovered.

Let’s go back now to the Fremont howitzer—the rebuilding of a full-scale, accurate replica of the Fremont gun. The football Boosters Club of Reno and Las Vegas got together, seeking some kind of a trophy for the annual, classic football game between the teams from Las Vegas and Reno. They meet once a year. They wanted a trophy which was typical of Nevada—both ends of the state—connected with maybe, history if possible. And the Boosters went to Kennecott Copper Company and asked if they would give them a trophy. And they had in mind a mining “dinkey” (locomotive), which maybe they’d copper-plate and which would be given to the winning team each game.

Well, there wasn’t anyone on the Boosters committee who knew anything about mining and a dinkey locomotive is so heavy, it has to be moved by a housemover. It is utterly impractical to move from one place to another—a tremendous weight. I can’t recall

how many tons, but very heavy, little —small, but extremely heavy.

So Kennecott said, “Well, we’ll give you a trophy. Whatever you want, we’ll give you. Go see our advertising agency. They know somethin’ about Nevada history, and we’ll get you—we’ll make you happy.”

So the Boosters descended on us (we were in the agency merger at that time). And Kennecott had been my client for many years, and still is for that matter. And I supervised the account, and our account executive was Gilmour, Don Gilmour, who was a former Marine and a gun nut. And of course, I’m a gun nut and a hand-loader (hand loading ammunition).

And so we had a meeting with the Boosters committee and I did not want to suggest the Fremont gun, because there’d been a great controversy over it. And a lot of historians have argued back and forth on it at great length. And I felt we might have quite a research problem with it. But *Gilmour* mentioned it. I could’ve killed him! And they fell in love with the idea instantly. And we were told to go and build an accurate, workable, Fremont cannon to be used as the trophy.

So we did quite a research job. It took us about eighteen months to really get what we needed. And we worked with cannon nuts all over the United States. The curator of the artillery museum at Fort Sill was very helpful. The director of the West Point museum was helpful. I’ve had a corresponding acquaintance with the editor of the *American Rifleman* magazine; he helped us a lot, and was very nice about it.

We found finally, the best expert in the United States turned out to be Fred [Israel] Green, of *Reno*, who had spent his whole life researching the Fremont cannon, right on our doorstep. He had been a nut on this

subject when he was a seventeen-year-old infantryman in the AEF in France in World War I.

He got some leave while in the war in France, which he spent in the French Artillery Museum researching this particular gun.

Green was a wonderful old guy. He was a fine person, and a nice person. But he was a *fabulous* authority on this particular gun. And once we had a chance to talk with him—he was hard to reach, but I had met him before, and knew him slightly, I don’t know, maybe ten years before.

But he gave us all the help in the world. He told us who to talk to and where to go and how to do it. And through him and with his help, we got white prints of the actual plans for the actual gun with all the dimensions in the American system. They weren’t metric. They weren’t in French. We could read ‘em.

He actually helped us find a manual, which was a field reference work on using the gun; we reprinted the manual we got with an introductory section to it and an appendix covering the story of the replica of the gun. But the manual itself is very thorough. In the first place, it would fit in an artillery officer’s pocket. The second place, it tells every formation in which that gun serves: how to fire it in the field, how to fire it in battery, the school of the piece, the school of the battery, how you train troops with it, how you clean it and maintain it, paint it, repair it, how you make the ammunition for it, how you fire the ammunition, the effective ranges. It’s a complete reference work. With that, a young lieutenant of artillery could go out and command a section of two guns with this gun and do very well indeed. He’s got—if he’s had basic artillery training, he can take it from there and do okay with it in any kind of formation or review, or in the field of battle, or whatever.

And between the field manual and all the prints we had, and plans, we could build the gun accurately, and we did. We found a cannon maker in Texas who—there are a lot of cannon amateurs and cannon societies throughout the United States, all associated with early weapons. Some are Civil War, some are Revolutionary War—so on. There are cannon clubs, both north and south, who have batteries of maybe Parrot rifles, and other eight, twelve, sixteen-pounders. And they'll stage mock battles of the Civil War on a friendly basis with—all uniformed, and trained, and with the correct cannons and ammunition. It's amazing, the cult that has grown up over cannons.

So we found a foundry that would cast a cannon tube. They had seven failures before they got a good one, a good tube without a crack. Being solid brass, they couldn't magnaflux it to see if it had any flaws. But we got a beautiful, shiny, solid brass tube about seven or eight inches in diameter, and about forty inches long with a hole through the tube, about maybe five inches, maybe a little less in diameter, a touch hole in back, the castle bell, the knob on the end of the tube is there and the trunions, which are the knobs on the sides that fit into the carriage. And there was an outfit that makes cannon carriages in Ohio. And they made the cannon carriage, which is the massive, hardwood beam which carries all the things which are attached to: the tube on top, the wheels on the sides, the axles, and so on. We used a wheelmaker in California, who makes the artillery-type wheels for the old automobiles for Harrah's automobile collection. And we could tell from our research which kind of wood to use. For instance, in the case of the wheelmaker, the wheelwright, we gave him not only the diameter and the width of the wheels, but the thickness of the iron tires, and the kind

of iron, and the fact that the spokes had to be of ash, the hard wood that was around the axle and for spokes. The fact that that axle socket lining was bronze, and what kind of bronze, and its exact measurements. The fact that the lubricant was lard, not a petroleum product; they didn't (in the old days) have petroleum grease. All these things went into the manufacture of this gun.

We got all the small parts made here, took the drawings to Andy Ginocchio [Reno Iron Works]. Anyway, I gave Andy—he was in his late seventies; he's eighty now, I guess—the plans, and like all military plans, every screw, every little piece of chain, every nut, every bolt, every washer was drawn exactly to scale with the dimensions on it. And the kind of iron, and they're painted black. We had him make all the hardware; the turnscrew that elevates the tube to make it tilt up or down, the chains that hold the pins in that hold the wheels on, the bracks, the rachets, and everything that held the swabber, and the hook, and—. All the tools that were used in the gun were all made—I don't know, maybe a hundred little pieces of iron in different shapes and sizes.

Got all of that made, then we took it to a master mechanic to fit it together. And he had to do just a little filing here and a little filing there and a little adjustment here. But in a matter of two hours, he assembled the entire gun! It fit.

So here we had this *beautiful* little cannon; it's just a *knockout*. The wheels are about, oh, maybe three feet in diameter. They're dished—I had a hard time figuring why they had the center of the wheels dished in so that the outside edge of the hub was in line with the outside rim of the wheel on each side. I got thinkin' about that thing, and I looked at it, and I really couldn't figure—there had to

be a reason for it. And finally—I don't know how long it took me—it dawned on me that they fired those cannons either singly or in battery, or maybe massed batteries in a real battle. And if you put those guns hub to hub, with those wheels made that way, you would have the equivalent of a fence about three or four feet high along your line of cannon, which would keep the cavalry out, so that the enemy couldn't send a troop or two of light cavalry or lancers down into your artillery battery and get to you. They'd hang up on that massed fence effect of those wheels.

And in the meantime, assuming you had plenty of ammunition, a battery could wipe 'em out with "canister" which was their term for what we call today shrapnel. And you make the canister shot in a little tin can, very light weight tin—the book says how to—it's about three or four inches in diameter, and about five, six inches high, and packed in sawdust and covered with beeswax are rifle bullets. And the bullets in those days were some kind of rifle bullets; they were like fifty caliber. And you pack all of this stuff in there, and tin lid, and you fire that—rain it in—put your powder charge in first and rain that in—fire it—it comes apart in the air, and you've got a whole flock of bullets, an anti-personnel weapon that'd be devastating. This model gun was used in the fighting tops of the Union Navy during the Civil War for anti-personnel. Ships would come broadside to each other, and clamp on for boarders, and you'd have these things up on the masts—these cannon—and they'd wipe out the enemy on the deck of the enemy ship that was massed in formation to repel boarders. It was a very effective weapon for this purpose. This is twenty years after Fremont used it.

You could also make high-explosive ammunition. High explosive was a hollow iron ball, with a fuse stuck in it and loaded

with rifle powder. The book tells how to make it. And tells how long to leave the fuse. And the fuse is ignited, the cannon throws it out over wherever you want it to go, and at that particular range the fuse burns down, and you have a high-explosive shell throwing fragments around, ideally, about twenty feet over the heads of enemy troops. (We didn't make any ammunition.)

We took the gun and a few friends, and went up back of Skyline subdivision, the outskirts of southwest Reno. We had plenty of black powder.

I had fired a Cannon—Civil War cannon—before. A friend of mine was a gun nut, and we also used to hand load modern ammunition for hunting, and for awhile he briefly owned a Civil War-type Cannon, so we used to take it up back of town, and fire a few rounds, and have a lot of fun with it.

So we got this Fremont gun out in the sagebrush, and the first load we put in—we put in a half-pound of black powder like the book said. We put it in a plastic envelope, the kind you get at the supermarket for produce—it's a little envelope—and measured the half pound out, and then carefully put it in the very back end of the tube with a rammer.

We then put the wadding in. And for wadding, we used paper towels. And we put about four inches of tightly packed paper towel in front of that powder Charge, and then for a real tight fit, we moistened some paper toweling and rammed it in, so we had our charge.

We had no problem of putting the fuse down the touch hole. And it worked just like we had planned it. We couldn't get cannon fuse in Reno, so we used dynamite fuse. And we took a Phillips screwdriver with a sharp point and a long shank and reached it down the touch hole until we could feel the plastic bag of powder—it had a little give to it. So

we knew we were right on top of the powder charge just by sensing it. So we gave it a stiff punch, and that penetrated into the powder. Leaving the screwdriver in the powder, we took a long length of fuse, because we wanted plenty of time to get away from this gun the first time we fired it. We couldn't tell whether it had invisible cracks in that tube or not. We weren't sure whether it would take a charge or not, even though it was old-fashioned powder. So we pulled the screwdriver out and ran the cannon fuse in until we could feel it go into the hole in the bag, and it was in the powder charge.

So then we ran out about twenty feet of cannon fuse, split the end, and pointed the cannon at a hillside and lit the fuse and hollered for everybody to duck, and we all ran about fifty yards or so, and got behind various and sundry rocks and whatnot, and watched. And it seemed like it would never fire. That fuse was goin' and goin' and goin', and somebody said, "Maybe we'd better go see whether it's gone out or not." And somebody else said, "That's just a good way to get your head blown off." There were a few more remarks back and forth. People yellin' at each other.

All of a sudden, she fired, and when it did, it was absolutely beautiful! It was about a twelve-foot or so light saffron-colored flame came out of the cannon mouth, and a real big bang. It just echoed from all the hills, deep, deep, low-down bang! And the wheels recoiled about a yard, maybe a little less. And I'd forgotten how much smoke black powder made, but there're dense clouds of thick smoke. It almost screened off all the country in front of the cannon. And of course, it smelled of sulfur. It really had a high-powered stink to it. Little bits of paper wadding blackened with the black powder were scattered across the face of the desert about, maybe fifty yards.

So nobody was hurt, and the cannon looked intact, so we went up to it, took a magnifying glass, and went over every inch of that tube looking for any kind of a crack, and there was none.

So we repeated the deal, this time shortening the fuse to about half, and lit it, and all took cover again. And we did this two or three times, and there were no indications of cracks. So then we got real brave. We cut the fuse down to about a foot long. And we did not change the charge. We had pre-measured; the book said half pound, so half pound's all we fired.

But everybody took a turn firing the gun, and pointing it, and aiming it. We had a roommate of Gilmour's, and his father was a retired national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Mack Fry was the son, Les was the father. But he'd been an artillery man, and he was ecstatic over this thing. Spike came out with us—my son. He has a reserve commission in the field artillery. And we had a lot of fun all taking turns shootin' this thing.

And so we examined it each time, and there was no indication of a flaw. So we finally quit for the day. We ran out of ammunition, and we took the gun apart, put it in the back of the station wagon, took it back to the office, stored it in the office. We swabbed it out. We had a swabber, and buckets of water. (Soap and water is the thing you use.) And we swabbed it out and dried it.

I've never forgotten Ambrose Bierce's essay on a Civil War battery. I don't know whether you've ever read that or not, but it's a—like everything that Bierce wrote, it's in sharp delineation, just so precise, so specific. Tells a story of a Civil War battery that had been in action for several hours. They were exhausted. The crew was just stumbling and falling in their tracks. They'd fired and fired and fired, and they were a Union battery and

had driven off several Confederate infantry attacks. And they were out in a meadow, under a tree. And a big, enormous Negro slave was sent up to help them. I guess he wasn't a slave. I guess he was a freeman. Anyway, he saw the gun and it was hot and he couldn't touch it, and it was difficult to handle it, and so (they didn't realize what he was doing) he took a bucket of cold water and threw the water on the gun to cool it. The gun instantly exploded into a million pieces, it was literally red hot—killed everybody, and blew 'em all different places and whatnot. And Bierce does this up. So I have a lot of respect for cooling a hot cannon tube.

We let it stand until it—it wasn't that hot we hadn't fired enough shots, and we could load it back into the car without any problem. But we were careful. We had a lot of respect for it. It's a wicked little gun.

And I thought driving home, you know, you give that to a bunch of university kids—they're pretty smart, and been a lot of violence on campuses, and it wouldn't be any trick at all to take that gun in the back of a flatbed truck, and ram a little powder in it, and a scoopful of clean gravel, and you could wipe out literally hundreds of people, if they were packed in the street—a mob or a crowd. It's a real cannon, a real weapon, not a toy or a make-believe at all. And I was wondering if we had done the right thing in makin' this thing, because it could be a real deadly little contraption.

Anyway, next day, we had the second day of tests. And this day, we had some ammunition to fire. Took beer cans, and filled 'em with gravel and rocks, and taped 'em shut. And they were heavy little things. They were a little too small for the tube, but they were still an effective projectile. Took it out to the same place, and loaded it up, fired 'em. And this time, we got a bigger bang. We got about another foot of recoil. And you could hear

those cans goin' through the air. They'd buzz just like bees. And they're probably tumbling in the air. And they were hittin' the bank. They were disintegrating in the air, but we weren't getting the 1200-yard range that the gun has for real ammo. We were getting maybe, oh, two or three hundred yards out of it with the beer cans. And we were totally absorbed in this thing.

And I looked up, and I saw a red light flashing, coming up the street. And it was a sheriff's car. So I thought the best thing to do was to go over and talk to him before he came up to us. So I walked down to meet him. And I said, "We're running a series of safety tests on the gun before we give it to the University kids. Have to be sure it's safe." I figured safety has a sacred sound.

He didn't buy it particularly. He looked out of the car, and he kind of growled, and he said, "You had 'em fooled around here all day yesterday. They thought it was a sonic boom. But we've had thirty phone calls this morning, 'There's a bunch of nuts up here firing a cannon.'" He said, "Do you know how many laws you've broken?"

I said, "It's a real interesting little howitzer. Come over and see it."

So he finally got out of the car, and I introduced him. And I hadn't realized how impressive our gang sounded like. We had the national commander of the Veterans of foreign Wars. We had an assemblyman and a senator in the state legislature. We had a couple of other guys who were prominent in the Chamber of Commerce who had joined us that day. So I thought'd make a great story, if we all wound up in the sheriff's jail.

But this guy got real interested. He was a handloader, and he got quite interested in the size of the charge, the powder we used, and some of the dimensions of the gun. And he said, "You absolutely have to quit firing it.

Take the gun down, and take it off the hill, and we'll just forget the whole thing." So he didn't run us into the jug, but he did stop our test.

A couple of days later, we took the gun over to—called up the instructors in ROTC at the University. We felt that they were the people we'd better turn it over to, since they would appreciate the fact that the gun could be kinda dangerous. We asked them if they'd like to have a brief chance at learning how to fire it, and they, of course, jumped at the opportunity. So we met in the Mackay football stadium.

And all of the ROTC instructors (they were all Army officers and a couple of enlisted men) showed up. One of them was an artillery lieutenant. And they *drooled* over this thing. And we fired a few rounds, and they took turns firing it. We showed 'em how to take it down, and how to assemble it, and so they took over custody of it.

And I've seen it on television a couple of times, but I don't know where it is right now—somewhere in Las Vegas. It's a great little gun. And underneath on the bottom of that tube, where nobody will ever look, is scratched a set of initials for Gilmour and me. We can prove somethin' some day if we have to.

AWARDS AND RECOGNITIONS OF ACHIEVEMENTS

Awards for an advertising agency are debated by agency people a great deal, because they can be—in many instances—meaningless. We took a lot of 'em. We took eighty, I guess, in international competition, maybe more, and maybe a hundred or so in other—.

Lots of times, an agency will win awards in competition because they happen to have clients who are interested in, or who require—due to the nature of the business involved—

excellence in art. And unfortunately, far too many graphic awards are based on excellence of the art, without regard to the success of the advertisement for its primary function—that of producing sales or conveying a message. If it's a *beautiful* piece of art and a *beautiful* piece of typography, it could still be a failure as an advertisement, and yet win perhaps an outstanding prize. The judges are almost always artists who are not interested in anything except the excellence of the art itself. And they're not a true measure of the basic function of the advertisement.

We won a couple of interesting, unusual awards. The work we did for Harolds Club in their ads popularizing Nevada history, which were reprinted in book form (*Pioneer Nevada*, two volumes), won the Award of Merit from the American Society for State and Local History. And there have been, oh, quite a few lesser, unusual awards.

We at times had clients who insisted on quality in the graphics that we've produced. And so we would go to an outstanding designer, and then we'd win awards. When we had a budget for the opening of Harrah's Club at Lake Tahoe, Harrah wanted the best. Price was literally no problem. So we went to Jerry Gould, and some of the other top artists on the west coast, and so we won some awards. It's that simple. We hired award-winning-type artists and we won awards. We've won a few in television and a few in radio, but we have not had clients who needed the quality in those two fields, and so we have won just a few awards in those categories.

But over in the field of travel, tourism, related subjects where there were good-sized production budgets, we won prizes. Sounds great, particularly when you're seeking a new client. Part of your sales pitch is "the award-winning agency," but really, in many cases, it's the award-winning combination of clients

that make it possible for you. Of course, you have to know enough about it to pick the right talent. We won some awards with people in our internal art department, but the big prizes were usually from big artists, big-name artists, for big-budget projects.

In the last few years, there have been some leading agencies who just will not submit material in a contest. They feel that it's not a real evaluation, that the success of the ad is whether it makes the necessary sales or conveys the necessary message, and not how pretty it is or how beautiful the typography is, or how beautifully written the copy is, or how "cute"—many "cute" ads, "cute" television spots, win awards.

I recently saw a reel of Japanese award-winning television spots, and they were *wonderful*. It was just enjoyable to watch 'em. They were cute and clever, and some of 'em were funny, and some were hilarious, but they didn't sell! But they sure were fun to watch.

About two years ago, I had a young art director call on me from the huge Dentsu agency in Tokyo. The appointment was made through the governor's office. And Dentsu had approached, apparently our U.S. State Department. They wanted a number of their department heads to interview American agencies on various problems they had in connection with their service to the Japanese government. And so they picked some large ones and some small ones, some in rural areas, and some in metropolitan areas, and they decided they should talk to an agency in Nevada. And so my name was suggested. So I had this appointment with this young Japanese advertising agency executive.

Well, Dentsu is the world's largest advertising agency. We have nothing comparable in this country. Dentsu goes far beyond the areas that agencies are confined to in the United States. A big agency in this

country might have three thousand, five thousand employees, have offices in maybe twenty cities 'round the world, but their total effort would be in the areas of advertising, marketing, public relations, period. Dentsu has maybe twenty or thirty thousand employees. They *own* a couple of television networks. They *own* elaborate printing and publishing plants, and publish magazines. They *own*, of course, radio stations. They are a *total* advertising and publishing and communications operation in Japan. For a long time, they did not have branch offices around the world. They do now, and they have some in the United States. But essentially, their major effort as far as I know, is in Asia.

The Tanaka government in Japan is a welfare state. This young man, who called on me, came for a two-hour session, and we spent a half a day before it was finished, 'cause I was as curious about his operation as he was about mine—maybe more so. As he explained it to me, Japan had tremendous rebuilding effort for its industry after the devastation of World War II. And they rebuilt the country industrially and a number of other ways, from literally from the ashes up. They reached about where they felt was a reasonable level, and then they became concerned about their own people. They had terrible social problems. And so the Tanaka government went in on a campaign, election campaign, based on social reform and governmental reform, they became, what he described as a welfare state, only more than we had ever considered in this country.

And they developed an enormous bureaucracy in the effort. It soon became apparent that the bureaucrats could not communicate with the public. They spoke a jargon like our bureaucrats do. Their viewpoint was not the same as the general public's, as is so often the case in our country.

I guess bureaucrats have been the same since ancient Rome.

So the Tanaka government and the heads of Dentsu decided that perhaps they could learn something from the communications people in the United States; not that our bureaucrats used our communications system, but rather that our politicians did when they tried to get elected. The average politician had a committee which retained an advertising agency to handle his election communications, and frequently retained public relations counsel after he was in office. In some instances retained agency people. At this particular point, Nixon was surrounded with former ad agency people. And I'm sure, although it wasn't mentioned, that this had an effect on their thinking.

So he had a lot of questions about campaign advertising, campaign publicity, governmental services, advertising by governmental agencies. We have done all of this, although we don't pretend to specialize in it. It's always been a sideline with us, and I'm sure this is true of almost all real advertising agencies. Occasionally, you'll find an agency that's known as a political agency. But usually they're an offbeat, non-accredited, promotional out it, and frequently, many of their people are really working to establish careers in governmental service and are not ambitious to stay in the agency field.

So I answered all his questions, and we had a good give and take on the solution of various problems, and how agencies are used in this country for advertising and public relations, and how you marketed a candidate in a small market like ours. And of course, ours is not typical. Whoever sent him to Nevada was looking at the population total and not the mileage area. It doesn't apply to much of anything else in the United States. It's absolutely non-typical.

But working with small media for small budgets— sure, there was something there. And he felt it was of value. After we finished talking about his problems, advertising problems, I wanted to learn something about Japan and Japan's advertising. And I explained how we were beginning to feel, we were becoming conscious of environmental problems, and it was all new to us. And I would suspect with the density of their population, I had never heard, but they must have some dandies in Japan. And he said, "You have no idea. Let me show you."

And he went out to his car and came back in with a collection of slides, which he used on my slide projector, of downtown Tokyo. The smog was so dense, I don't think they had over fifty yards visibility in most of them. And he said the country is in a complete stage of uproar over this. And it's reached the point where the public is forcing the Tanaka government to actually do something. And they're beginning to look very seriously at it— take some drastic steps or at least propose 'em.

I said, "Well, is there a real strong feeling among the people?"

And he said, "If you've got the time, I've got something to show you." And he went out to his car and he came in with a reel of film, sixteen-millimeter film.

Now, he told me he'd never used a Bell and Howell projector, which mine was. But just looking, taking a quick look at it, he not only put the film on it and used the machine, but he got more out of it than I'd been able to do. This young man was a senior art director, and I would suspect that he wasn't twenty-five years old. And his job, in the nearest equivalent agency we have in this country to his, he'd probably be making fifty, sixty thousand a year in salary, plus stock bonuses in the company. And I could see why. He's absolutely brilliant. His English was—he had trouble pronouncing

the words, but his structure was flawless. He obviously studied it in school, in written form.

He put this film on the projector, and just projected it against the wall, without putting up a screen. And he said, "This is an airport," he said, "Tokyo, the great Tokyo airport is totally inadequate for the volume of traffic that comes in from all over the world." He said, "It's so bad. It's just unbelievable that we haven't had terrible accidents and it's impossible for people to use it, and it's just being choked to death with the traffic. So for about ten years, we've been trying to get a second, big international airport. And there's been one fight after another over it. People don't want it," and he said, "finally the government said, 'No matter who thinks what, we absolutely have to have it,' and they went out and started work on it."

And he said, "Now I'm gonna show you the airport." And he turned the machine on, and there was a picture of long runways with damp, moist soil that'd been turned over by giant earth-moving equipment, huge derricks and cranes, and massive construction machinery. And one of these huge cranes that had arms that went way up the height of perhaps five, six, seven-storied skyscraper, was just black with what looked like ants. And then when he zoomed in on it, they were people! And there must have been a couple of hundred people on this big arm of this crane. And the camera swung over, and here marching across the plowed-up ground, was perhaps a thousand police in battle gear, with helmets, steel helmets, and huge shields—they were rectangular shields, much like the ancient Roman infantry shields—and they had clubs sort of like baseball bats, and they were all matching in a solid series of ranks, massed close together. And they were marching down across the plowed-up runways. And they were approaching all

of these people who were covering all this machinery, that were like the ants on the crane and on the huge trucks and tractors, and other equipment. As the police got up real close, I could see up against the skyline a little figure on this crane, raise and give a sweeping motion with his arm, full length, a black silhouette against the sky. And all of a sudden, there was a stir of movement from all these little black ants all over everything, and the whole front rank of the policemen burst into flame. They'd been hit with Molotov cocktails. The whole front was just a sea of flames. The police turned and ran in a rout. And the film came to an end.

He said, "Now that's from one of our newsreels, that our newsreel company produced."

I said, "Did the police come back and build a runway?"

He said, "Not yet." He said, "It's been a good many weeks, and as far as we know, the whole thing is absolutely stopped at this point. We don't know what's gonna happen." He had other newsreel films of environmental problems, but that was by far, the most dramatic.

He said, "Would you like to see some of our television spots?" And of course, I was interested. So we ran a couple of reels of absolutely breathtaking television commercials. They were *just beautiful!* They were—the models, the actors, were superb, well-trained. The lighting, the cinematography.

He said, "We are approaching the America of the early '30s, and late '20s—very fashionable." He said, "Let me show you some of our clients, and the clothes we're advertising for them." And the film—it looked like a bunch of prosperous young American girls about 1929 or '30, well-dressed. They looked like American girls. They were Japanese

models, strikingly beautiful, flawlessly turned out, clothes were *absolutely great*. They were an improvement over the actual fashions that we had in the '20s; they were in better taste. The young men were well-dressed, equally striking. The dramatic effects had a terrific impact. You'd see this beautiful boulevard in Tokyo, with trees and lawns, and immaculate buildings on both sides, and just a fascinating scene in itself. The whole thing would explode into colored smoke and explosions, fade out, and in would come all of these models showing these new fashions with great American music, and out.

And he said, "You know what's wrong with 'em?"

And I said, "I can't believe anything's wrong. They're the most magnificent television spots I've ever seen, including a lot of contest reels that I've seen in this country. What were they selling?"

And he said, "You just answered your own question." He said, "We know, we feel we've mastered the technique of compelling attention to our spots, but we don't know how to sell like the Americans do—once we've got the attention, we don't know what to do with it." He said, "We can produce beautiful spots. We can produce technically flawless things, but we can't sell." And he said, "We have a research project going on in this country now to see if we can't analyze what we're missing, why it is that we can't seem to do successfully what everybody in this country seems to be doing with television.

And as I look back on those spots, I realize that he was right. We had a most enjoyable visit. We came out of my office, which was in the Steen building then, down near the airport in Reno, and he came out and he looked at the mountains, and he said, "Your scenery is so different from ours."

And I said, "Yes."

And he said, "What is that? Is that a road?" And he pointed up the mountains back of Hidden Valley, a little south of there.

And I said, "Yes. That's part of our local history. That's an old stagecoach and freighter road that went up from this valley to Virginia City in the heydays of Virginia City. We call it the Lousetown Road for a little community that's half-way between Reno and Virginia City. We're very proud of our western heritage, and all the historical things we have around here." And then I had a second thought, and I said, "You know, you're very polite. You're not laughing out loud."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Our history's, you know, like maybe a hundred years old. How many thousands of years do you people go back?" [Laughs]

And then he laughed. He knew what I meant. But he was interested in the planning or background of the area. He seemed to be pretty well informed on it. The homework that these people must have done before they came over must have been really something. But it was an interesting experience, and it does relate to awards.

Those Japanese spots would've wiped out any kind of contest in this country. Maybe they did. And yet they didn't work—or didn't work as well as they should have. And they must have been expensive. They had every indication of being a very high-budget operation. The equivalent, in this country, probably would cost twenty-five, thirty-five thousand-dollar spot, and probably move several million dollars worth of merchandise. But it wouldn't have been anywhere near as beautiful.

So I don't get as excited over awards as I used to. I think we have some stuff we're turning out this year that maybe we'll show competitively. I don't know. As I say,

sometimes it helps when you're seeking a new client. They are impressed with the work, and it does say that you know enough to buy quality art, quality material. You know where to get it. That's really the only message that's valid as far as a true agency goes, but most people don't know how to select agencies.

It's appalling, the things that are the reasons for the selection of one agency over another. Some of the stories that were published over the adventures of Mary Wells in the agency field in *Fortune* magazine, were just out of *Alice in Wonderland* to most people, because here were advertising budgets running into the millions, who were, which were—. The decision as to who was to do the work was based on simply whims and trivia and superficial ideas. Mary Wells got the Braniff account because she charmed the president. She later married him. Her selling pitch was largely based on painting each airplane a different, bright crisp color. It did identify Braniff. Suddenly a lot of people, who hadn't paid much attention to Braniff, were talking about it. But the best information I've ever been able to get was, it didn't make a great difference in their sales. They were still—the thing that counted was, did an airplane leave from here and go to where I wanted to go, at the time I wanted, at the price I preferred to pay, and was the service good on board to and from?—which were the basic criteria. And a chartreuse airliner really didn't have a lot of bearing on the important things. Conversation—yeah. Relate to anything important—no.

And this happens too much in advertising. Do something different, cause a lot of talk, suddenly you're an important agency. And it's astounding how many otherwise hard-headed businessmen will base a decision on something as far off as that. I don't know how many people have said, "I'd like an advertising

program like Volkswagen." I've had clients say it to me.

And I said, "I think we can give you a campaign like Volkswagen, probably as good, probably as effective, but there are two things to consider. One, you'll have to pay for it at the same rate that Doyle-Dane was paid for the Campaign. And I don't think with your size market, that the budget for that's justified, because it'll run into a few million. We'll have to hire the same kind of copy-writers and creative team, at the same New York wages. We can do it. There are places where the placement agencies for agency people in New York have very talented people with good track records—we can hire 'em. We'll give it to you. But I don't recommend it even if you can afford it, because people are totally carried away with the cuteness of the Volkswagen campaign. They don't realize why that was the right campaign for Volkswagen, and why it wouldn't work for Buick. America had a tradition of having no use whatever for small automobiles. I don't know how many imports have been brought into this country and did. And the track record was absolutely horrible. When Volkswagen came in, they did something that no other American automobile company did. They hired an expert, and let the expert be an expert."

I said, "I happen to know Jim Ellis, who was the president of Kudner agency—had the Buick account for many years. Had a lot of General Motors business. And it's well known in the agency business that the American automobile manufacturers tell the agencies what they want. All their ads sound the same, and some of them have been very successful. They've made the automobile into a status symbol, and sold it on a status basis, and it works. And what it has done is put a premium on enormously inefficient automobiles of huge size, with a lot of floss.

And here is Volkswagen wanting to import a cheap, tiny, ugly automobile, with a great economy in gasoline, which nobody cares about, horrible safety, but nobody cares about, no hill climbing capability which nobody cares about—how do you, how do you sell it?

“Without having been there, I know from instinct that Volkswagen’s sales people said to Doyle-Dane, ‘You have a good creative record. Here’s the money. Do us a campaign.’ And Doyle-Dane, like a good agency should, did an exhaustive market study to find out what kind of people would buy an automobile like the Volkswagen, among the American population. Well, it quickly ruled out the suburbanite with the status problem who has to have a Cadillac or a big car of some kind. It zeroed in ultimately on the young people who have no status, who just really want cheap transportation. And particularly, it zeroed in on people with enough intellectual capacity to be unimpressed by the big cars, who were realists enough to say, ‘I just want a car to get from the commute station to my house,’ or, ‘I just want to get a car that’ll drive me up to the parking lot on the campus where I teach a class, or the chem lab where I’m a research chemist.’ And so the entire sales appeal of the Volkswagen campaign was based on reaching people with a relatively high I.Q., which meant young college people, middle-aged and young intellectuals. And so they developed a real cute, witty campaign, and the rest is history. They hit it right on the nose.

“You apply the same campaign to Mark IV Continental, it’ll die. But the people who are impressed—the non-professionals in advertising—were impressed by the cleverness and the wit of the Volkswagen campaign—can’t see the forest for the trees. They don’t know there is a sound business reason for paying for really great, creative talent to put that thing together. A lot of

people got paid a lot of money to do a lot of great thinking. They had a lot of fun, I think, doin’ it. But there’s some tremendously clever stuff came out of good creative departments. And Doyle-Dane is world famous for its creative reputation, and it has acquired other clients with a serious need for creative effort. Everybody wants to be creative. Everybody feels that that’s the big thing. It’s not necessarily important. There are many things that are sold without being creative at all, but just simply being nuts and bolts informative. It depends.

I got a little off the track, but the awards thing leads right into, to me, the function of advertising. And awards are like so many things; a false criteria. Popular.

I’ve got a client right now who wants to win an award. He’s got a good reason for it. He wants to impress his boss. He said that, “Some of the people we sort of compete against have won a couple of awards, and my boss is really—he would like to impress the big people upstairs. We really need to win some kind of an award if we can.”

And I said, “Well, your budget isn’t high enough for me to guarantee you one.” (And you can’t always guarantee because sometimes the judges are somebody’s cousin.) “But we’ll do you a job which is superior to some of the award-winning stuff you’ve been showing me. We can beat that. Is that good enough for you?”

And he said, “You bet.”

So we beat our brains out on a couple of jobs for him. They’re ready for the printer, and if the printer doesn’t flub it, why, we’ll have some beautiful stuff. But I don’t know.

There are a lot of ridiculous standards in this business. People trying to impress themselves or the boss or the clients. Sometimes they lose sight of what they’re really trying to do. You can really have a beautiful flop.

[And they don't give awards then for advertising that really gets in there and sells?]

No, the reward there is with the client. It's also sometimes with other people who are aware of what happened.

We had a problem a year ago right now for LTR Stage Lines. They have a very deluxe bus that runs from Reno airport to the South Lake Tahoe resort hotels, and they really are beautiful. They have a uniformed stewardess aboard. They have a little galley, serve hot refreshments, serve drinks—cold and hard and soft—and it's carpeted and draped and finished beautifully, and of course, air conditioned, with good stereo music. It's just like flying first class in a good airliner. And runs from Reno airport to Sahara Tahoe and the others. And about a year ago, the skiing was good about this time, a little earlier. Traffic had fallen off to Lake Tahoe.

This bus had been running—or a series of buses had been running—full all summer and fall pretty well. But then it dropped down during the winter. So we had a talk with the client, and the client was worried about it. And we said, "Well, there are a lot of skiers, and some of them don't enjoy driving up to the ski resorts on slippery pavement. They may be good skiers, but they're not experienced in driving on ice on mountain roads. And then there are a lot of others who fly in at the airport. And why do they have to rent a car when they can take this thing, and go to the ski area? And the ski areas will pick you up at your hotel in South Tahoe, so your transportation problems are solved. So let's sell to the skiers."

So, the client said, "Okay. What are you gonna

And I said, "Well, we'll come back with a recommendation."

So we did a little thinkin' about who skied and who didn't, where the volume was

and where it wasn't. We needed a backbone of local traffic. We advertised that service in some of the ski publications, and in the—oh, the airline guide, so that every ticket-seller in the United States, when they opened the schedules into the Reno-Tahoe area, right next to the information in the airline guide (which is a handbook for the industry), we have an ad that, "you can make a reservation for your passenger, and here's how you do it." So we felt we were reaching people who were coming out to ski, pre-selling them through the place at where they got their tickets—either travel agent or an airline ticket office.

So our problem zeroed in pretty much. We had a ticket booth that we had recommended, and the client had bought, in the airport terminal right across from the baggage claim, so that when you come to get your skis—you come in from Denver, or New England—you go to get your skis out of the baggage reclaim or your bags, right across from you is a very nice-looking ticket booth for LTR's Tahoe airporter. And right outside is a big, beautiful bus. And we have a lot of pictures of skiing in Tahoe areas that decorate the booth. Spent some real money on it.

So how do we develop enough *local* traffic to make this thing really crowded? We know that a rock station, KCBN, has a very strong following among teenagers and young married couples who predominate the ski market. Well, a very simple thing. We just bought a saturation campaign on that one station. And we had—during the commute hours that all these young people are goin to work, or getting the kids off to school and listening to the radio—the one they listen to. And we subscribe to the surveys, so we know the age groups that listen to what stations. American Research Bureau reports (ARB)—

We just bought a real, heavy saturation campaign. We didn't spend much money on

production. We let the station announcers do the job. The message is what counted. And we talked about the airport, and how much fares cost, and the frequent bus schedules, and what it offered, how much more fun it was to come down off the mountain with a maybe hot buttered rum or something while you're riding home. And we put this on the air. And at the end of a couple of weeks, the client called up, and said, "We can't handle the traffic. Please stop the advertising!" [Laughs]

So. Success, success! Now, we will never win an award on that campaign. And yet it called for good market analysis and media selection. And then the message to do it. Now, I think that's entitled to a gold medal, and to hell with how much pretty music we could've put behind it, or how witty we could've been in putting the message over. And the name of the game is to deliver. And it did. And at such a low price, it's absolutely ridiculous.

So awards and stuff—I don't know, I'm not—. We got em, so I can afford to say it, I guess, but really I was impressed at the time—I'm not any more.

[How about some awards and recognition outside the agency field?]

Haven't won any medals. Oh, you get on enough committees, you'll get a plaque, you know. I got one from the Chamber of Commerce. And the Jeep Squadron had a nice testimonial dinner a couple of years ago, which was nice to have. And I got a plaque and a few trophies.

I have to think about these things, 'cause they're really—you know, so much malarkey goes with somethin' like this that it really doesn't—.

I got a plaque from my fraternity, Sigma Nu, but I don't know what I did to get it really, except to stay in one place long enough. They have what they call a "Legion of Honor" and I

think they pick out some alumnus each year, and make a little fuss over him—dinner, and give 'im this plaque. And it's nice to have, and your kids get thrilled. And you hang it on your wall in your study, and then I forget to look at it.

But I don't really have any of the real things. I don't have the Croix de Guerre. I don't have the Victoria Cross. Got a lot of black-and-blue marks. I don't know. I don't think I have any really significant awards that are really meaningful. You pick up a lot of stuff. You give a talk to a service club, and they give you somethin', which is nice, you know. And they're trying to be appreciative but it doesn't mean that you really did anything.

I guess I've been Reno's "Boss of the Year" a long, long time ago, whatever that means. Probably it means that somebody workin' for me knew somebody on the committee, selection committee. It's usually that, somethin' like that'll work. I don't know—it's an awful lotta hokum.

OTHER INTERESTS AND HOBBIES

I think the first pioneer trail marking actually was done by the Jeep Squadron, at least that I can find out. But there have been amateurs and professionals in Nevada history, who have done a lot of exploring of trails for a long time, purely as a private effort; Dr. Everett Harris is one. And of course, he's an engineer by training, and he's done a meticulous research job on a number of trails. He's a most careful guy in his approach. I knew him well. He was Sigma Nu, as I was, but he was out of school when I came in as a freshman, but he used to come up to the house a lot. He'd been out of school just a couple of years, maybe. So I've known him a long time. And his information is great. And he's helped some of the trail groups in their research.

Another person who's done a lot of it is the lobbyist for the truckers, Bob Guinn. And he's done a lot of very good historical survey work.

And of course, Walter Mulcahy, who has taken—I don't know, hundreds of historical photographs, which I wish he'd give to somebody, anybody who would take care of it and preserve it. It scares me to death, the way those valuable photographs are hauled around in the back of his car.

And there are a lot of others who are interested. We started marking the Applegate trail, as I mentioned to you, just for fun, and we got hooked (and I'm speaking now of the Jeep Squadron). After we covered the Applegate trail from Lassen's Meadows up over Fandango Pass and into California, we got interested in Shoshone Mike's trail, which I had explored with Frank Perry, a member of the original posse and who was in the battle, about 1950, along in there, a little earlier. So we retraced much of the Shoshone Mike trail.

And about this time, it began to be popular for a number of organizations to go out and look for, re-explore the old trails. I think there were two groups: one's Trails West and the other one was the one that Harris was with. I'm not sure but what Jim Anderson, vice president of the University, was with that same group. And their approach was very professional, although I think now, a lot of us could—certainly including me—should have done a lot more careful research. We were inclined to take any "expert" as an expert, without questioning too closely. And I wish I had the time, because I think there are some areas on some of these trails that are subject to question. Or maybe what's more probable, there are other alternate authentic routes.

When the old boys came along, comin' west, sometimes the regular trail would be moist—it'd been early, wet spring or something, and the ground would be too

soft, and they'd be lookin' for harder ground. Or there'd be better feed, or the wagon trains ahead had grazed off all the grass, and so they'd branch out into detours maybe a few miles one side or the other. Or of course, sometimes in the summertime, the dust was so terrible that they'd get a few hundred yards to one side or the other of the main trail just to be able to breathe comfortably. So there's a lot of places where a lot of wagons went, thousands of 'em. They're along, or they're related to, a major trail, but there are branches.

And what makes it still more confusing is the fact these well-established routes, many of 'em were later used as wagon roads for a generation or two by ranchers and miners and prospectors and other people. And lots of times, they would branch off what had been originally a covered-wagon route, and take maybe a little better route—a shortcut, or an easier one. And you could take that branch without knowing you were on a branch that was twenty years later, and be off the authentic trail. And the records of those trails in many cases are simply not that detailed, and you can really get fooled.

So I feel that there's enough valid research yet to be done to keep people—and the purists'll be coming any day, and there'll be a lot of refining and correcting to be done.

I have traveled with the trail-marking groups. I'm currently a director of Trails West. I really don't enjoy traveling with a party of that size. But I can't help but be glad there're so many people interested in preserving these trails. I have had a total lack of success for about twenty years in trying to get the state of Nevada or the federal government or anybody to preserve these trails as a new kind of park.

I made a presentation to the state Park Commission, oh, along in '59 or '60, somewhere along in there. I'd written letters before that. And I appeared before them with

maps, places that I had been where there were trails, and urged them to get an easement, or to get a transfer of Bureau of Land Management lands to the state for a new kind of state park, which would be open still to continued use. I mean there's no reason why you can't graze cattle or sheep across a trail. It doesn't harm it any. There's no reason why you can't prospect along it. It doesn't hurt anything. And so it doesn't have to be locked up and bottled off. And I felt that if people could travel a trail, either—and there isn't enough water really to make it backpacking—but with saddle horses or pack horses or with jeeps—if the trail is kept sufficiently rough so that you can't go better than about five miles an hour in four-wheel drive, you're not gonna have much vandalism, because you've gotta be pretty dedicated to spend a day in the desert at five miles an hour, and you're not gonna leave a lot of beer cans and stuff, your chances are pretty much that your traffic would be the kind of people who would be anxious to preserve a trail. The damage on the back country comes from people who want to cover it doing sixty miles an hour or better. They tear up all kinds of the face of the desert, and they destroy all kinds of meadow land, and they do real damage, 'cause they have no regard for either the country or the vehicle. But if you could make that so tough—the Bureau of Public Roads has done a terrible thing in improving all the desert roads north of us to the point where you can drive 'em at fifty miles an hour.

You never used to see a beer can when you were—until the roads were fixed up. And I think that this type of state park would be practical. Never could get it on. They're most anxious to have parks where there are springs and meadows, and green trees—just like other states. And so we have a second-rate kind of traditional state park, when we could have a first-class desert park.

I've taken this thing the last ten years to the federal people. I've talked to all the guys who have been in charge of Bureau of Land Management out here on it. And they're not too interested in it, not enough to do anything. And I've talked to some Bureau of Land Management people out from Washington, without any appreciable effect. I've written letters to our Senators and our congressmen, and nothing has happened there. And yet I still think that the idea is valid, but I'm not quite sure what the approach should be. The answer now seems to be, they're gonna take everybody and keep 'em off the desert, so that you can't go anywhere. The goal seems to be backpacking, but I'd like to see somebody backpack a couple of stretches I know of, where you simply can't carry water enough to mean anything. So I don't know where it's going. We'll get it someday, but I hope to—I think it's gonna be important to get it before it's all locked up. Awful hard to unlock it.

Trails West has a good annual meeting once a year. They get together all winter long, and tell lies and mark their maps, and plan next summer. There's too much camping in motels for me. I like to camp out on the desert. I don't like to camp with a hundred and fifty families with children and dogs and pets and whatnot, so I'm not the best person to tell you a lot about the trail groups. I enjoy 'em. Got many friends among 'em.

My method of operation has been to travel with 'em, and then at nightfall, just go around behind the next mountain range and camp—catch up with them the next day.

[Do I have any other historical hobbies that I'd like to talk about?]

No, not really.. Least I can't think of 'em. I enjoy maps, and I like to collect them, but I don't have anything really unusual. I enjoy guns. I collect 'em. I enjoy hand-loading, which is a lot of fun, and experiment with

'em. I like deer hunting. I like stream fishing. And I enjoy sailboats, but I don't care much for motorboats, and I don't have a sailboat. I've done some many years ago. Spike has a sailboat, but I've never even sailed in it. I guess maybe this summer, I ought to.

I don't know. There's so much—. I don't have the time, really, to indulge in a hobby the way I should. I'm in a business that's very demanding. It's difficult for me to be away longer than about a two- or occasionally a three-day weekend. And to really do a place, an area, is just— you have to put more time in it than that.

I have gone through Tonopah. I think I have every building in Tonopah on film, 'cause it's gonna burn one of these days. I have a collection of black-and-white photos of what's left of some of the ghost towns. But I haven't made a systematic effort of it.

I have a project, which I'd still like to do, which is confidential, because I don't want somebody to beat me to it. But I would like to do a trip around the state in all the little towns, taking photographs of the bars that the *locals* use. The Palm Saloon in Elko; there's a saloon in downtown Eureka that—oh, I remember one time when I was out there deer hunting, everybody in town was goin' hunting except this little Basque girl who was tending bar, and she couldn't even speak any English. She knew what the drinks cost. She understood what you were asking for, but she couldn't tell you the time of day. She was a pretty good bartender. The International Hotel cranks up pretty good in Austin, particularly on Saturday night, when the ranches and the mines pay off. There's a little bar way in the back of Goldfield, up towards Columbia mountain—can't think of the name of it—that's interesting.

A bar in Manhattan. Did I ever tell you about that one? Well, there're people there

now. And Ina and I try to—we take a weekend and we throw camping gear in the car, and we'll go to an area, and take a room in a motel so that she can get a bath, and then we'll go out and explore, maybe camp one night, explore the next day, then come back, clean up in the motel, and come home.

And oh, we saw Hamilton and a lot of that country this way last year. Really, we'd been so frustrated at making a trip for three or four weekends, we weren't sure we were gonna get away when we did. And finally, I just came home from work and said, "To hell with it." And we threw the backend of the Wagoneer full of sleepin' bags and campin' gear that I use on my search and rescue stuff, or used to. And I've got enough campin' gear to outfit a regiment.

We just took off. And so we decided we'd go to Eureka. So we stopped at a Safeway store in Fallon, ma went in and bought groceries. I didn't know, but she also bought a bottle of cheap champagne. And we got out to Eureka, got a room in a motel, and then—. I keep the stuff all in the Wagoneer, and so we went out to look at the country. I hadn't been south of Eureka, so we just drove south of Eureka. And gee, the mountains were beautiful—those Fish Creek mountains are great. And there was a thunderstorm, and lightning was banging, and the colors were great. And it rained a little, but stopped raining. We drove about ten, fifteen miles south of Highway 50 on a dirt ranch road, or just a regular state road, county road. And gee, the mountains looked awful inviting, so I got Out and walked around. The ground was good and hard. So I kicked the car down into four-wheel drive, and we just left the road and drove up through the junipers, oh, maybe a couple of miles back into the hills cross-country. There was no trail. And we got back up to an area where I figured we couldn't be seen from the road, but we could

see out over the tops of the trees, and see the mountain range across the valley where Hamilton's behind the mountain range.

And so we broke out the sleeping bags, and air mattresses in the car, and put some charcoal on and grilled a couple of steaks, and the champagne was good and cold by then; it'd been on ice from Fallon. And I got some good music on a little portable shortwave receiver that we'd brought along. So it was just great. We sat up there and watched the lightning bang on the mountains, and heard some real fine music, and had a real fine dinner with a tossed salad, and a beautiful night out. And the next day, we packed everything, we drove across the valley, and spent the day in Hamilton (a ghost town), and came back, spent the night in the motel, cleaning up. And this was a typical weekend, the way we like to do it. And I usually burn a lot of film in the process. I got what's left of Hamilton, which, unfortunately, isn't much.

We started to talk about Manhattan. We'd been doing the same thing. We'd spent a weekend—stopped at the Silver Queen in Tonopah, the motel, and went down to Goldfield. Spent the whole day in Goldfield, goin' over little Joy's grave and the cemetery. And we found the bar that I mentioned in the back by Columbia mountain. Went over the whole thing. I took a photograph of an old arch that I used for a Christmas card that year—later. Then the next day, we thought'd be fun to go up to look at some of the— maybe Belmont and Manhattan and some of those little mining camps up the bottom of Smoky Valley. So we got to Manhattan. I hadn't been in there before. I'd missed the big search the Jeep Squadron had had in there when Questa and Crumley were killed. Their plane had crashed the other side of Belmont about ten miles. But I wasn't too familiar with it, and I enjoyed pokin' into all the different canyons

and stuff. And of course, Manhattan's in a canyon like most mining camps.

We came up the main street, and sittin' out in front of this little ol' firehouse with a bell on top, was an old hose cart—I mean a hose cart that had to be at least a hundred years old—sittin' right out in the weather. It's just a shame. And so we poked on up the canyon until we ran out of road, and then we turned around and came back. It was kind of a warm day, and there was a little bar there. So I wanted to go in and have a beer. Ina wasn't sure about goin' in a strange bar. So I said, "Well, you can sit in the car.

So she came along, and that's where the whole town was. And the middle of the afternoon, Sunday, and they'd all been workin' on a whatever—they'd been drinkin' pretty good, and about half of them were pretty well smashed. Very friendly. At first they didn't say anything.

And the bartender was an old gal in her seventies. And we had a couple of cold beers, and it was really cold. She was so stoned that she had to hold onto the back of the bar to stand up. She'd been drinking with her customers. Real friendly. And so she wanted to know where we were from. And I said, "Well, we're from Reno, and we're out seeing what's left of the country before everybody from Los Angeles picks it up and takes it away." Well then, a couple of guys came over 'cause we weren't from Los Angeles. And they talked.

And so then I said, "You know," I said, "maybe it's none of my business, but don't ever sell that little hose cart down there by that fire station. That's priceless. Don't let anybody con you out of it."

Well, the whole goddamn bar came over and joined us at this point, and we didn't know it, but they were having a community war with Tonopah, the county seat. Tonopah

maintained that the hose cart belonged to the county. Well, the Manhattan people said that was no county fire department —belongs to Manhattan. And they were afraid that Tonopah was gonna come over some night and take it. And they were figuring up ways and means to ambush. They were gonna fight, before they let them have it. They were aware of its value and they weren't about to lose it at all. So we had a good time discussing different ways and means of foiling the Tonopah people.

And the town drunk—I don't know how they could tell him from many of his contemporaries, at least that afternoon—was tellin' us, "You know," he says, "we think a lot of" (whatever her name was, the bartender), "and," he said, "last week she had her seventieth birthday, and nobody would do anything about it." And he said, "She does a lot for us and she's just a great person to have in the town," and he said, "I thought that we oughta do something." He said, "Did you see that bell up on top of the firehouse, you've been talkin' about?"

And I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Well, it doesn't have a clapper in it. Somethin' happened. Somebody stole the clapper out of it a long time ago. But," he said, "I figured it'd be a good thing to ring that bell seventy times 'cause it was her seventieth birthday. So I climbed up on a truck that was parked there, and I got up on top of the roof." It's got a flat roof. It's a little shed with an old Ford truck or somethin' inside painted red, I couldn't make out. Not too sure what they have in fire-fighting equipment today. He said he got up on the roof. And he said, "I took a hammer with me." And he says, "I got over by that bell and I took a good swipe at it and hit it, made it ring." And he said, "I pretty near fell off the roof, but," he said, "I hit that seventy times." He said, "I counted them."

Well, then everybody in town had to give his version of this, and they said he hit it a lot more than seventy times. And he almost fell off the rooftop. He didn't know where he was half the time. And he said, "All of us were down on the ground level, and he'd come up to the front-of it, and we'd all get around there to catch him if he fell off, but he wouldn't fall off, he'd go back and go over to the other side." This guy was staggering around on the roof of this building, and the whole town runnin' around to catch him when he fell, but he actually banged the bell, what he thought was the seventy times, and then did a swan dive, and they caught him [laughs]. And that was the end of the birthday celebration in Manhattan.

We had a wonderful time in Manhattan. They were a great bunch of people. Just as friendly as they could be, and we stayed till it was getting dark before we went back to Tonopah.

But you have a lot of fun in the back country. Still a lot of places that aren't spoiled, and you have a lot more time if you camp, and you see a lot more of it.

We camp—there's no reason to rough it when you camp. I believe in eating well, and sleeping well, and it's not hard to do, if you have the equipment. So we've got cabin fever now. Gettin' ready for this comin' summer.

[Balance of chapter in restricted addenda.]

NOTES ON MY FAMILY

I married the gal that I was dating in college. I had met Ina once when I was in high school, and once again when she was going to Mills College, and was home for the summer. And a good friend of mine, Jud Levensaler, in the Sigma Nu house was engaged to a Carson gal, Betty Coleman—oh, her father was Supreme Court judge over there. I'm sure getting forgetful of names—that's bad. But Jud and Betty wanted to go to Tahoe, and so they made a blind date for Ina and for me, and we went along.

That must have been about 1929, I guess, or the summer of '28. And Ina was a very beautiful gal. And we went to Tahoe Tavern, I guess it was for lunch. Then we drove around the north end of the Lake to Cal Neva Lodge. (And this was during prohibition, but we had no problems at all.) We had had our own liquor. We got a mixer for drinks. And caught the floor show, which was good. The Cal Neva was really a place in those days. And there was nothing much else at the north end of the Lake.

But we had a very enjoyable evening. Coming home, we came over the Mt. Rose

road. Well, the Mt. Rose road was still planks and dirt, and it was not on any of the maps, but there was known to be a Mt. Rose road (an old logging road).

And Jud Levensaler had had several drinks too many, and so nobody could talk him out of taking the shortcut home. We actually got over it and down the other side. And there was a Forest Service road, I think, on the other side. We got down into Lyons ranch and back out, but we did some digging and we did some pushing and we did some piling of brush in sandy places all dressed up in our best clothes, in the moonlight, the middle of the night. And when I got Ina back, and Betty back—they both lived in Carson—both of them were grounded by their families, I guess, for the rest of the summer. I didn't see any more of Ina until a couple of years later.

She graduated by then from Mills in '29, just as I should have graduated from the University of Nevada in '29, but I had stayed out a year—worked on the *Santa Monica Evening Outlook*. And ma wanted to—she had an opportunity to go to the Foreign Service

school, and her family refused to let her go. And they insisted that she learn to be a school teacher. So she went to the University of Nevada, and took education courses for one year. She already had her bachelor's. She tried for a master's in history, and wanted to do it in western history, and Dr. Jennie Wier insisted that she take it in American Revolutionary history, and she wouldn't do it. So she finally just took the education courses and got her teacher's certificate.

Her father was in the state senate, and he and all of his friends knew people from every town in the state, so they got her a teacher's job in Tonopah. So she taught school. Went from Mills to Tonopah and taught.

But while she was in the University of Nevada that year, I started dating her in the spring of 1930 (in 1975, we've been married 42 years). We started going together. And then I went to work on a newspaper in Winnemucca when I left school. We corresponded, and we'd come back to Reno for dates on things like New Year's Eve and Thanksgiving and whatnot.

And I went to work for a newspaper in Las Vegas. I used to drive up from Vegas to see her in Tonopah. And it wasn't much of a road. It was a couple of ruts through the sagebrush. None of it was paved. I had a Ford Model A deluxe sport phaeton. And I used to drive it in about four hours, four hours and a half—parts of it at about seventy—I got to know the road real well. And I got to be able to drive that road pretty good.

So we'd have dinner in Tonopah. She was staying at the Mizpah Hotel, while she was teaching. And then we'd picnic out in the back country. And finally we got engaged, and we were planning on being married in August of 1932. And the publisher, C. P. Squires, publisher of the *Las Vegas Age*, sold the paper out from under the staff, two weeks before I

was supposed to marry Ina. And the wedding invitations were already out in the mail. We couldn't get married, 'cause I didn't have a job. The paper was gonna be taken over by the *Review-Journal*, and the entire staff was gonna be let go. And jobs were very scarce.

So I started lookin' for a job. I hitchhiked, oh, about twelve hundred miles through California, seeing newspapers, and back again, without finding anything. And then I put together two or three things that didn't work. There were no jobs. If you were a married man, and had a family, you might get some kind of work, but for a single person, there simply wasn't anything. I didn't have my Army Reserve commission then. I didn't know enough—if I'd gone ahead and gotten my commission at that time, I could have probably commanded a CCC camp, which most Reserve officers were doing, but I didn't know enough about it to try that route. And it took me—I'd pick up a job for two or three weeks, temporary, but not—it was really—times were—you think we've got a tough situation now, that was really somethin'.

So we didn't get married until after I got a job. And I finally—a friend of mine in the publisher's business, said, "There's a new newspaper starting in Salinas, called the *Monterey Daily Post*. They need an advertising manager, and if you'll come down to San Francisco, I've recommended you, maybe you can get it." So I did, and I got the job, and went to work for the paper.

I found out that it was terribly underfinanced, and the opposition, the *Salinas Index Journal*, was a very strong paper. But after a month, I'd saved up enough money to come home and get married. So I came home, and we got married and came back down to Salinas. And the paper folded about, oh, six months later. It simply ran out of operating capital, and they cut it back to

a weekly. The former publisher came in for some assets and creditors, including the United Press and the equipment houses—ran it. And there was no staff. We all just scattered to the four winds.

But I had some friends in San Pedro who were working on the *News-Pilot*. One of them was leaving the *News-Pilot* to move to San Francisco. And they jot a job for me, sight unseen. So we drove down to San Pedro. And I had an uncle working as a reporter on the *L. A. Times* in the harbor area, and we stayed with him and my aunt for a couple of weeks 'til we located an apartment. We found a nice apartment. My pay was fifteen dollars a week.

And we really had a wonderful time in San Pedro. Oranges were five cents a dozen. Hamburgers were a nickel. We had a nice apartment. It was right on the Cabrillo Point, so we could go down and swim on the beach, and really very pleasant.

And then Ina was pregnant so I knew I had to make more than fifteen dollars. It was pretty close making it on fifteen. We didn't have any money for clothes. We were lucky that we had clothes. We could pay the rent and groceries, and that was about it. But now we had a real crisis. So I had read in the trade press that a former advertising salesman I knew in Reno, Johnny Seamans, was the new advertising manager of the *San Mateo Times*.

So I got a job in San Mateo. We came up, had a nice apartment. I liked the people on the paper. Later the pressure got pretty heavy.

The publisher they had when I first went to work there was a man named McCollum, who was not only an excellent publisher and a good newspaperman, but a swell guy. And morale was very high. We had a tough overhead to meet with all the equipment that Amphlett had purchased (the former publisher). But McCollum was such a nice guy to work for. Used to have a staff meeting

every night about six o'clock, and we'd go up to his office, and he'd pull a bottle of bourbon out, and we'd all have a drink, and discuss the week's business, plan the next week, and a very free give and take, and it was very pleasant, and we did very well. The lawyers who were running the Amphlett estate clashed with McCollum and they let him go. He went on to a larger newspaper, and I don't know whatever finally became of him. He was very able.

The man they brought in was a guy who was a professional newspaper manager, who usually worked for estates and receiverships and whatnot—totally different kind of person who was out to make a record, and move on. He put the pressure on everybody. It became an unhappy place. As I told you, I finally had it up to my chin and got out and came back.

Spike was born while we were living in San Mateo, 1935. And we had to sell the Model A deluxe sport phaeton that I had bought in Las Vegas, which was a real tragedy. Today it would be priceless as a classic. But it rained so much there that we had to have a closed car, instead of a—it was a touring car with a cloth top, so we bought a coupe.

I've covered how we came back to Carson City, and how I worked in the dairy in Carson City, and how I ultimately got my agency started, so it hooks up at that point.

I had an interesting bunch of in-laws. Ina's family came west in the early days—some by way of the Isthmus—some by way of covered wagon—one of the early, early parties—not the Bidwell-Bartlesons, but maybe Chiles, and came to California, and settled in central California valley. Winters was her maiden name, and the town of Winters, California was named for the family. They ranched down there, ultimately one part of the family (the part of the family that Winters got married to was the Harmons, who had a store in Hangtown), and they came to Nevada after

Harmon was married to a Nevers, and another Harmon was married to a Winters. And they all moved up into Eagle Valley and Washoe Valley.

The family homestead was part of what's known as the Winters Ranch is now, near Bowers. And that was the site of the John D. Winters, the original John D. Winters and his wife, who had come to California from Indiana. They ranched central Washoe Valley. And when the parents died, that ranch went to the oldest son, Theodore. John D., the younger son— one of the younger sons—John D. Winters, bought a ranch in Eagle Valley, and Mrs. Harmon, who was related to them—her name was then Nevers; she had married her bookkeeper, Sam Nevers, who was crippled later, apparently with polio. They took up a small farm on the west side of Eagle Valley. I guess it was the second ranch in the valley, supposedly.

And I think it was John D. Winters, the younger brother, who traded a yoke of oxen for an interest in the Ophir mine, at what later was Virginia City, on “discovery day” when they needed the oxen to work an arrastra. They made money in the mines and lost it, and made it back, and lost it. I don't know how many times. At one time they were all worth millions, and then they were broke. I'd like to do a book about them because they were a wild bunch. Rough and tough and apparently full of fun, well-known, and always in some kind of power, politics, and political scrapes. They would make— they're better than the Cartwrights on the “Bonanza” TV series really.

There are a lot of stories that Ira Winters told me. Ira was ma's father. He looked like Will Rogers a little bit. He told stories like Will Rogers did. He was a wonderful story teller. Old time rancher. One of the last of the real ones.

Ina's mother was a Kearney. Her mother was Bridget Lynch who came from, I think it was Dingle [Ireland]. The grandmother was sixteen years old when she came down to see a cousin to leave Ireland for America and say goodbye, and she got so carried away with the idea of going to America, that she went on board the ship, and the cousin paid her fare, and she went to America—never went home. And things in Ireland, of course, were terrible at that time. And this sixteen year old kid worked in the textile mills in Boston. And they had a big family—that is, they eventually did. She married— they just picked out a husband for her, because there was no place for a sixteen year old Irish girl in the United States in those days unless she was married. And so they picked out a guy for her to marry, and they got married.

And they came west on one of those emigrant trains that the Central Pacific had. Came to Virginia City, and the husband worked in the mills, worked in the Mexican Mill and I don't know which others, and worked at Empire.

Bridget Lynch was a little, tiny, half-pint. She wasn't five feet tall. I knew her. She grew to a very old age. She had a very keen mind. She never learned to read or write. She had a lot of energy, which she worked off in the garden that she kept. She always sent money back to her mother in the old country, somehow. They had a good Catholic family. I don't know how many children. They had an enormous family.

They had two daughters who were strikingly beautiful, one blonde and one brunette. The blonde was Ina's mother, Mary Kearney. Bill Kearney, who was in Nevada politics in the early twenties, was state engineer, and was a lawyer, was the son of that family, the brother of Mary Kearney. Annie Kearney married a Dwyer, who was

partly Basque, from Austin. They lived in Austin for awhile, and moved out to Reno. He worked in the county assessor's office, I guess, for many, many years in Reno. His brother, Alex Dwyer, was a county coroner and county clerk in Austin for many years.

Mary Kearney was bright and beautiful. She was beautiful when she was in her late sixties. Tiny. Her teacher in grammar school in Carson was E. E. Roberts, later mayor of Reno. And Roberts didn't understand arithmetic, so Mary Kearney used to teach the class when they came to the arithmetic part. She taught school in Cherry Creek, in Hamilton, in Delamar, I don't know where else—different mining camps. When she went into Cherry Creek, the stagecoach couldn't make it with all the passengers on board, so they all had to get off and walk in back of the stage into Cherry Creek. And she had a new white dress she was very proud of and was afraid she was gonna ruin it.

She was utterly honest and had a tremendous number of friends in Carson City—she was very highly regarded. When Pat McCarran prosecuted Cole, Malley, and Clapp, they were having a hard time getting a jury. And both sides agreed to Mary Winters, because they knew she'd call it right down the middle no matter—. Everybody, of course, knew Cole, Malley, and Clapp. They were local and it was a small town—quite a situation, but she was the unanimous choice of both sides—the way she'd call it.

Ina was dating one of the Malley boys, and it's possible—I think it was Diskin who prosecuted that thing—not sure. Anyway, they thought there might be some influence, because the daughter was dating the son of Malley, but it didn't make any difference to her, she called it. She voted guilty, and there was a little coolness between the families for a few years.

Ina used to ride a big, thoroughbred horse that belonged to her cousin, Edison “Monte” Mouton. She rode it with a flat English saddle with an English rig, which just made her father go crazy. He wanted her to ride stock saddle, which was a lot safer.

[Would I like to say something about our son and daughter?] Yeah. Spike is the elder. He was born in 1935 in San Mateo. He's been an unusual kid. He's like all boys, interested in sports and yet very dependable. We always felt we could trust him completely. He always wanted to be a lawyer. He never talked about what he was doing. You know, they had a “father's night” at the junior high school. So I went and sat with a bunch of guys that I knew in Rotary. And the high school kids came out to do different things, and then they came to the climax of the evening, which was tumbling and gymnastics. And they said, “We'll show our star.” And out came Spike! I didn't know he'd ever had anything to do with it. It was amazing for a kid what he could do—astounding to me. He wasn't big enough and heavy enough for some sports, although he was active, as far as a lightweight could go. I taught him to hunt and fish and camp.

He's an instinctive leader. Every class he was in, he was usually the president when he was in high school. I think the first class in the new Reno high school building, he was student body president.

He worked every summer; piling lumber was the summer he learned what an education meant. He drove a cottage cheese truck and saved enough money to go to Europe—spent the summer in Europe. We gave him spending money, but he paid his own way. That was the year before he went to Stanford.

He was admitted to Stanford without any problems. He did well in Stanford. He was asked to be student body president his senior year. But I can't think who was president of

the university that year, but they said, “We have a serious year coming and need to decide whether or not we’re gonna keep fraternities at Stanford. We’d like to have you take the post of president of the Interfraternity Council, because you’ll be working with alumni, and we need somebody mature who can talk to alumni groups in the Bay area.”

So Spike was made president of the Interfraternity Council. The remark was made, it was the first time they’d ever had “an independent” as president of the Interfraternity Council. He was really a Phi Psi, but he didn’t take fraternity activities very seriously. He had friends in all the houses and on campus, so it was a good experience for him. He met with many different people on the faculty there that he wouldn’t have met in his regular curriculum. He also met all kinds of business leaders in the Bay area who were heads of alumni chapters for the different fraternities at Stanford.

He had many kinds of opportunities to practice law in the Bay area when he finished law school, as a result. He still has good contacts in the Bay area. It’s a good thing for him.

Spike met the gal he married, at Stanford. And she came from a family that had some connections in this area. Her mother was from an early San Francisco family, and she was a Stanford graduate. And she had an extraordinarily high I.Q.; I can’t remember the numbers on it. But there was an experiment set up at Stanford about the time she finished school—the time she graduated—in which Stanford University followed, traced, and kept records on people who had I.Q.’s above a certain point. They followed these student’s lives and their children. And she was one of this group, which has been recorded. And her children are being followed in the same—I guess—experiment.

Quite an interesting gal. She married a man in the logging industry, by the name of Upsall, who came from a family that was involved in the logging and timber industry in Minnesota. Upsall is of Scandinavian origin. And she was teaching school in Westwood, after finishing Stanford, and met Upsall, who was connected with the Walker family’s timber empire, which headquartered, I believe, in Westwood in those days—Westwood in San Francisco. And they were married, and their two daughters, and I think their son were all born in Westwood, but they lived about half the time in San Francisco, and half the time in Westwood, ultimately all the time in San Francisco.

The oldest daughter attended Stanford where Spike met her. And their kids are extremely bright. The four kids are totally different, and highly individualistic, but bright. And they’re fun, of course, for us.

Spike graduated from Stanford in pre-law. He had a year’s military service requirement from ROTC. (I think we touched on how he got into Army ROTC.) He was commissioned as second lieutenant at graduation with my old lieutenant’s bars, and reported to Fort Bliss in the Field Artillery, and put in his duty there, which was fairly uneventful.

Meantime, Sandy went back to Stanford. (Her full name is Sandra Upsall.) And she took a teacher’s certificate. She had a major in chemistry. Actually, she took more than a Teacher’s certificate; she got a master’s in chemistry. But she also got the certificate.

Spike finished his military duty and returned, and they were married in San Francisco, and then went to Washington, D. C., where Alan Bible helped Spike get a job. He ran elevators, and he worked as a bailiff in the police court, and he did all the things that law students do back there to make a living while studying law. Did very well at

Georgetown. He had no trouble with his studies.

They bought a little MG, which they thought was the most wonderful car in the world. And they used orange crates for furniture, and had the usual, wonderful time kids do.

And then Sandy became pregnant, and they had to sell the MG and get a closed car, because the Washington winters are pretty grim. So I gave them no sympathy at all. I told them how I had to sell the Model A phaeton [laughs] when we were living in a rainy climate when Spike was born.

Their stay in Washington had a number of minor adventures, but nothing that was really extraordinary. We went back several times to see them while they were there. And they were just happy as clams.

When he graduated, they drove out to Reno and passed the bar exam, and he got a job as assistant U. S. attorney. And there was a tremendous backlog of cases which had piled up in the office here in northern Nevada. And the FBI realized they had an eager beaver, so they went ahead bringing in these cases for prosecution. He was in court almost constantly for a year or two. He prosecuted and convicted Conforte.

He recommended dropping the "Golden Rooster" case. Dick Graves, owner of the Nugget in Sparks had a solid gold rooster statuette which he named the casino for and which he used as an advertising gimmick, but which he claimed was a work of art. And the federal government filed action against him for possessing that much gold. And he claimed it was a work of art, and he was entitled to have it. And the Justice Department wanted to prosecute him. Spike felt there was no case, and recommended against it, and they overruled him and he had the trial, much to his disgust. But he put on

what I've been told was a good case; he lost it. Everybody had a lot of fun, including the newspapers, and it got him a lot of publicity as a young lawyer, not particularly harmful.

He got as assistant U. S. attorney, he felt, more court experience, more courtroom experience than probably anybody else in his graduating class at Georgetown would get in the next ten years. He was in court continually. Got a lot of trial experience. He got so he enjoyed it.

Gordon Thompson, who was, who still is on the Supreme Court bench in Nevada, ran into Ina and me in Las Vegas one time during this period, and came over and had breakfast with us and said, "I've just gotta tell you folks that there's been a long-standing opinion in the Supreme Court that the day of the oral argument is dead and gone," but he said that he was delighted that Spike had made a highly successful and very fine oral argument, and won a case, an appeal, just a couple of weeks previous. And he had felt he had to tell somebody, because it was something that hadn't been done in years, and how well he did it and how much command he had over the situation, which of course, we enjoyed.

And we began to get a number of comments that we felt were sincere from friends we had on the bench or in the Bar. And we became convinced that he's a very able young lawyer. He has a gift for oral argument, which has helped him in television in his campaigns.

He does well with television. He projects well and his personality comes across well. I see a lot of people on television in my business. He's one of the best, and it can help him, perhaps go places, if he wants to. He's had a lot of pressure on him to run for high office, but he has felt that he wasn't ready in some cases, and in some cases, he is not a good money raiser, and much of the money

that's available—he's too much of a purist to make an effort for. So I don't know whether he'll have a political career for real or not. I think he's capable and able in it.

He's a good parent. He spends a lot of time with his kids. Takes 'em fishing, takes 'em to games, goes with them to high school games although they're not in high school yet. Good parent.

Sandy is a very conscientious mother. We're very lucky to have a daughter-in-law like Sandy. She works at raising her kids. And she gets along well with her mother-in-law, which I'm sure is difficult for any wife, I don't care who or under what circumstances. And so I think that says quite a bit, too. My views are certainly not detached, but we're interested in the kids, and we think we're lucky that we have them.

I think I mentioned that Liz was accepted for Berkeley, but decided to go to University of Colorado. She was disappointed at Colorado, because she wanted to work on the newspaper, as she had in high school. And at that particular period, she found the newspaper was staffed almost completely with kids who were also toying with Communism. And there was quite a strong underground, extremely liberal movement at Colorado at that point, which she didn't like.

We had spent a lot of time with each of our kids before they went to school. We started it with Spike, of course. We were concerned about the growing Communist influence on the campus—all campuses at that particular time—so we always did treat our kids as if they were adults in our dinner conversation at home. So for the summer before entering school, with Spike and later with Liz, we had discussed ways and means of how to recognize it, and the kind of people who would be drawn to it, and the interest there would be in it, and the ultra-liberal

portions of both faculty and student body, which would probably be involved—I don't mean as a great plot directed out of Moscow, but it was at that time when we began to feel the beginnings of the real, strong liberal movements on campuses, which, at least for us, went too far, and which ultimately also became involved with the O'Leary influence, and brought in so much in the way of hard drugs.

But you worry about your kids goin' away to school. And you wonder about the kind of people who will influence them. And so you attempt to arm with at least enough knowledge and perspective so that when they're on their own, they'll make, although they'll make their own decisions, they'll at least make 'em with their eyes open.

And I know when Spike arrived at Stanford, registered as a new student, was there for oh, two or three weeks, he mentioned in a phone conversation that, "Well, it's here, and I've seen it. And the door's open," and he said, "I'm not buyin' it." He said, "I can live with it, and I can work with the people involved in it. But I don't want to get into it." And that was his position all through school.

And Liz ran into it. We did exactly the same thing with her, the summer before. And both kids knew why. And we were as interested in their discussions, more interested in their viewpoints and discussions than a little bit, during those give-and-take sessions. And Liz's report back was she simply couldn't work on the *Daily Coloradan* unless she bought the whole deal, and she wasn't havin' any. It was pretty definitely organized, and pretty clearly structured, and that she wasn't interested goin' that route. So she missed, and she felt badly about it. As a matter of fact, I think she still does. She had plenty of student activities which were interesting, but she missed that one.

She did well at Colorado. She, in fact, did so well that the head of the honors section stopped off here—he was our houseguest—I think he was head of the honors section. And Liz had told us he was a liberal. He was a very charming guy, and a very strong personality, and a very appealing personality. And he wanted Liz to embark on the honors program, and they had scholarships and trips to Europe, and all kinds of good things for kids. He scared us to death. He was certainly evaluating us, and of course, we were concerned about him. And he was an extremist, although he did his best not to let us see it, realizing we were a pretty conservative family.

And just a couple of little things made us realize that there was something we were a little apprehensive over. Liz had already recognized it. She wasn't buyin' the deal. But we found out afterwards that Liz wanted to see if we would see what she had seen. And we gave her a rundown, cold turkey, of what we thought of him—brilliant, and recruiting kids, bright kids, to a way of thinking, to a philosophy. She agreed we were right on target. But we were tickled that she had made an analysis that went the same way. He really gave us a sales talk on the honors program. And it's too bad that it can't be, there can't be some options as to where you want to go in so many places.

Liz had a friend from Carson. We knew his parents. I won't mention his name. I guess I shouldn't. Who was a brilliant kid in chemistry. He went to Colorado ahead of Liz. She knew him. They never dated, but they were good friends. And he was, I think, engaged to a gal back in Carson. But he took his doctorate in chemistry there when she was an undergraduate student, and he got the faculty appointment on a— was Minnesota, I think, in chemistry, in a very fine program. But he was totally disillusioned when he went

back there with the kind of people he ran into who were dominating the thing. And it was like Liz's journalism experience in Colorado. And he was so disillusioned with this that he got completely out of the academic field. Took an excellent job in industrial chemistry. He stayed there a couple of years, and then he got an offer from, gee, I don't know which campus. And he took a careful look at it, and he liked what he saw, and he's back in teaching on the university level at a good school, in chemistry. But during that period, it was pretty much of a pretty strong thing.

Liz enjoyed Colorado. She went Pi Phi. She had offers from several good houses, to her surprise, as she was from a small town in Nevada. She always had a very outgoing personality, and was a leader in her classes all the way through. She was engaged, and then married an SAE, David Vlaming.

Dave came from a family which had—I think one branch of the family owned some kind of a small factory in Skokie, Illinois. And several members of the family had jobs with this organization. And Dave didn't want to. And he kind of floated when he got out of high school—didn't know what to do. And to find himself, he enlisted in the Marines, as an enlisted man. Did okay in the Marines. He served a full hitch. He grew up, matured a lot. Big kid. He's athletically inclined, as Liz is. After the Marines, he decided that it was time he went to college, so he did. He graduated about the time Liz finished her second year. And they were married. She didn't finish school. And he got a job with the Bank of America, and they lived in Mountain View. And he liked what he saw in banking, and apparently he did all right—quite well. Had several promotions (and is now a senior vice president).

They didn't like the Peninsula. And they felt the bank was so tremendously big that

he'd easily get lost and forgotten in it. And they saw an ad in the *Wall Street Journal* where a bank in Las Vegas was looking for somebody. And it was the Bank of Nevada. And Liz had heard us talk about Art Smith, who was the president of the Bank of Nevada, who was one of the commissioners on the Centennial Commission. They did not tell us. They applied for the job on their own. They were interviewed. The bank flew them down to Las Vegas. They were, both of them were interviewed by the bank at considerable length for a couple of days. And went back to Mountain View where they were working. And they got the job

So they packed up all their stuff. They stayed a decent interval with Bank of America, where they caught some friendly hell from the manager, who felt they had a future with Bank of America. They went down to Las Vegas and found a small apartment. And I guess that they'd been there about a week on the job and Liz got a call from Art Smith. And he said, "I thought we got all the information on you, but," he said, "I don't think we got your maiden name."

She said, "Well, I filled it out. It's Wilson."

He said, "Yeah. Your hometown is Reno. Right?"

She said, "Yes."

And he said, "Why didn't you tell us who your father and mother were?"

And she said, "Because I knew you knew 'em."

And about that time, everybody had a good laugh over it. So Art told the guys up at First National. And Harold Gorman gave me a bad time, and two or three people from FNB told me "they'd picked the wrong bank," and kidded us. Dave did all right, and went on up in it, and liked the work. Liz worked part-time as news director for a TV Station in Las Vegas, and is doing very well with it.

Before Art Smith left Vegas and came to take the presidency of First National in Reno, Dave was vice president, and later vice president in charge of commercial loans (now a senior vice president) and doin' very well. He's been branch manager of several branches which had problems, and straightened them out, and then been brought back to the central office each time.

Of course, both Dave and Liz are athletically inclined, and Dave was an athlete all the way through school. And Liz has been interested in, of course, skiing, and good enough to compete. Their kids are well coordinated. The four little boys are active in all kinds of sports, and completely crazy over sports. They play in Pop Warner football. They play in Little League baseball. They play—. When we see them in Las Vegas or when they come to see us, the place becomes an immediate field camp with everybody throwing footballs, and basketballs, and playing tennis. And we've helped equip them with skis Christmas time and birthdays, and athletic equipment—tennis racquets and skis and bindings, and whatnot.

And those kids get along with their cousins (Spike and Sandy's children). They pair off very well. They're the same age. There're two in each age bracket. Spike and Sandy's Anne is only a couple of months apart from Dave and Liz's John. And the next kids the same way, and the next kids the same way. They've grown up together. They get along beautifully. It was a terrible shock about two years ago, when the four kids from Vegas came up—the four boys—and found that the two girls up here were a foot taller than each of 'em [laughs]. And at that stage, why, they were crushed. But they get along well together. They ski together. They are active and play tennis together. And they pair off.

And they get together surprisingly often. Spike's kids go down there and stay; they don't go four at a crack as much as they used to. But it's quite often. Easter vacations and Thanksgiving vacations, and summertime. And Liz usually brings the four boys up and they stay at our house. They immediately pair off between Spike and Sandy's house and ours for a couple of weeks. Then Dave gets his vacation and comes up. So they usually have a month of swimming at Tahoe, and activities. But I know the neighbors tell me that we've got a baseball game going on our back lawn from the time they get there, that never seems to break up except when they're in bed [laughs]. The players may vary, but—. So of course, we enjoy it tremendously. We're real lucky.

The kids are all bright. Michael [Vlaming] won a trip to Reno with a bus load of other kids in his school who had to achieve a certain grade level for somethin' like two months to get the trip. And he made it easily, without disturbing his athletic activities. So we're lucky. We're lucky with the people our kids married. And we're lucky with their children. They have all the problems that kids have growin' up, and everybody has all the worries, but they're, we think, unusually bright kids. We're not prejudiced a bit!

We have a few family traditions, but not very many. One of 'em was that you get your—my family gave me a .22 rifle when I reached a certain age as a kid—I don't know—nine or ten. My mother taught me to shoot. She's a good shot. Her brothers taught her to shoot. Her older brother was a marksman and a very fine shot—worked at it seriously. And she was a good shot. My father could have taught me to shoot. He was familiar with firearms. But she was the one who gave me actual lessons shooting. When I went to high school and I took high school ROTC and we all were given training on the range, and then ratings for

possible membership on the team, I found that she hadn't taught me military-style shooting. But she had taught me to shoot well enough to qualify without any trouble. And I was interested in the military style of shooting, and I worked at it, and I qualified.

I've always been interested in guns, and I am a handloader. I load my own ammunition and enjoy fooling with it. Enjoy shooting, both pistols and revolvers and rifles.

And so we gave Spike his first gun, which was a single-shot .22 on his ninth birthday. He could not shoot it without adult supervision, for a couple of years. He could not—he had to follow certain procedures. We gave him a single-shot, because we felt it would teach him to learn to aim each shot. I taught him to shoot. I taught him the military method of shooting, which I feel is by far the best way to learn.

When Liz was nine, we taught her to shoot, gave her a single-shot .22. She became a good shot. When Spike, in ROTC, went to Fort Lewis in Washington as an ROTC student from Stanford, he qualified for just about everything that was available the first day on the range, without any trouble at all. It was old stuff to him. He's always been a good shot.

We were tickled to see that both Liz and Spike did the same thing with their kids. On their ninth birthday, each one got a single-shot .22 and the lessons began [laughs]. And last—I guess it was Thanksgiving, Ina and I spent a few days in Las Vegas. And one afternoon—I guess it was Thanksgiving Day maybe—Liz and Ina put together a lunch. The kids that're over nine took their guns, and we all went out in the foothills, and set up targets. And guess who was the poorest shot in the bunch? *Me* [laughs].

They're doing fine, and they enjoy it. And Dave has of course, a lot of Marine training

on the range, and so those kids were getting a dissertation after each shot on how they performed and why. So it'll be interesting. They all should be pretty good with guns.

Our family discussions have always revolved around foreign affairs, among other subjects. For many years, as long as our kids were growing up, we subscribed to *Foreign Affairs* quarterly (still do). They read it. We'd argue over, or discuss the stuff in it. And we're concerned now, because we've got six boys in the tribe, who are going to be military age about the time there'll be a problem. And we don't know what to do about it.

I remember the first time I worried about this subject, is when my youngest brother, Sam, was in high school (1932). And I was convinced a great European war was gonna come out of central Europe, sure as his name was Adolph Hitler, and I know I furbished up my own reserve commission. (I think I covered that in this series.) But I wasn't sure what my brother Sam should do about it. And I felt at that point that the safest place for him to be would be in the Coast Artillery.

I really picked a bummer, because Coast Artillery troops were all later moved over into antiaircraft, which was a real hazardous place to be. That's who they got rid of first in the big raids and big attacks. Coast Artillery was pretty primitive. He had good engineer's training. When he finally went to war—he was a mining engineer—and was moved into aeronautical engineering, and became a squadron engineering officer, and served in with a B-26 (that's a medium bomber) group in North Africa. And that B-26 outfit was used for raids on Ploeste in southern Italy, and they were pretty far up in North Africa, and they were under constant harassment by the Luftwaffe. They were under bombardment and strafing attacks, and their base many times, night and day, was a combat zone.

And he wound up with hazardous duty, as an engineer, believe it or not.

After the war he came home. He had an allergy for sagebrush, so he gave up mining engineering. Took an industrial engineering course. Worked for Pan Am as an industrial engineer. When Korea broke out, he was called back to duty as a reserve officer. Decided to go career at that point; since it interrupted his civilian career so badly. He was transferred into the missile service of the Air Force, and served on Shriever's missile team, so called, and became a specialist on the Thor missile and stayed with the aerospace missile activity until he retired as colonel.

But now we're starting to worry about the kids on the same thing again. I don't know enough to know what the branch of service would be the area to route them. I've got some good friends in the service, but I think their viewpoint's gonna be out of date. The brushfire wars we're fighting now in southeast Asia, and the testing between the Israelis and Arabs is kinda reminiscent of Spain in the thirties, in which an awful lot of new equipment is being worked over. And right now, I don't think anybody is safe anywhere [laughs].

But I feel, I always have felt, the more training a person has generally, the better chance of survival. I remember reading the statistics on military casualties, World War I, and again in World War II. And they bear out, to a surprising degree, the amount of survival in ratio to the amount of training. The regulars had the best survival rate, the reservists the next, the National Guard the next, and the "90-day wonders" the next. There are of course, exceptions. You get in brushfire wars, and you take an awful lot of academy junior officers and put 'em out in combat and their casualty rate's very high. Very dangerous. You get in situations where war bursts suddenly, you throw a lot of reserve

officers, the only thing you've got trained, into it, your casualty rates will be very high. It's a very dangerous thing to be a reservist in the middle of a sudden shooting war here. Almost a cinch to be stuck right in the middle of it. But on a broad statistical scale, the more training, the better chance you have of coming through. [It's bad to have to think about it at all.] Yeah. But it's a mistake not to.

I can't remember exactly the year, but I think it was about 1967 or '68, somewhere along in there, Ina asked me one night if I would object if she took a real estate course. She didn't want to sell real estate, but she wanted to find out "if she still had a brain." She'd graduated from school and become a housewife, and immediately starting keeping house and then raising kids. And she felt that so many years had gone by, she wasn't sure that she had any effective gray matter at all. And she would just like to see if she could learn anything, or whether her brain was atrophied.

And I agreed. She was not interested in bridge. She was not interested in golf. She had served her time on all kinds of dum-dum-committee jobs in the community, and found most of 'em pretty dull. And I felt that her mind was very alert. She is an avid reader, and reads reasonably heavy stuff. But I also felt that she really needed an activity, one that would absorb her. So I encouraged her to go ahead and take this course.

And she worked at it. She got all the books and she went religiously to every class. And she came home, and we had big discussions about what they'd learned at that particular session. She had no business experience. It was all new to her. Most of the class were people who had had various jobs in business and knew something about it. She didn't.

But when she came down to the end of the class, and took the final exams, to her

amazement, she was in the top group. She did very well with it. So then I urged her to go ahead and get a license. At that particular point, we didn't need the revenue, but I felt it was an excellent activity for her, that she'd start falling apart if she didn't have something challenging to work on. She resisted the idea of taking the exam. She was sure she couldn't pass it. And she felt it would be disgraceful if she didn't pass it. And so we had an awful lot of arguments. So I finally almost forced her to fill out the forms for the exam, which was in Carson. It was an all-day exam. Started at eight o'clock in the morning. She did—she finally filled out the forms, but she was pretty sure she wouldn't show up to take the exam.

The morning of the exam, we had about a foot of snow, and it was extremely cold, and a terrific storm in Washoe Valley. And she said that there was no way in that situation, in the case of that weather, for her to go. And I raised hell and made her put on ski clothes, and I broke out our little Jeep, and put it in four-wheel drive, and took her and her books, and we started like five o'clock in the morning, and we got to the place in Carson City, about twenty minutes to eight and a little time to spare. And I dumped her off and I said, "I'll be back at five o'clock to pick you up."

So I went home and at five o'clock, I came back and picked her up. And she was just completely radiant. She said, "Why, it wasn't a difficult examination at all." And she did pass it. And the people who gave the exam, one of them mentioned that she was among the top three.

I urged her to put in for broker's [license], and she wouldn't do it. She was just happy that she'd passed it, and that was it. I urged her to go ahead and hang her license up, and do something about it. She really didn't want to do it. Pete Walters, who's an old friend of ours, and real estate broker, called her up and

told her he had a place to hang her license down in his office. If she didn't want to sell, okay, but if she wanted to, why, then she'd be in shape to do it. So she did.

And to make a long story short, she began to take an interest in it. And she sold a piece of property, to her amazement—a home. And from then on, she was hooked. There was an awful lot she didn't know about selling and about people.

And then later, I had a health problem and I had a business problem, and the revenue that she turned up turned out to be very welcome indeed.

She's tackled the thing with an intensity, which is a bit too much, in my opinion. In fact, we've just reached a point where we don't talk real estate at dinner time, period, as a house rule. But of course, the last year or so, it's been extremely bad for all real estate people. Very difficult. And it's been difficult for her.

But she's very active in it, and she's a character in the real estate business. She's very honest and open about what she says. And I hear her quoted among my friends [laughs] in the industry, occasionally. It's turned out, I think, to be a very good thing that she did it. And she does very well and now is a real professional.

Ina is also extremely interested in Nevada history and has become a professional researcher. She is familiar with the Nevada resources at Bancroft, Sacramento, and Salt Lake City, as well as locally. By now she has so much experience researching Nevada history, I feel she is a qualified professional and am glad to use her on tough problems in Nevada history.

CONCLUSION

I couldn't think of anything that would be suitable for a wrap-up except something reminded me the other day of Raines Miller. Miller was a long-time chemist employed by the University in the Department of Agriculture, between the University and the Experimental Station and the Extension Service. And I used to work for Miller in his chemistry lab in the basement of the Aggie building at the University, when I was oh, maybe thirteen, fourteen, fifteen years old. And I didn't realize what a wonderful guy he was and how he understood kids.

My job essentially was, at least to start with, was to simply clean up and scrub up the various test tubes and contraptions that he had to perform his tests and experiments. But he explained to me what we were attempting to do with the experiments. One of them was (bear in mind this is a long time back) we were chopping up in the chopper—I ran the machinery—a large amount of sagebrush leaves and fiber, and then he showed me how, and I distilled it, and worked out concentrates which he then tested for rubber content. And

it was, as far as I know, among the very first, if not the first attempts to determine whether there was commercial content of rubber in sagebrush. There was rubber, without any question. But his conclusion was that it was not a practical thing, at least at that time.

But the process of growing up is a painful thing for kids, and Miller was really a wonderful guy, and he had a way of putting things and giving advice, which I appreciated years later.

I ultimately graduated to gathering poisonous plants. And I would be taken out with the truck, usually in the summertime, and dumped off, out in the desert with cutting shears and burlap bags and a brown bag lunch and a canteen of water. And I would gather large quantities of buttercup, which were poisonous. And they were analyzing the problems of the poison and what it did, and how it could be counteracted and whatnot. And we also gathered locoweed, and I don't know what else. And it was interesting. I was completely alone, but I was miles from anybody or anywhere.

I know one day, they forgot and didn't drop the canteen off, or I didn't remember to grab it, so I didn't have any water. And it was middle of summer. It was hot. And pretty soon, I began to feel thirsty. And so I climbed a hill and I didn't see any indications of water anywhere. But I decided there must have been people for thousands of years that'd been in this predicament and what the hell did they do? So I thought well, I guess maybe you oughta look for plants that use a lot of water. There'd have to be some water underground or somethin'. So I looked in all the neighboring gullies and I finally found one that had a few shoots of willow. So I took my shears as a digging implement, dug down, and sure enough, I found seepage. And I let the seepage run long enough to the point where the water was clean enough to at least get a few gulps and wet my face. And using this method, I managed to put in a day's work and survive until the truck came back. And I felt that I really learned something.

Miller treated this as, you know—"so what the hell," I know—gotta have some brains. So it brought me down to normal in a hurry. But I worked for a number of guys, or with a number of people, who were older, who had a lot of patience with a kid, who really, you don't appreciate until you get there yourself.

I'd always wanted to be a reporter, and I had been one. And the only job I could get after graduation from college was in architectural drafting, which was temporary, and which I decided was not going to lead to my career. And about this time, I was offered a job selling advertising on the Winnemucca newspaper, *Humboldt Star*. They needed an advertising salesman. They had an editor, who was Snowy Monroe. And I was quite sure that I couldn't sell advertising, but it was the only job that was available. So the newspaper said that they had made arrangements for me to go

around with a salesman on the *Reno Gazette* to see how they work. So for two weeks, I went around with these two advertising salesmen.

Well, of the salesmen, there was one guy, William Bearss, who was the advertising manager. And Bearss was an amazing guy. The other salesmen were guys who sold, and sold well, and that was it, and their views on things were not particularly interesting, but Bearss was a philosophical sort of guy, and we'd get into all kinds of discussions. Also, he would give me some real sound answers as to why he said this, or why he did that, or what procedures he was following in selling advertising and why, so that I got an advertising education which was good. But I also got a companion who was a real, thoughtful person.

I had petitioned the Masonic lodge for membership, a couple of months or maybe a month, prior to this. And I concluded at that time, after I left working with the *Gazette* guys, that maybe they were trying to find out what kind of a person I was for approval for membership, which is still highly possible, because they certainly got to know how I thought about almost every conceivable thing under the sun. But it was an education totally apart from newspaper work. Very valuable. And I always appreciated Bearss's advice and his views—an unusual guy with some real sound thinking. He died, I think, the next year. He had an automobile accident. But he's one that I think everybody—you look back at a series of people who influenced you growing up and helping perhaps shape your thinking, and I've found a few of which these two may be representative.

Also, there are a lot of people that salt you down pretty well about the time you think you've got all the world's answers figured out. And this is somethin' everybody goes through, but you're lucky to be in the hands

of people who can do it the right way, and give you a sense of values. And I was really lucky in a whole lot of people that I'm not listing here—I'm sure I couldn't remember all of them—people I was lucky enough to run into, not only at home, but after I got away from home and was working out for the first time in other communities and other places. And I think that we tend entirely too much to not give credit to the people who give you this, sort of along the way. And that's about the best wrap-up I can think of for this.

APPENDIX: AFTERTHOUGHTS

FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

When I attended Orvis Ring school in the first grade (it was 1915, after my family had taken my brother Fritz —Frederick Weston Wilson, Jr.—and me to San Francisco by train). We stayed in the old Stewart Hotel on Geary, and saw Art Smith fly a Curtis Pusher biplane, and do the loop-the-loop. Death defying! Wore goggles, sat out in front, with his cap on backwards—much like I had seen Barney Oldfield drive sixty miles an hour around the track at the Arizona state fair,

Orvis Ring seemed a tremendous place. Mrs. Jennie Logan taught the first grade. Our desks had space inside for copybooks. We practiced a new style of writing with wrist movement—Palmer Method—instead of finger power, and had spelling bees when we learned to write and read.

The floors were treated with an oil which had a sweet smell, and recess was the most important part of the day. Mrs. Libby Booth, the principal, rang her hand bell, and all the kids got into single-file lines, one for each

teacher's room, and marched in on signal. We came out of the rooms pell-mell. Most important activity at recess was playing marbles for keeps, and in the spring, a lot of topspinning. You tried to peg the other guy's top, throwing your spinning top with its little metal spike down hard on the other guy's spinning top, with the idea of splitting it.

The marble games were fairly complicated and some experts really cleaned up. It was considered unsporting for second- and third-graders to play for keeps with first graders

I was “stuck” on a little blonde girl, Doris Anderson, and walked home with her, and a boy named Kirby Stoddard ran after us going home at noon one day, yelling that “Tom was stuck on Doris.” I deemed this a great insult to us both, but we were threatened with dire punishment if we got in fights between school and home, but if you went home, the school had no further authority. So I told Kirby to wait. I ran half a block to my own backyard, in an alley off Eighth Street, touched a power pole, and then ran back to Kirby. I took off my coat. There was a big, yelling crowd.

Somebody yelled “fight!” And we were both pushed at each other from behind. I shoved Kirby and he shoved me. I remembered what I had learned with a recent gift of boxing gloves, so I took a few pokes which missed, and he missed me, and I hit him and he cried, and the big fight was over. Kirby later became a scientist and the last I heard was doing very well in Boulder City, Nevada.

ARMISTICE DAY IN RENO - 1918

When Spanish influenza hit Reno in 1917 and 1918, it killed so many people, it made medical history. Our house at 155 University Terrace was almost next door, and east of the ATO fraternity house. It overlooked, from the upper back windows, the little cemetery where many GAR veterans and Spanish War veterans were buried. So many flu Victims died, we lost track of the funerals which came up Sierra Street to Tenth, and then west through the cemetery gates. As little kids, we had played in that cemetery, and picked wild violets, and imagined all kinds of adventures among the trees and lilac bushes.

Everyone in our family was terribly sick except my father. Our doctor (Raymond St. Clair) gave, up on my youngest brother, who was an infant (Samuel Greeley Wilson), but he survived. It is believed I had rheumatic fever shortly after this, which damaged my mitral valve. My mother and brother Fritz were terribly ill. All our family’s friends had the flu, and many had complications following it. Reno was the subject of a report and study made in 1960 of U.S. communities which were hardest hit by that epidemic.

My father took me downtown on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. The armistice was signed at eleven o’clock, a.m., our time, and I was eleven years old on that day. Everybody wore white gauze flu masks, the streets were

jammed with crowds as if for a parade. On the corner of Virginia and Second streets, someone had hung a dummy over the street intersection, with a chamber pot for a helmet, and a sign “Kaiser Bill.” Hundreds of open cars cruised under the dummy with people standing up, shouting, and shooting with pistols, rifles, shotguns, etc. at the dummy.

We stood in front of what is now the Second and Virginia branch of First National Bank, between the diagonally-parked cars. It seemed like everyone had on dark pants and coats. Lots of auto horns blowing, whistles blowing, men shouting. Very few women and almost no children.

MY FATHER

Before my father, Professor Frederick Weston Wilson (MS, University of Illinois, BS, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan), became dean, he put in many years as head of the animal husbandry department at the University of Nevada. When we first arrived from the University of Arizona, he took me to the legislature when it passed the appropriation to buy the University Farm south of Reno four-plus miles, used as a lab for teaching. The University had previously had an experimental farm on Surprise Valley Road. I was shocked that one legislator had fallen asleep, awakened by roll call and his name, he voted “Aye” without waiting to find out what he was voting for.

Despite James Hulse’s history of the University of Nevada, which omits all mention of the student protest of 1929 based on a desire for higher academic quality, and which credits all purebred large animal gifts to the University Farm to Professor Gordon True (who was long gone by the time the Farm was acquired), my father obtained the gift of many fine animals—some registered

Herefords from Harry Cazier of Elko County, and matched pairs of Clydesdales, Percherons, and other huge work horses, as well as purebred sheep and swine. Many years later, he obtained a thoroughbred mare (Dutch Lady) from Wingfield, and a \$10,000 Hereford bull (a big sum in those days), which was finally lost in a fire in the big barn New Year's Eve (about 1926).

My father was so highly regarded by ranchers as a judge of fine sheep (he judged purebred cattle and sheep in many western states shows, and also many horse shows, including the big ones in Los Angeles County and the Pacific Northwest), in a history of Elko County he is credited as "introducing purebred Herefords to Elko County ranches and greatly upgrading the quality of cattle in all eastern Nevada."

My father believed all kids were handicapped if they had not grown up on a farm. Also, he was always short of funds to develop the University Farm. So my brothers and I all worked on the University of Nevada Farm as laborers, summers, without any pay of any kind. We learned to handle teams, starting on the hay derrick, then the rake, then haywagons, then pitching, just as ranch kids all did. We repaired fence, cleaned stalls, cleaned ditches as fast as we got big enough to do it. It was hard work but in later years we all appreciated it. He himself had worked on a farm in western Kansas, and as a kid had helped drive longhorns through western Kansas as they came north from Texas. He had many great stories about it.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES, 1921-1925

Fraternalities were very popular and a great status symbol. The high school organizations were so unsupervised that even we kids were concerned someone would get killed in

initiations or by alcoholic poisoning. I was a Delta Sigma in high school, my friends included members of Geeks (Gamma Eta Kappa), and another fraternity I forget. Our parties and initiations had very heavy drinking of bootleg gin and whiskey. Even then, I hated the prohibitionists who were doing this to my generation, although I was as bad as the other kids.

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES, 1925-1930

In college, fraternities meant something else. As freshmen in the Sigma Nu house, we were closely supervised by sophomores and advised by upperclassmen. They watched our grades, cut down our drinking, made us be active in student projects, and shaped us up fast. Fraternity influence then was a very good thing for freshmen and most helpful for the more immature kids.

We got saddled if our grades were low. We were forced to attend study sessions which were supervised. Older members coached us for exams. We were loaned tuxes for formals, made to go to sorority teas and parties. I recall a bulletin board notice, "Kappa Alpha Theta house tea Friday, honoring new members, all frosh take notice, it's tea or water." Water meant a tubbing, drowning and gasping while held under water in a bathtub.

When we were upperclassmen, we took over the same authority and kept the frosh busy, active, and up in grades. My senior year, I was eminent commander of the house. Sigma Nu is a military fraternity founded by VMI grads who came back to school from the Civil War. My best friend was archon (president) of the SAB house, the rivals of Sigma Nu, but we were very close, the two of us, until his death in a car accident graduation night at Twin Bridges on Us 40 (Dan McKnight).

Nevada was a small school, small faculty and student body. Almost any prof would see you after class or even after dinner in his home if you asked for help on a subject. President Walter E. Clark was a greatly misunderstood man, by students, faculty, and regents. I had deep respect for him. He understood kids and helped many, he was engulfed by regents and town politics not of his making, he never had enough money for his faculty, and yet he managed a good but tiny school in spite of it all.

OUR BEAR

About 1923, when I was a teenager and perhaps just a frosh in high school, my father was captain of the patrol, in Kerak Temple of the Shriners in Reno. A member drove auto stage up by Sierraville, and brought to a meeting a brown bear cub which became a mascot of the patrol and was put in my custody. He was cute, friendly, and powerful and just like a kid. He would lie on his back and drink sweetened water from a pop bottle held up by four paws.

A long chain connected his collar with a short section of telephone pole when he arrived at our house at 628 Wells Avenue. He sat next to the pole in the vacant lot and ignored the score of neighborhood dogs which rapidly collected in a circle around the pole, excitedly barking and darting in as if for a nip. Bears are very fast. In a flash, he suddenly went out the full length of his chain, some fifteen feet, then made a circle around the pole, swinging at dogs with his arms and paws, right and left. Every time he hit a dog, it sailed through the air, yelping in fear and hurt. In seconds, he made the circumference of that pole, in seconds he whipped every dog in the neighborhood, and was never bothered any more.

He liked to wrestle and he and I would tussle on the lawn after school, me usually in my hot woolen ROTC uniform. If I got rough, he would flip a paw and knock me down.

One night he got loose, and panicky housewives flooded the police with calls at midnight about "a bear on the porch!" We had the only bear in town. Two detectives got me out of bed, I took a slice of my mother's fresh cake and we walked along under the trees in the dark till the bear smelled the cake, grunted, and came down for it. It took the police all night to walk the bear to the old city hall where the police station was (First and Center), and they locked him up for the night in an empty cell.

Next morning during police court, someone recalled the bear. They went down and unlocked the cell and brought him up to court. The cell had also stored Prohibition evidence (fermented corn mash); the bear was gloriously drunk, staggering, whining. And so the police court judge found him "drunk and disorderly" and remanded him to my custody during his sentence. He came home in the paddy wagon. The newspapers had a field day.

He later got too big to handle, and I believe wound up in the Golden Gate zoo.

JOBS, CIRCA 1927-1928

Working on the *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* had a profound influence on my life. I lucked out on some stories and had a lot of guidance from the people in the newsroom. My boss, the city editor, was young and able and shaped me up fast and also taught me much about news values. I seemed lucky on contacts. I stumbled into an interview with Sir Kingsford Smith and his great old plane the "Southern Cross" while they were out at Clover Field. He later was knighted following his great flight to Australia. I met American

fighter pilots with ancient planes. I covered an air show where there was an accident and a girl parachutist was almost killed. I covered real estate and the great developments up in the Hollywood Riviera, I covered the polo games at the Uplifters Club and watched the great teams from New York and the Argentine compete. I interviewed and interviewed. I did the same with Will Rogers and his family in pickup polo games on off weekends (the whole family played).

At big games there would be a dozen Ziegfeld chorus girls out from the east coast, all dressed up and very much in evidence, trying to be noticed by the movie scouts.

I had press passes to many of the great movie premiers. I recall one at Graumanns Chinese Theater with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, "Rosita," I think. I covered a cute story when a veterinarian set a broken toe on a wildcat from the zoo, and the cat came out from the anesthetic in the midst of the operation. The doc went one way, my cameraman went another way, and I went the third, leaving the angry cat alone in the middle of the operating room. The yarn that nailed down the job for me was when I covered a state real estate convention in the old Miramar Hotel, and it was dull. To pep it up, some of the officers introduced a resolution to cut California in half and Nevada and join the two southern halves as "California," and the northern halves as "Nevada." I phoned it in and it hit the wires and went nationwide. I have always been lucky in stumbling into good stories in unexpected places, usually without any great thinking on my part—just plain luck.

CHANGES IN NEWSPAPER PRODUCTION

Because a revolution has taken place in the production of newspapers, it will soon be forgotten that modern improvements

of computer, camera, offset lithography have made sweeping changes in this field, particularly in the past decade (1965-1975). Offset lithography largely got its start in World War I in Germany, because of critical shortages in lead and tin. Feeble starts in American were forgotten because of the disruptions of World War II. But after that, saw a gradual acceptance which has now changed "everything."

Only one newspaper today, Hawthorne's *Mineral County Independent-News*, is produced in Nevada by letterpress (the old-fashioned way); everything in 1978 is offset. Almost no commercial printers now use the old method. A. Carlisle and Company still has a small letterpress shop with linotypes and presses, but ninety to ninety-five percent of their business is offset.

The old-fashioned letterpress method got a tremendous boost when Linotype typesetting replaced the old handset methods. Every shop in Nevada had one or more Linotypes, with hundreds of complicated moving parts and "Buster" Brown, the mechanic who overhauled and maintained them all, used to travel around the state and work his magic on these complex machines. The presses simply pressed paper against type which had been previously inked. This process moved fairly fast with the use of rollers doing the inking and pressing of the paper. Most rural Nevada weeklies were printed on paper sheets handled by some high school kid working after school. The bigger papers in Las Vegas and Reno graduated to rotary presses, much faster, ponderous, and expensive, shortly before World War II. Reno newspapers still do not print by offset, nor does the *Vegas Sun*, but the *Review-Journal* has an ultra-modern offset shop, one of the most advanced in the nation, with high-speed offset litho presses, computer composition (type) and photo processing.

Many weeklies now are printed in a few, well-equipped offset shops, such as *Elko Free Press*, *Humboldt Sun*, Yerington's *Mason Valley News*, all of which also do printing for neighboring smaller papers. The *Sparks Tribune* does a very good job of this, too.

Reno Newspapers are rapidly modernizing their processes in the mechanical department. Their reporters "typewrite" their stories on machines which also set the "type" for printing at the same time. The type-setting and the makeup is a camera process.

ADDENDA: PREVIOUSLY RESTRICTED MATERIAL

ADDENDA TO ORAL HISTORY NO ACCESS UNTIL 2010

WILSON, TYSON, CURTIS AGENCY

About 1967, somewhere in there, we had a new president at First National Bank. First National Bank had become an extremely important account to us. It had doubled the size of its advertising billings in two or three years. It was growing extremely fast. Then Art Smith came in, and for the first time in twenty-some years, I began to have problems with the bank advertising account.

My contact man at the bank was Jordan Crouch, a bank vice president. And he also was in trouble—serious trouble—with management. In fact, Smith called me in two or three times and asked me if he “shouldn’t let Crouch go.” And I defended Crouch. I felt that he did a terrific job for the bank in its public contacts, and he knew everybody who did business with the bank on a national level. He was in the business development department. He knew the heads of Safeway and the other

chain stores which banked here, and had good connections with them. But apparently, Smith wanted to shake up the whole organization real hard. He let a number of people go in rapid succession who’d been with the bank a long time.

And I began to pick up rumors from my friends in the agency business in other western states that *I* was having trouble with the account. Although *I* had no criticism from Smith, Crouch would have real troubles. We put on two or three campaigns that were unusually good at that time. For the first time since we’d had the bank as a client, our annual programs, which were worked out in advance, were reviewed by the entire board of directors, but in each case we had unanimous approval.

But still, the rumors persisted. And I couldn’t figure what we were doing wrong nor could I find out. And finally, in oh, about August in ‘68, Jordan Crouch told me that Smith was unhappy with the advertising, and he was going to call in a number of agencies to make presentations. We would be allowed to make one, too.

So the bank gave all agencies a problem to work out, which the bank gave to all competing agencies. And the solution of the problem was a test. This is done quite often. It's an advertising problem, and a marketing problem. In this particular case, theoretically, First National was looking at a family budget service, which would be put on computer, which would enable the customer to have a bank account, he would use this service, and the bank would pay all his bills for him, give him a computer printout at the end of the month, take over his budget control. They ultimately wanted to make it for small businessmen, but they were starting out with individuals.

This was a new concept in banking service. And we were to plan an advertising campaign announcing and introducing this new service. Give it a name, and put together an advertising program. We were allowed, I think, a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars from the bank for production costs.

Well, I had heard enough to know we were very definitely an underdog, that the only way we could save that account would be to do an extraordinarily good presentation. So I got ahold of some of the major out-of-state bank people, who I didn't know except on the telephone. I called [James K.] Dobey, whom I had met, who was executive vice president of Wells Fargo Bank. And he's a great person. I told him what my problem was, and asked which banks in the Far West offered any service like that in the problem, or had experimented with it? And he put me in touch with a report from the American Bankers Association, which covered that very thing, and then he had his marketing people give me a report on Wells Fargo's experimentation with it.

To make a long story short, I talked with marketing managers of about twenty

western banks, long distance. And I got ahold of a number of things from a research library on the subject. I think I did about the equivalent of a thesis for a doctorate in that particular field. I had enormous quantities of information, and based on this, I started to work on a marketing and advertising plan.

I got a phone call, right in the middle of this, from the advertising manager of Reno Newspapers, who said, "I have a rather strange request, but," he said, "would you consider sitting down and talking with Tyson and Curtis agency, who are interested in a merger with you?" He said, "Now, don't be upset and don't be mad." He said, "would you at least talk with them?"

I said, "Well, tell me a little bit about their agency. I said, "I don't know much about it."

He said, "Well, they're a good agency. They've been in business, a small corporation, they've been in business about eight years. They've been growing steadily. They don't know anything about agency management. They're aggressive in developing new business." He said, lilt's my thought that if you took over the management, showed 'em how to run an agency, they could generate enough new business so it might turn out to be a good thing. At least give it some thought.

So I thought, well, the last time I did business with [Mark] Curtis (he was managing advertising and PR for Harrah), he didn't seem too well organized. But Curtis seemed to have a good reputation in the community. [William] Tyson, I had always had doubts about. But I hadn't had any dealings, or even a conversation with him in several years. I at one time considered hiring him, when he was working for the Mapes Hotel in public relations. After I checked at that time, I felt he had some serious problems.

But I met with them. And they were enthusiastic and excited, and had great ideas, and I ran what checkup I could quietly around town. I felt that it was unwise to let it leak; it might damage me with other clients. But I could see a solution with the bank; if the bank's problem with me were my age, this would bring some young blood into the organization, and might be the problem that I was having with [Art] Smith. I wasn't anywhere near the right answer, but this was the only thing that I could think of at that time.

So we had a whole series of meetings. I checked everywhere I could, and I got a readback on these men. It was okay. So I thought well, maybe I've misjudged 'em, at least Tyson. Maybe the guy can be an effective business getter. And I'd always felt that Curtis was honest, and if the two of us could control the business, we could probably hold Tyson in line. So I finally agreed to this thing.

So they joined me in the presentation for First National. They had a lot of ideas, many of which were cute. We put together television spots on film, and we spent a lot of money, about \$5,000. As time came for presentations from various agencies, I told Jordan Crouch I hoped it wouldn't make any difference, but I was planning a merger with these younger

guys. We'd have a much larger and stronger team, with strong capabilities. He said it wouldn't make any difference, and might be an advantage.

About this time, I had what I thought was the flu. This was late '68--the end of '68, December, January of '69, November '68, along in there. For several months, Ina and I had a flu bug, and one would get over it, but the other one would pick up the bugs and maybe there'd be a mutation of flu bugs, and then give it back to the other one, and then

it would go back and forth. So it became (as far as I was concerned) increasingly strong!

I'd wake up in the night with obviously a high temperature, sometimes bathed in perspiration. Sometimes I'd use two or three pairs of pajamas in a single evening. Then I'd feel better; it seemed to diminish. My doctor was mystified. He thought maybe flu was what it was. I wasn't too sick, but I didn't seem very strong. This continued for the next few months, getting increasingly evident. (More on this later.)

We gave our presentation to the bank. There were a number of agencies who competed with us. The board of directors—I later found out—at the bank said, “No way are we going to consider an outside-of-Nevada agency. We're a Nevada bank. We have a Nevada image to keep. If you want to review the advertising” (this was to Smith) “okay, but it's gotta be a Nevada-based agency.”

So we competed against the Harolds Club house agency, which was Roy Powers and Mel Mathewson, and Ron Smith, who's now with the Chamber of Commerce, and a couple of other guys, including Bob Klaich and Harold Smith, Jr. And we competed against Reach-McClinton which was the Las Vegas branch of a large Baltimore agency, which handled a lot of whiskey accounts. Reach-McClinton had offered me a merger the previous year. And after reviewing it through 4-A's financial advisor, I had backed away from the account, and ultimately, Reach-McClinton went broke in a couple of years. But the 4-A didn't tell me this, but they guided me so that they kept me from making that mistake. Without giving me any adverse information about Reach-McClinton, they convinced me from my own viewpoint that I shouldn't

merge. Nice job, well done, and highly ethical! There were a couple of other agencies in Vegas and Reno that competed for this account.

I found out afterwards that we were the only agency that made a presentation based on the *problem* assigned to all of us. We went in with a review of all the banks in the Far West who had a customer budget service, the banks who'd kept it, banks which had been in it and pulled out, and the reasons they pulled out. It was an extremely difficult thing to make work, very complicated.

But nonetheless, even though we had a negative report from the banks which had experience with it, including a number we turned up in the Middle West, we went ahead, and assumed it would be all right here, and carried out the problem. And we had complete campaigns for television, radio, newspaper, outdoor, direct mail. And we had badges for employees. We had a kit for the members of each bank staff, each branch to use. We had the publicity campaign outlined. We had work-ups of the paperwork that the bank would give out to people to explain how the program worked, bill stuffers to go in statements. But nobody else made a presentation based on *the problem*!

Mathewson and (Great Western Advertising Agency is what it was called) Powers made a presentation on cute samples of television and radio jingles they could produce, and ads, but had no bearing on *the problem*, which they just simply didn't understand.

Reach-McClinton's man turned up--he had been drinking but he gave samples of their work, but didn't make a serious pitch. Two or three others gave presentations on ideas they thought would be better.

And I guess there was quite a fight. I had a number of friends on the board of directors. None of 'em ever told me what went on, but I guess it was pretty hotly disputed. The end decision was to dump us and take Great Western. So we lost the account after twenty-

five years. The day that we got word that we had lost it, I got a letter from First National Bank--this is the same day [laughs]--thanking me for twenty-five years of business with the bank as a customer which we all framed and hung in the agency restroom.

So then we announced the merger publicly and went after Nevada National Bank as an alternate. The agency business is like dominoes. You gain a big account and you almost always pick up two or three more in a hurry. Word gets out that you're a "hot shop" as they call it. And you can't do anything wrong, and your agency is really swingin', and all kinds of business comes in that you never heard of. Just great!

Works exactly the same way in reverse. You *lose* an important account, and your competitors immediately circulate the story that the agency's fallin' apart, and this is just the first of many you're gonna lose. And frequently it's true. People who've been with you suddenly begin to pick holes in everything you're doing, "because a big account like First National wouldn't quit you if there weren't something seriously wrong."

And so we had a hell of a fight keeping business. We did lose another major account. But we literally put on a new business campaign with all our existing accounts. Neither office of either agency was large enough to accommodate the combined staffs. So we got a chance to lease with option--well, actually, it was a purchase, a lease-purchase arrangement with Cavanaugh who owned the old McCarran home, and we moved the two agencies in there. We pooled the art departments, and we pooled the account executives, and merged the two teams. I took over administration, and Tyson, the new business development, and Curtis, the creative function of the agency.

And we started out with a list of accounts that I will give you* as of 1969, rather than read 'em here. And then I'll give you one of 1970, and one of 1971.

Curtis and Tyson had a very impressive list of clients. But in a space of about two or three months, it became apparent that a lot of them were dormant. They were listed on paper, but they weren't spending any money. They might call up and have somebody--an artist do a brochure or something, and they'd list 'em as a client. But it was an impressive list of--oh, actually, there were eighty-eight clients in the agency, most of which were located in the Reno area.

I brought my Las Vegas branch into the merger. I had a small staff down there. I'd had the agency there for about five or six years. Lost heavily on it in the first few years getting it established, but I'd had two years of it showing a profit when I went into the merger. And one of the most profitable accounts was the McDonald's fast food account, which I have mentioned elsewhere.

We immediately embarked on a new-business campaign, a business-development campaign. I remember making a presentation to a new vice president, executive vice president for Nevada National Bank, while I was running a temperature of 105°. And we got the account! Although he said, "I don't know whether I'm going to keep you or not. I'm looking at an Ohio agency." The bank was out of Cleveland. They were a strange outfit to deal with, but needed an agency badly and we managed to hang onto them. Along in, I guess it was April, I had become so weak from these flu bouts that I'd go home, perhaps in the middle of the afternoon, and lie down. Sometimes I'd come back to the agency, sometimes I couldn't.

One day I came home, I fell asleep. And I slept clear 'round the clock. And it shocked me, 'cause I realized that I had something

wrong we weren't aware of. It wasn't flu. Flu wouldn't act this way. (And this is one I'd like locked up until the guy isn't around.) My doctor still said I had the flu.

Since my doctor evidently didn't know what I had—he was a real nice guy and a great friend, and the kind of a person who would, if I had something—a touch of the flu or a bad cold—would come out to the house in the evening and exude sympathy and give me something for it in the way of an aspirin--and a very conscientious, very serious doctor, who I had always thought was—I knew he was an internalist, but I had heard somebody say he was a cardiologist.

And I had had a heart murmur ever since I was eleven years old, when I had what they thought was tonsillitis (probably was rheumatic fever). And this heart murmur was always quite noticeable, quite loud. It didn't bother me. I compensated for it so that I could do almost everything in the way of sports that I wanted to. I've covered that elsewhere.

But my doctor could not come up with an answer that I felt was right--I had a very good friend of mine, who was head of the medical school here, by the name of Dr. George Smith (and this is confidential). I had done a few things to help George Smith get the medical school approved in Reno. Through my Las Vegas office, we had done a certain amount of discreet publicity, etc., in Clark County where there was great opposition to a medical school proposed for northern Nevada. At one time, knowing that Howard Hughes had a habit of--I mean everybody believed this in Las Vegas, and we believed it, we didn't know it--that Howard Hughes every day read both Las Vegas newspapers. And the Las Vegas newspapers were not

*See Wilson papers, UNR Library

favoring a medical school in the north at all. They had one editorial after another against it, quoting Las Vegas doctors and whatnot. We urged Dr. Smith, who was a good friend of ours, and some of his associates to place an advertisement and pay for it in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, outlining the basic facts of the medical school as they *really* were, and not as they'd been circulated in Las Vegas. George later told me that they felt this reached Hughes and got them the money from Howard Hughes; it made the medical school possible.

I don't know whether it's true or not. I have no way of knowing. I never saw the ad that they ran; I was told they ran one. I was told that the Reno doctors, under the surface, were opposed to the med school, or some of them were. Some were in favor of it. Many of them were against it. A medical school always tightens up the performances of all doctors in any area around it, as I was about to learn.

I called George Smith on the phone. George knew that I'd had a heart murmur. I said to him on the telephone, "I have these high temperatures at night. My temperature is normal in the daytime. It's getting worse. It's more pronounced. It's going as high as 105°, 106°. I'm weak. There's something radically wrong. Where can I find somebody outside of Reno that might know more about diagnosing this thing?"

And George diagnosed it on the telephone! He said, "I will get you into Stanford hospital," he said, "It sounds to me like they ought a check you out for bacterial endocarditis. "But," he said, "it might be somethin' else." George's specialty, I later learned, was cardiological pathology.

I said, "Well, I don't want a big fight with my doctor."

And he said, "I'll arrange it so it's your doctor's idea, and there'll be no problems."

So I'd been a little unhappy with my doctor on another point. I'd had an annual physical, and the physical I got was so perfunctory, the last two or three years (and I had had eight final-type military physicals trying to get active duty back in the war years—I had a reserve army commission—and I knew what a thorough physical called for. I wasn't getting, well, maybe a tenth of the checkout that I felt that I should).

So I had decided that my doctor simply was too busy, and not strong enough physically to take care of his practice, and that I really oughta be lookin' around for somebody else, but I really couldn't bring myself to make the change.

Well, to make a long story short, I went down to Stanford hospital. I took my wife with me—she insisted on coming. And I went in for "unknown fever." Incidentally, I had been in *Washoe Med* with an unknown fever in a room with "five other people, which I hear was—I know now, was a shocking mistake in administrative medical procedures. Not knowing what I had, and exposing four other people to it—there were five of us all together—could have been real bad news. Somebody found out about it the next day, and I was suddenly put in a room by myself.

When I got to Stanford, I was immediately put in a room by myself in the cardiac wing. And then I found out that the chief of cardiology at Stanford, Dr. Don Harrison, was a roommate of Smith's in med school. They were old buddies. And Harrison gave me personal attention because of George Smith. They put a team of half a dozen people on me, and they put me through all kinds of tests that went on for a couple of days. And at the end of the two days, they came up with a positive culture. I had bacterial endocarditis.

My Reno doctor's partner, in his absence, at one time, had run a number of tests

when I went to him. And one of them I recognized now was a culture test for bacterial endocarditis, but they got a negative on it in the Reno labs.

The minute they had a diagnosis, they explained to me what it was. Bacterial endocarditis is a bacterial infection inside the heart and in the bloodstream. The infection is inside the heart, usually on an old damaged valve (and I had one). It can come from—usually comes from going to the dentist and the gums are cut and bleed a little bit and the mouth is always full of all kinds of bacteria—every bug in the world is in the human mouth—and some of these get into your bloodstream. And they can land in your kidneys, take hold, and then it's a kidney disease. If they land in your heart, it's a heart disease. If they land in some other organ, they can damage any place that they find a place to roost.

In the heart, they destroy the valves of the heart, and if unchecked, it's fatal. Up until the discovery of penicillin, it was usually fatal. With the discovery of sulfa drugs in World War II, they experimented with sulfa. (And I at one time in Reno was on sulfa, although they didn't know what they were treating me for, or at least they told me they didn't.)

I had a penicillin sensitivity that had been discovered twenty years before by Dr. [S. T.] Clarke, the ophthalmologist in Reno. And I told the doctors at Stanford that I had that. They called Clarke. Clarke looked in his records of twenty years ago, and turned up the record on it! They gave me a checkout for penicillin sensitivity and synthetic penicillin sensitivity to see if it was still that way.

They scared me to death. They had adrenalin, and oxygen, and a team standing by, and my wife had to sign a special release. They dropped a tiny, tiny drop of it just under the skin, and I got an orange swelling—about

the color of an orange—and about the same general diameter, instantly! I didn't feel anything. So that was the end of the penicillin. Penicillin was the best thing to use for it.

So they had another drug that was experimental. It wasn't yet on the market. It was called Keflin, which now is on the market, but: then was still-in the testing stages (the nice thing about going to a research hospital). And Keflin they didn't want to give me unless they had to, because it irritates the lining of the veins. But at that point, it was about the only thing that might've worked. So they stuck a needle in my arm, and for five weeks, twenty-four hours a day, I had an intravenous drip of Keflin.

And that was a remarkable experience. (I don't think it's worth going into here.) In that hospital, the cardiology end of it, or ward, or department, was a place where patients came from other hospitals where they couldn't make a diagnosis, etc., or other problems. They'd come, they'd stay two or three days for a series of tests and examinations, and be sent back to the original hospital with a course of treatment outlined.

In my case, they kept me. And I got to be "the old veteran" of the ward. I knew everybody. I knew all the nurses. I knew all the doctors. I knew all the interns. When the--I had a classic case, they said—when they gave the final exam to the med students, they brought the med students over for their cardiology exam—part of 'em examined me. I had so many examinations and questions that I learned a great deal about the disease and its symptoms. And I realized a great deal of what my Reno doctors had not done, that these kids were being taught as a basic thing.

Anyway, to make a long story short, I stayed down there for the five weeks. And Ina stayed in a motel so that she could walk during the days. It was about a mile and a half,

two miles. The hospital's right on the edge of the campus, and a beautiful hospital. Nights she'd have to go back with a taxi to the motel, because it was dark and dangerous.

But I felt fine. As soon as I was under treatment, my fever dropped. It didn't come back. All the symptoms disappeared. I simply couldn't stay in bed. So I got up and I walked a mile each morning up and down the corridors, pushin' the intravenous-drip bottle on a stand on wheels. And then I learned that the diameter of the bottle was less than the diameter of the sleeve of my pajamas, and I could thread it through the sleeve, so that meant that I could take my pajamas off, and by keeping the bottle on the stand outside the shower, I could take a shower by myself, which was a great triumph.

So I did a lot of reading. And I met some interesting people. It was a separate world for five weeks. Nobody told me what was going on in business. In fact, most people in Reno didn't even know that I was gone, because Ina was with me. And nobody saw me for awhile. We weren't keeping it a secret or anything, but few Reno people heard about it, and dropped us a note. So when I'd finished the five weeks to the hour, all my medical team came in with a flourish and a little ceremony, they cut the tubes to the bottle. And they whistled "Yankee Doodle," and that was the end of that.

I still go back every six months and have a checkup, still with Harrison. Dr. Harrison is one of the world's most famous cardiologists. He's about the age of my son. We've become good friends. He's a tremendous person. At that time, he was in this country throughout my treatment, but usually three or four times a year, he'd give talks and seminars on cardiology in England, or Australia, or various parts of the world.

The people in the hospital were fascinating. They'd bring in nurses from different countries.

One of the nurses was a young Mexican gal who was a nut on ballet. Spoke beautiful English, hell of a good nurse. In fact, the caliber of the people was phenomenal.

They had a complete surgical team from Tokyo, including the surgeons, anesthetists, surgical nurses; it was a whole technical backup. They came over and worked as a surgical team in the hospital for a number of months, and then returned to teach other medical people in Japan what they had learned. This was quite common there. You'd meet all kinds of interesting people.

And at one time I had a roommate, a Mexican, seventy years old who could speak almost no English. And strangely enough, the Mexican I learned as a child of five in Arizona began to come back to me, and we could talk quite a bit. And he was an interesting old guy. I learned a lot about how Mexican wetbacks live in this country and survive.

They have a world of their own, a community within a community, and they do very well—not financially, but they survive very well. I learned a lot of things. It was an interesting experience.

I finally got out of there and came back to Reno. I was not allowed to go near the business. Two weeks later I went back to Stanford for a checkout. There's always a danger of reoccurrence of the disease. So they put me through a series of tests. And then I was allowed to come down to the office for a couple of hours a day and then for a half a day. Finally by August, I was able to work a full day on the job!

And then I began to find out a number of things which had gone on in my absence. All of my own former employees had left—been fired or were unhappy and quit—with the exception of my present secretary, who was the only one who stayed. Even the artists were gone. The number of clients that

were lost were phenomenal! I have a list of the ones that we kept. But we had a terrific loss of accounts and a terrific turnover in employees.

The books were now being kept by an accounting firm outside of the agency, and a bookkeeper inside the agency, who had worked for Tyson-Curtis. And I had wanted to look at the books two or three times, and she was busy, because she was “closing the books.” I realized that a couple of months had gone by and I still hadn’t seen the books. And one day, a little gal who was filling in for somebody in the bookkeeping--an assistant in the bookkeeping department who was ill--a gal from Kelly Girls, came in (she was as white as a ‘sheet). She said, “Mr. Wilson, I, ah, I don’t know how to say this, but I feel that I should. And I hope you won’t be offended, but” she said, “I have never worked in a bookkeeping department anywhere where they didn’t close the books every month.”

And I said, “You mean that our books aren’t closed at the end of the month?”

She said, “No.” And she said, “They have not been closed, for as near as I can tell, maybe four or five months.”

I said, “Are you sure?”

She said, “Yes.”

I said, “*You’re* not in any trouble at all. Thank you very much.” I went in and took a quick look at the books, and sure enough, they’d never been balanced, they’d never been closed. The bookkeeper was very vague and fuzzy about why, but she’d been “too busy.” So I went to the accounting firm and I said, “You guys are paid to come in and close those books every month, and they have not been closed. I want to know why, and I want to know what goes on.”

The man I talked to was the head man, who had been up at Tahoe most of the time with a major client of theirs, who was in

serious trouble. And he said, “I think there’s a misunderstanding. We’d never let that happen.”

I said, “Well, that’s what I assumed too, but,” I said, “take a look.”

And to make a long story short, what had happened was that their man who was to come in and check our books had not been in the office for several months. I thought that was very strange. And the man I dealt with—their head man—thought it was very strange.

So I called a meeting of the board of directors of our agency. And Tyson said, “Oh, that so-and-so.” He says, “He’s never around here.” And Curtis didn’t even know where the books were.

And I said, “We’re gonna have to have an audit,” I said, “I think what we oughta do is can the accounting firm, and have others come in and run an audit,” which we did.

The new accounting firm cost for the audit was, they had to go through every piece of paper in the office. It cost us \$7,000. Every record, everything. What they did was bring the books—go back to the start of the agency, and bring the books up to date, and by now, you see, it was autumn. We learned we had spent all of our operating capital. We had failed to collect, I don’t know how many bills. We were \$70,000 in the hole. We had lost perhaps half the accounts that were doing anything. We had a turnover of employees of more than one hundred percent. In fact, in two years’ time—that year and the next year—we had a five hundred percent employee turnover! In other words, the number of people on the staff changed five times. Say we had twenty employees, and this is a rough number—actually it was a little more than that—I had a list of a hundred and five names of people who’d worked for us during that period!

When I found out that we were \$70,000 in the hole, I felt we had basis for a lawsuit against the accounting firm who'd been in charge. I called for a meeting with their head people and our board. And we sat down, and their management man was thunderstruck. He just couldn't believe it. And of course, I'd been gone. Curtis didn't know anything about it. And Tyson just said, "Well. You accounting guys just goofed off. You're never here. Sure you're responsible!"

So their management man said, "Look, I want to take a look at this thing. Let's have a meeting next week. I'm gonna get to the bottom of it--my own organization. I can't believe my people would do this." To make a long story short, he and a couple of his people came back the next week. We sat down for a continuation of the meeting, and he said, "I'll tell you why our man wasn't here. Tyson, you had fired him! You fired him as soon as Wilson was gone. We have the record."

And I turned to Ty and I said, "Is this true?" And he wouldn't answer anything, just looked at the floor. He had maintained the fiction that these people just didn't show up, without saying they didn't show up because he'd fired them. So we had had no control on our books. So then I found out from some of the other people on the staff that the bookkeeper had some personal problems—gal bookkeeper who had previously worked for Tyson-Curtis.

And we had a lot of other things. I'm giving the major problems. Tyson refused to come to a board meeting so we couldn't have a quorum, so we couldn't hold a meeting. He did that for months. And sometimes he'd just be out of town and he'd just vanish. And Curtis panicked. He was absolutely scared to death. One day, he just couldn't take the pressure, and he walked out the door, took a cab, went out to the airport, got into the first plane that

came in, and went to San Francisco. His wife finally tracked him down. He was just walkin' the street in San Francisco.

The conditions in the agency were pretty grim. And I noticed that we were behind paying this bill sixty days, and behind ninety days on this one. And the media people began to call up and say, "Your client paid you. Why haven't you paid us for the advertising?" Our new accounting firm found us a bookkeeper who came in, and they all said, "Now," (to me) "don't do anything. Don't start any fight or sue or anything, because if you do, the outfit'll fold. The firm owes more money than you got. If you sue anybody, or word gets out of what's going on in here, your creditors will close in and the thing'll go bankrupt. What you have to do is turn this thing around."

So I had meetings with everybody we owed money to, and told them the truth; I wouldn't lie to anybody--. And Tyson had promised 'em all they were gonna be paid, I don't know how many times. And they never were. And many of them said to me, "We'll give you an extension if you're in charge." I had paid my bills promptly for twenty-five years or so before the merger.

I've got all kinds of notes here [refers to papers] on this stuff that I pulled out of an old file. Here's a note on July 24th, 1971, in my handwriting, to me. "Our payroll today is one hundred percent more than it was in 1961"—for the two separate agencies—"our gross billing is eighty-eight percent of mine in 1961." And an analysis of the number of clients and their size. There are all kinds of reorganizations and reassignments of people on different jobs, and suggestions on how to economize.

Written records of work so that we had a basis on which to charge. We had too many people in the agency who were going out and doing things for clients—with nothing in writing—and if they happened to remember,

fine, we'd bill them. If they didn't happen to remember, we'd work for free, because there'd be no record on which to bill.

While I was in the hospital, Ag Aviation, which was a client, went broke. It was \$26,000 into us on money that we had spent for advertising for them, and the account executive in charge couldn't cancel the orders because he had no written record of what he had authorized! He had placed ads in all kinds of magazines, national magazines, on the telephone, without keeping a written record. So he wasn't sure what he had ordered, for what month, with what magazine. So that he couldn't call up and cancel and turn this thing off, and instead they ran \$10,000 deeper into us because he couldn't turn it off. What do you do? Sue him? He had written instructions—everybody did—not to buy anything without a written record. And he had broken those—just one of many cases that caused the agency to get in deeper and deeper.

I had all kinds of people call up and say, "We'll continue to take advertising from you, if you personally will guarantee it," or "if you will have the authority to run that agency."

And I said, "I don't. I have one third of the votes, and I can't control it without Curtis."

Well, about this time, Curtis completely panicked, went over to Harrah, and got a job. He did it on a very gradual basis. He explained it to us at the time as, the agency "has a hard time paying salary," and he "would not collect his salary or his share of any profits during this period, because he'd be working for Harrah," but it'd be "a temporary thing." He would keep his interest in the agency. He would attend board meetings and vote, and he would "take that pressure off."

Well, that sounded fine. He would come over nights on the creative stuff, and talk with the artists and the radio department people and others, except of course when Harrah put

the pressure *on* he was working night and day both for Harrah, and never came over, and nothing happened, and ultimately, I took over the creative function of the agency, because he simply couldn't be there to handle it.

And ultimately, he just dropped the pretense of ever coming back. And there I was with Tyson with a fifty percent vote, and me a fifty percent vote. Tyson would come to one in ten meetings we tried to get on to make decisions.

Just before Curtis pulled completely away from the agency, we decided to try for a Small Business loan. And I went down and talked with the loan committee at First National Bank. And they said, "Well, how much do you want to borrow?"

And I said, "Each of us I think we could, we came up with \$25,000, that'd make a total of \$75,000 in cash. If we had \$75,000 in cash and a going business, we'd look pretty good to Small Business loan people, federal people."

First National Bank said, "Well, if *you* want to do it personally, we'll give you the money. If *you* will assume the liability for the other fifty, we'll give you the money. But we have to tell you in the same breath, as your banker and advisor, 'don't do it.' If *they* come up with the \$25,000 in cash or borrow it somewhere, fine, we'll recommend your loan to Small Business authority, assuming that you have management control, as well as the \$75,000."

So Tyson said that he could--\$75,000 was no problem at all--there was a trust fund (he inferred that he was the beneficiary of it); actually, it was set up by his father for his stepmother. And she had bailed him out of bankruptcy once before, but we didn't know this, and she'd bailed him out of two or three others, and he figured that he could—felt he could get—\$25,000 from her, although she had already turned him down. And Curtis had a house and a little property, not much.

He was paying alimony to his first wife. But he could come up with part of it and had an acceptable note secured by his home.

So finally, when Tyson said, "I've got the okay for my money. I'll have it. Here's five, and I'll come up with the other twenty from the trust before the end of the week," the accountants said, "Well, why don't we go ahead and get a note with First National Bank for your twenty-five and have the paperwork ready? We won't use it, however, until the other people have their money in."

Well, that sounded okay to me. So I said, "All right. Get the paperwork done. We may have to move pretty fast. The pressure's really on."

And Tyson was gonna have his other twenty in a day or so. And Curtis was workin' with his lawyer to get the paperwork done on his. And there was just one stall after another on Tyson's gettin' that twenty. He had everybody including the bookkeeper convinced in the accounting firm, that he'd have the total twenty—five.

Curtis came up with about twelve and a half, and an indication in writing that he could make another five or seven. He'd be about seven short, but he would give us a secured note on his home for it. So Tyson stalled and stalled and stalled--had one reason after another. And finally, we found out that the five that Tyson'd come up with, he'd borrowed from a current girlfriend. His mother had turned him down, absolutely and finally on touchin' *her* trust fund. And he didn't have any.

So I turned to the bookkeeper and I said, "Well, gee, aren't we lucky that we haven't spent that twenty-five of mine. Give it back to me," at this point.

And the bookkeeper turned white as a sheet, and said, "What do you mean, give it back to you? We've spent it.

And I said, "That's a trust fund. How could you?"

He'd gone to the bank, got the money from the bank on all the notes and papers that we had. And he said, "Well, you told Tyson that it was okay."

I said, "I didn't tell *you* it was okay. I didn't tell *Tyson* it was okay. Do you think that I'm going to okay someone to spend \$25,000 of my money, verbally?"

So I called the corporation lawyers, and a guy from my son's law firm together, and the accounting firm, and they said, "There's no \$25,000 to give back to you, and if you have anybody arrested, or sue 'em, the firm'll go bankrupt, it's in debt so deep. We'll work out a program where you'll get some money back as it's available."

This really finished Curtis. From then on—that's when he totally disappeared. Tyson worked out a deal where he would buy Curtis's interest on some property that they had jointly owned sometime before. And Curtis's lawyer would put up the money for a clear title on that. Curtis was the only guy who got out of that thing okay.

So by then, it was late summer of—I guess it was August of '71. And I said to Tyson, "Either you get out and I run this thing, or I'll sell my interest and get out. We're not gonna make it go with the two of us."

Anyway, in October, end of September, early October, I made the buy-sell offer to Tyson. And he said he wanted \$50,000 in cash, and I don't know what kind of a note, for his share of the agency which was deep in debt. I didn't have \$50,000 cash at that point, between my illness and what had been goin' on in the business. I could have raised it, but I uh--[shakes head]. So I said, "All right. I'll sellout to you." And I can't remember even what the hell price it was on--seems to me it

was around \$30,000, and it was all on paper. Someday he'd pay it?

Now, we'd all previously signed contracts that we would not go into the agency business in Nevada if we ever left the merger to compete with the firm, and he held me for ransom on that thing until I finally gave him a quitclaim. So I took out of the business this desk [points], and an old typewriter, and that chair, and some miscellaneous stuff which was in storage at Bender's warehouse, all of which had originally been my property and most of it was oh, fifteen, twenty years old, and was old or damaged, or needed repair. And that's all I took out of the business. No cash. And that was effective October, '71.

I went into Pete Walter's real estate to see about an office, and I looked at two or three others. And Pete told me that the Steen building was empty, but they were going to rent offices, and I would probably be the first tenant, if I wanted one.

So I found an office for a couple hundred dollars a month. Moved my furniture into it. I had lost most of my records, which remained in the merger. Fortunately, in the attic in my own house, by sheer happenstance, I had a lot of my old stationery, old contract forms, old printed forms--which would have cost me perhaps five hundred to a thousand dollars to print. And although the address was wrong on 'em, and the phone number, they were usable. And so I had those. So then, for what new forms I had to print, I worked a trade deal with a printer--didn't have cash. I really enjoyed it. I learned a lot about barter.

I didn't have enough money for a secretary, didn't have enough money for any new furniture. But my credit was good with the phone company, and they hooked up a phone for me. I had two rooms and some storage space in the Steen building. I was all alone for the first months. Wasn't anybody else in the

whole big building. It was a beautiful place, and lots of parkin' room.

I called up my old clients, and I guess without exception, each one of them said, "Well, we wondered how long you were gonna stay with that outfit, and we wondered how long we could hang on till you finally got out of there. You bet! You'll be our agency again. We've been waitin' for you."

And so I had LTR and Sierra Power and Bell Tel and Kennecott Copper (although Kennecott wasn't doing much at that time). So I had a few accounts to start with. I went out and made calls and began to pick up business, and at the end of about two and a half months, my old secretary came out and joined me. The building had a couple of tenants by then. And from then on, it was a case of simply building it back.

But I didn't have any artists. I had all my art work done by free-lancers, which worked out very well. Same way with radio and television production. And it was a good thing for me. I hadn't written any copy in two or three years. I'd been administering. I went back to writing copy and doing rough layouts and doing things that I hadn't done in years. I found that a lot of changes had taken place in the production of radio and TV. And it was a good experience for me to get close to all of the detail again. And although it was a real nip-and-tuck deal, I enjoyed it. And it was such a wonderful experience to be out of that mess where I couldn't do anything to cure it, that I had a lot of enthusiasm.

Of course, I still have a tiny organization compared to what I had before. I still have problems, and it's still a narrow base, but I'm very careful. I don't take clients who don't pay their bills on time. I'm extremely cautious on overhead, and operating costs. So it's operating again. 'Course I've lost a number of years, at an age when it is not a good time to lose time,

and yet people have been fine to work with, and it's been a friendly, exciting experience.

I've heard of a few others in the business who have had somewhat similar experiences, but none quite as thorough as this. I probably should have come back from the hospital—now with hindsight—filed suit against everybody, let the agency go broke. But then I don't believe I'd ever be able to—even though I had no obligation legally, to pay off the creditors. So I don't know if that would've been a successful thing to do, either.

Tyson went bankrupt about, oh, I guess a year and a half or two years later. He filed a Chapter Eleven, which means he had assets to pay all his debts, if given enough time, and he saved a few months, maybe six months, till the court found out that his assets were no good. They checked what Tyson would list as creditors—his clients who he said hadn't paid—and then when they'd investigate, the clients would be able to show receipts and cancelled checks where they had paid. He always had somebody he could blame—bookkeeper or somebody—apparently made it stick. But finally it did catch up with him. But I don't know what he's doing now. I haven't seen him in some time.

I thought at one time that Tyson was an absolute genius at hiring people. He could hire people for a fraction of what I would've paid them. I came to the conclusion that I must be pretty stupid hiring people, because I had been paying more than the new, merged agency was. Ty would always want to talk with applicants for jobs, and they'd report for work at a pay scale that was substantially lower than I had ever paid. And I really felt that I must be pretty stupid. I didn't begin to catch on until a number of months had passed.

Then I had an employee come to me and say, "I want to know when I get what I've been promised."

And I'd say, "Well, what are you talking about?"

And they said, "Well, I took this job with a promise from Mr. Tyson that when I'd been here ninety days, they would review my work, and either let me go or give me—." And they'd name a wage which was considerably *higher* than I was accustomed to paying.

It became very apparent that Tyson's approach to these people had been to promise them a very fine salary, but get three months' work out of 'em at a fraction of what you'd normally have to pay. So of course, we had a tremendous turnover. The people who were helpless would stay until they could find another job. The people who were not helpless would quit instantly. I don't know why nobody ever filed a claim with the Labor Commissioner for this kind of stuff (but nobody apparently ever did. The people who could, would go get a job somewhere else immediately—they'd realize what had happened to them.

I'd have a talk with Tyson, he'd just shrug his shoulders and have an alibi, and say he wouldn't do it anymore. And then the next thing you'd know, he'd be doing it again. He never quit doing it all the time that he was there. I mentioned the fact that with an average staff of twenty-one, in three years we had over 105 employees, which is a 500 percent—or somewhere near there—turnover. This had to be a major factor in that.

When I came back on the job, I found out nobody from the Reno office, Mark or Ty or anybody else, had ever gone down to Las Vegas to supervise my Las Vegas branch office, which was included in the merger. When I left for the hospital, the Vegas office was in the black, was showing a very good profit, after a long struggle to get it there. We had a good crew. We had some excellent clients. We had the power company. We had the Ford dealer. We had the

five McDonald's stores with a high budget. We had oh, I guess a dozen good, active accounts, and a few small ones that weren't so active, that we thought would develop.

We lost the McDonald's account while I was in the hospital. But nobody in our Reno office knew anything about this until the secretary sent a teletype up that, "Have lost the account." But neither Mark nor Ty knew why we lost the account. And of course, nobody told me until I came back from the hospital. And then I did a little digging to see what had happened...

Ultimately, to rebuild that office, we rented an inexpensive apartment in Las Vegas, and we were supposed to take turns rotating between Curtis and Tyson and myself to go down and put on new-business drives and campaigns and rebuild our staff, and get that back on its feet.

But neither Tyson nor Curtis would go, and there was no way I could make 'em go. They just flat out refused to go. Tyson might go down for a weekend and use the apartment. And I don't think Curtis—except for one time the three of us went down together and stayed over a couple of nights and made a new-business presentation to the convention account, I don't believe Curtis had ever seen the apartment, and never saw it again.

Strange, strange deal. I think that Curtis was workin' his way out of that thing quietly, to get out without assuming any liability. And Tyson was just simply waiting for the thing to fall in his hands; it was a ripe plum and he'd grab the whole thing. He was always trying to find one excuse or another to get Mark out of the agency.

THE NEVADA STATE MUSEUM

Well, the Nevada state Museum! I can't remember the year I first went on that board.

I had become well acquainted with Judge [Clark J.] Guild, who founded the Nevada State Museum. As you may recall in talking about the first Nevada Day in Carson City, Judge Guild was a member of the Lions Club committee on the Nevada Day, and I nominated him as overall chairman, an assignment that he carried out very well, and made a great contribution to making the thing a success. The judge, of course, was extremely active in Nevada Day. He was a great old guy. I'm sure you've got plenty on his biography, without getting into it here.

But he (I think originally it was in 1938) became concerned that the old United States Mint building in Carson City was being condemned and to be torn down. And Guild had an idea that it would make a good museum. And one of his close friends was .Major Max Fleischmann. So Guild and Fleischmann got together, and Fleischmann thought it would be a great idea. So the two of them got a WPA grant to renovate and restore the building, and bring it up to code, and get some exhibits.

And I think the first director of the museum (there's a potential book on the museum which is going to be much more accurate than what I talk about), I think Richard Miller was the first director. And the Judge was chairman of the board, curator general, and for awhile, director. Held three jobs simultaneously.

He and Fleischmann were like a couple of kids, upset with the slow speed the WPA workers were putting out; they'd get in and take a hammer and nails, and a shovel or an axe or whatever for working with, and get in and work right with the workmen. And as Fleischmann became more and more involved in this thing, he became more and more interested, and contributed more money, and more ideas, and really, it's the handiwork

of the two of 'em. And I don't think either one of them knew too much about what a museum should be, but in spite of that, they put together a very, very creditable job!

The Major donated all his trophies and big game heads he'd had in storage, and they're still hung in the museum.

These two old boys really stuck that thing together. The Judge drew up a set of bylaws, which are still pretty much in effect. He had a membership, and then the membership annually at an annual meeting elected the board of trustees, and the trustees elected their officers. And since the start, it was virtually a hundred percent support by the Fleischmann money, they wrote their own ticket. For about thirty years, Fleischmann Foundation funded half of the activity of that museum.

The Judge's method of operation was very simple and very direct. He went to his buddies in western Nevada, and got 'em to take a membership and sign a proxy at the same time, and then he appointed the board of directors, and elected the officers, and ran the museum out of his hip pocket. None of the employees at first were state employees; later there were employees paid by state funds, who were classified. But most of the staff served at the whim and desire of the Judge, who could fire them instantly if they didn't produce. So he had very few visible labor problems.

There were two or three times, however, when there were near mutinies in the museum. One of them took place in 1969, or maybe it was early 1970. And the Judge was beginning to have health problems, and Jim Calhoun was the director, and they had a number of what they felt were "radicals" among the staff. And these people "did terrible things" like, want to come to the board meetings and see what the board was doing, and wanted to read the board minutes, and they "just didn't know

what the world was gonna come to next." And finally Calhoun called me—the Judge was ill—and said, "I wonder if you'd talk to these people," he said, "I don't know what to do."

So they came over from Carson, and I had lunch and an afternoon session--ran most of the afternoon. And really, I felt they were quite reasonable. They had done their homework very well. They were extremely well informed on the museum. They were unhappy with the pay scale, which was—still is—a disgrace. They were not unhappy with the Judge or with Calhoun. They did feel that the museum should do some things to become accredited, and establish itself professionally. A number of them were taking museum work very seriously. They'd done a lot of outside reading, visited other museums on their own time and vacations, and wanted to have a good museum. And really, that was the main thing. I thought they were just great! I couldn't do much because the Judge was still running the place, and they realized it. And the Judge had done a great job!

They had gone back and read the minutes. They knew that ten years before, I had urged the appointment of women on the board of trustees, of which the Judge would have none. I had urged that we begin to get some professional people as department heads, which the Judge didn't want—he wanted to keep it really simple and the way it was.

Well, you can't knock this. This was his own creation. It was good. Was drawing good crowds. It was well-attended. The display-case work, the nuts and bolts of the exhibits were quite well done. Anytime the Judge needed money, he'd go to the Fleischmann Foundation, and they'd pay enough money to bring in an expert from California, who'd tell 'em how to prepare an exhibit, and they'd prepare an exhibit. And eventually, they got some people there, who, watching this go on,

picked up a number of pointers, and could do exhibits. But they had virtually a blank check and unlimited money year after year after year.

I know at one point, I don't know how the Judge got it on (I never have known the inside story), but the Fleischmann people built a new wing called the Clark Guild Wing, and put the Indian gallery in it, and paid for the preparation of a number of quite professional exhibits that they're still using. They're quite old now.

Along towards the late 60s, the Judge decided he needed more display space for the exhibits (they did have a couple of warehouses full of material). And so he put on a money-raising campaign to build a new wing. Told Fleischmann that he wouldn't need their money on this one.

And really, the thing fell flat on its face!

Times were a little tough, and people didn't have the money, and the gambling industry didn't come up the way the Judge had sorta hoped they would. And he was getting pretty old, and kinda feeble, and he couldn't get out and push like he used to, and the whole thing almost sank. Finally, the Fleischmann Foundation just came in and picked up the tab and built the whole thing.

Well, that's the wing we named for Calhoun, who'd been a director for a number of years. Designed by Hewitt Wells—beautifully designed, in keeping with the period of the original building. But we didn't have money for the exhibits, and we still haven't adequately used all the space. We have a nice auditorium. We have a nice directors' room. We have some nice offices. We have a couple of big exhibit galleries which are a real problem, because the museum doesn't have the money to prepare the exhibits, nor has the museum been able to get the money. We've requested each year, a curator of exhibits,

who's a pro, who can design some exhibits on a professional level. We have a request up, of course, at this session of the legislature for that. Again, for about the umpteenth time.

One of the things the Judge got on which was quite good, was the construction of a life-size mine in the basement. Bill Donovan, his good friend from Silver City, a great guy—Donovan was a life-long mining engineer, and mining operator. He and a few friends of his in the mining industry designed and supervised the construction of this mine. And it wears very well! I have seen mining engineers go through that thing and come out without one word of criticism. It's technically correct, and extremely well done. Lot of thought, a lot of planning went into it, and Donovan twisted the arm of every major mining operation in the state for samples of ore and equipment. And it is well done. And it's one of the most popular exhibits in the museum.

Of course, there are other museums which have mines—a big museum in Chicago; I think Marshall Field funded much of it. Anyway, it has a coal mine under the building, which has been constructed as a modern, deep coal mine—not strip mining, but deep coal-mining equipment. A tremendous amount of money has gone into it. I've heard that there are other mines in other museums which are impressive, but I have only seen the Chicago mine myself.

I went back to the Smithsonian, took a look at their western collections and exhibits, and came away with a lot of respect for the little Nevada museum. I was quite impressed. The Smithsonian had more, and it was extremely well done, but as far as artifacts and collections go, they didn't have too much that outshone the Nevada museum! They also did have some beautifully-constructed farm-home rooms.

They did not have any mining bunkhouses, or cook shacks, or any of the things that really belong in a Nevada museum. I hope some day to have that. I want an arrastra outside, and a Chinese cook, and a big kitchen—the kind they used to have for the hay crews, or had for the mining camps—they're pretty much the same. I've seen both. I've seen a number of ranch bunkhouses, and I've slept outside 'em instead of in 'em, because I never saw one which didn't have bedbugs. In cold weather, I've slept with a saddle and a blanket next to one [laughs], but not *in* one. But they're uniformly miserable—or were.

But we oughta have this sort of thing, I think, in the museum, with the old-fashioned bedsprings and the whole thing. And I think restore the days of the bindle-stiffs when you had transient labor. They would come in on the freight train with their bedrolls, and they'd put up the hay, or whatever.

The museum opened a book shop. The book shop did surprisingly well, and it matured along with a lot of other things in the museum. (And I'll touch on that later.) But the Judge really created that thing from nothin'. Really did a great job!

I think that's enough background, except the meetings were very perfunctory. When we had our annual meeting, the Judge would have a stock of proxies a foot high, and held reappoint "his" board. Every once in awhile, there'd be new face on the board, and we'd learn that somebody new'd been appointed, because somebody had died or moved away or was ill or something. But at no time did any of us have anything to do with who was on the board. [Sessions S.] Buck Wheeler was on the original board of trustees, and finally, the Fleischmann trustees decided that maybe Buck had a conflict, because he was sitting on the board of an organization which was asking for funding from the trustees (and he also was a trustee).

Buck, of course, is a very conscientious guy. He took this to heart, and felt that he'd better get off of there. He did have a conflict. Wearing one hat, he was asking for Fleischmann money, and then wearing the other hat, he was granting it. So he talked it over with the other Fleischmann trustees and with the Judge and they decided that maybe it'd be a good idea if I took his place. So I was asked to serve on the board, and I came on.

And it didn't take long for me to realize that it was the Judge's private club. On the other hand, I felt that there was an obligation to Fleischmann. And so I stayed on. It was strictly a rubber-stamp activity on my part for a number of years. The Judge and I continued to be good friends, but every once in awhile, I'd bring up a subject which he wouldn't want—like a woman on the board, or a branch in Las Vegas. One time, I felt that end of the state was growing so fast that if it was going to be a *state* museum, it'd better damn well have a branch down there, and soon!

So I talked to some good friends of mine on the Las Vegas Convention Authority board, and they were building the convention building at that time, and they had some displays in mind, and they thought well, they'd just tailor that display space for exhibits by the state museum to get our feet wet.

Then they prepared a formal offer of land, which they owned, to be dedicated to the state museum so that we'd have a place to put our own building on their property. They felt that it would not only be a good community thing, but would have strong tourist appeal. And of course, I think they're right.

So I was greatly encouraged by this reception, and I brought it to the Judge, and he would have absolutely none of it! I think that he may have been afraid that he'd lose control. I don't know. He did agree to the exhibits,

and we've had some museum exhibits in the convention building in Las Vegas ever since. They need changing badly. I think we have a burro with a prospector's pack on it, coyotes and native animals, and birds and reptiles and whatnot. Not a bad exhibit. And of course, since the people who see it are always different, they're appealing, but it's beginning to get pretty old.

Later, the Judge got to thinking it over, and he quietly went to the legislature and got authority, and it's in the statutes for the museum to have any number of branches it wants, anywhere it wants them in the state. And I don't think anybody realizes it has that authority. If we went out and raised a million dollars tomorrow, we could put up a building and buy property, and have one in Las Vegas. And no way could anybody stop us, as far as authority to do so.

I think that day's comin', and I'll get into that when we get talkin' about the modern-day museum. But we missed a golden opportunity to have land, and the Convention Authority was gonna go out and raise money, and they offered to include us in a bond issue they were gonna put together. We had a lot of encouragement! And Las Vegas needed some kind of a museum facility. And it was just too bad we didn't grab it at that particular time.

Two years ago [1973], when the state government recommended a consolidation of the state library, the state archives, the state historical society, under the Nevada State Museum, we had some very serious problems. At that time, I was chairman of the board of trustees of the state museum. And there had been a newspaper story intimating this consolidation plan was in the works about the middle of autumn preceding the legislative session. At that time, I called on Secretary of State Swackhamer and Howard Barrett of the budget department for information.

They both assured me that the measure was being carefully prepared so it would not harm any of the entities involved. I explained to them that we (we meaning the museum) had no designs on taking over anybody, and we were not interested in building an empire. And they said, no, they felt the museum was probably the best organized and the most stable of the outfits, and probably they should be put under the museum, and they were working it out so it would be okay. And they would keep us advised.

We checked two or three times, and in each case a bill had not been drawn, and they had a lot of trouble with the bill drafter in that particular session. So after a month, or several weeks had gone by, I called up Dr. [Russell R.] Elliott, who was chairman of the board of directors of the Nevada Historical Society, and suggested that we have an arrangement whereby we work together on this thing, and that the minute that either one of us got any information at all, that we call each other and get a meeting of our boards and decide what to do. And he sounded very cooperative, and agreed to do that.

Nothing happened, although I called two or three times over in Carson. And one day I called our director at the time, who was James Calhoun, at the museum to see if he had heard anything on this particular bill, and he said "Yes!" He said he had heard that a bill had been printed, and there were some copies available in Carson, and he was trying to get one, and when he got one he would bring it over to me! And in a little while, he phoned me and read me the bill, which was just the same as I'd originally heard, that *all* of these institutions were to be put *under* the museum!

So by this time, it was the end of the day, and I called Dr. Elliott, and said I'd had this thing read to me, but, "I haven't seen it yet, do you have anything on it?"

And there was a long silence, and then he said, "Well," he said, "I've had a copy of the bill for two days, but I didn't hear from you so we figured that you people were supporting it, and working to take us over."

And I said, "Well, to hell with that. We had an agreement," and I said, "I have been aware of the content of this bill for about twenty minutes, and I'm calling you per our agreement. Now how fast can you get your people together? I'm going to call my board, and call everybody concerned. Let's get it on. Let's get movin'. And let's not cut each other's throats in the process."

So he called back, and we picked a day, and I got my board, and we had a series of meetings, which I conducted, and which were held at the Golden Door motel out on South Virginia Street. And we worked out some (what we felt were) compromise measures, which would protect the integrity of both the museum and the historical society. And I then took them to Mr. Swackhamer, requesting some amendments in that bill.

In the meantime, it was very evident that the historical society had kept on telling its members all over the state the museum was still trying to take them over! I thought I'd stop this once and for all. So I arranged for an interview on television, and I appeared on TV on behalf of the museum board, saying that we had no designs to take over the historical society, and as long as that was a feature of the bill, we were opposed to the bill. And between the historical society *and* the museum, the thing was killed. There was a lot of opposition to it.

I was a little bent out of shape on this, because nobody ever said they were sorry or anything else until—I always attend the annual meetings of the historical society, and I have been a member of that thing for twenty-some-odd years, and I always go, and the last few years I've gone representing the

museum—and I was at their annual meeting this fall. Before the meeting started, Dr. [Wilbur] Shepperson came over and he said, "I think that the historical society treated you very shabbily in that thing we had two years ago, and I want to apologize for them." But he's the only person I've ever heard from in that connection.

Anyway, they didn't kill me off, and I probably should not have let it bother me. I don't enjoy being made the villain in the case, but anyway, nothin' happened.

This year, there was a story in the newspaper last week that when the historical society representatives appeared before the senate finance committee for their budget review, that Dr. Shepperson and John Townley, the director of the historical society, were asked by the chairman of that committee, Senator [Floyd] Lamb, how they felt about consolidating the historical society, the museum, and the archives. And Dr. Shepperson replied that they were in favor of it, and John Townley added that they felt that if it were accomplished, there should be some restrictions so that each institution concentrates on its own specialty.

That was all the newspaper story contained, but I got the message, because John Townley has been very disturbed when anyone else is in the history business in the state. And I have always felt the more people active in it, the better; the more knowledge'd be uncovered, the more research'd be done, the more interest would be stimulated, and there was plenty of work for everybody to do without tangling anyone up.

So I felt that I might be asked the same question when we on the museum were to appear before the same committee for our budget review, and of course, this took place yesterday morning, February 10, [1975]. And after we had concluded our presentation on

the museum's budget with virtually all of our board of trustees present, and our staff represented for statistical information backup, Floyd Lamb, Senator Lamb asked us the same question, asked me the same question.

And I said, much like Shepperson did, that I felt the consolidation could be accomplished, and it could be practical, but it was extremely sensitive and would have to be done with great care so that none of the entities involved would be damaged. There were things that required particular attention involving accreditation, and involving grants and memberships and private funds which, if they were not protected, could really dry up all sources of funding for any of the institutions involved.

I had a few questions, and I made a few more answers expanding on this particular thing. At that point, Senator Lamb excused our museum people but asked me to discuss it more with him, and told me that he wanted me—since I seemed to be informed on it—to take charge of producing a plan as rapidly as possible to effect the consolidation of the three entities!

As soon as I got back to Reno following this, I called the man I considered to be the ranking local representative of the historical society, and that's Dr. Shepperson, who's a former chairman of their board (the present chairman and vice chairman are both Las Vegas residents), and I explained this to Dr. Shepperson and asked him if he would get his people together, and have some representation from his board meet with me, if possible this week, and we'd reach some kind of ideas on how this thing might be done without harming the historical society.

I requested that this be kept on the board level, not the director's level, because there were some people on the director's level who were not compatible with each other. We

have an acting director at the museum, John Townley has some very definite ideas of his own, and I'm not sure what Fred Gale's ideas are over in archives, but I don't think the three would get along too well, as a matter of personalities. So this is where the matter [was, early February, 1975].

Talking about the legislature's continued efforts over ten to twelve years to consolidate a number of small state agencies with somewhat related interests, including the state museum, the Nevada Historical Society, the state library, the Council on the Arts, the Virginia City restoration movement, the Historical Landmarks, state archives—there may be one or two more in there that I missed.

This came up again in the current legislative session [1975], and when the museum had finished its first appearance before the senate finance committee, the chairman, Floyd Lamb, came out in the hall as we were leaving, and stopped me, and asked me again to prepare a plan for consolidation of the historical society, the archives, the museum, and the V & T railroad restoration program. I assume he asked other people with the other agencies to do the same thing. I know Floyd Lamb well enough to realize from the way he was approaching this, he meant business.

And so when I got back to the office, I called Dr. Shepperson of the historical society, and suggested again that we work together on this thing, and we work on a board level, rather than administrative or director's level, that we get together and come up with a plan. I felt that we were gonna be consolidated one way or the other, and it'd be a lot better if we followed our own thinking. And he was very upset, was gonna talk to his chairman, Dr. Wright in Vegas, and with his director, Townley.

And I said, "Well, I would like to have from you to carry out my assignment from Senator Lamb, copies of your bylaws, how you're structured in outline, your ideas of how you'd like to structured along with the others, and any important things that needed to be, were vital to you for your well-being as an organization." And I said, "If you want those from me, I'll be glad to give you the same thing from us."

Well, he'd let me know. Well, I got a copy of his letter to his chairman, and I got a copy of his chairman's letter to Senator Lamb, but I never got any other information from the historical society than that.

I sent a similar letter to the archives, and I got detailed information from them, plus budget requests and budget allocations on all the involved agencies, they pulled from the file and sent me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had anything to work with. And an offer of cooperation, and they'd do anything necessary to make it work. I also got a lot of material from Cronkhite on the V & T railroad, and an excellent inventory they had had compiled on the V & T cars and equipment.

Armed with this, I put together a tentative outline of organization, and mailed a copy to everybody, including Senator Lamb, and said, "This is not a final version by any means. It's for everybody to tear apart and change, but we gotta start somewhere."

I didn't get anything back from anybody on it, but I did get a copy from the governor's office, an outline—I'd been sending copies of things to Bob Stewart in the governor's office—got a copy of an outline that he put together.

And later I got a copy of an outline that the state planning office had put together, both of which were pretty complicated. Meantime, I kept a running-fire correspondence with everybody on what they were doing, what they

were thinking. And still I got nothing back from the historical society. But essentially, what I was sending them was information so everybody would know what I was doing. And I felt I had no authority to tell anybody to do anything. I felt that Senator Lamb was not gonna be happy unless I really put out an effort.

And so on Friday, last Friday [February 28], I had a phone call from the paid staff member of the senate finance committee, requesting me to be at a meeting at five o'clock Monday night [March 3], prepared to discuss the consolidation thing. So I got ahold of our acting director, and we armed ourselves with 'copies of everything, "in triplicate."

I had done one thing in anticipation of this, and I think it was fortunate. The middle of last week when I was at the museum, on museum business—and this has been happening about twice a week for the last couple of months—I had them pull from the file the voluminous material which came back to us from the American Association of Museums, in which they evaluated the museum for accreditation and granted the accreditation.

And it contains questions and answers concerning the museum, and an analysis. And I thought it was probably the most enlightening thing the people on these committees could have, because there was the information on what made this tick, why were we good, where were we weak, and what did we have to do?

So I had the museum make a copy for each member of the assembly and senate money committees, and sent to them, and asked them to move on it that day, so that when this meeting suddenly popped on Monday, everybody had been provided this material. And when I asked Senator Lamb if he'd received it, he said, "Yes, I have received

it, and I have read it. Thanks.” So we reached our major target.

We had our meeting yesterday. Senator Lamb drew a diagram on the blackboard, which was very similar to my original diagram sent to him, in which he had the governor, and under the governor, the advisory commission; and under the commission, an administrator or coordinator; and under the coordinator, the directors of the various agencies involved.

There was a lot of discussion on this, and a lot of pro and con, and the historical society was extremely unhappy. We were asked for our opinions, and I said that I felt that the board had to be a policy board, not an advisory board, to protect the historical society’s and the museum’s accreditation(so that was changed. The historical society said they did not want a lay board as we did, they wanted a board containing professionals.

I was asked why I wanted a lay board, and I said, “It should be a policy-making board, composed of intelligent lay people who in effect, represent the users of the facility,” and there was another place in the scheme of things for the professionals.

Lamb wanted to know where? I said, “a technical advisory committee.” It would be different. There would be a technical advisory committee of professionals for the historical society, I would think; and also be one for the museum, I would think; be one for each agency—they have to be professionals in those individual fields to give good technical advice. And although they were not a policymaking board, they would have sufficient clout to guide the policy-making board, and thus the technical and professional quality of each of the elements would be at a high standard.

I don’t know whether the historical society was interested in this point or not. They quit talkin’, really. But everybody else seemed to

think it was all right and so it went in with the general plan. The Virginia City people wanted out, and Lamb would not let ‘em out. He said, “Everybody’d like to be out. Everybody’d like to turn the clock back and be independent, and separate as in the past,” and he said, “we have over a million dollars in appropriations represented here, and fifty-six board members, which is far too many.” He said, “We’re gonna cut it down to three.”

And everybody screamed! So we got it back up to seven. We may get a couple more. I don’t know. But it was a little poker playin’ and tradin, goin’ on.

Just about that point, although there was a “lot more conversation and thunder and lightning—. For instance, I had turned my back to answer a question from somebody behind me; when I turned back I saw the Lost City museum had been put under the state museum, by Senator Lamb with his piece of chalk!

And so I said, “Hey! While I had my back turned, you stuck the Lost City under the state museum, and we’re gonna get killed.” I said, “Those guys have always felt that we were gonna steal ‘em and take ‘em over, and we never have!” And I said, “Now they’ll believe it really is a big, fat plot and we’re guilty.”

Everybody laughed except Lamb, and Lamb said, “This is where they belong, and by God, this is where they’re gonna go, and if anybody wants to get tough--we’re ready to start now,” you know [laughs].

So that was where that wound up. Anyway, we’re on the record; at least I hope we are. But at that point, they adjourned the meeting, and sent everybody home. And I don’t know what the press coverage will look like. I don’t know what the upshot of it will be. My own personal view is that we’re gonna get consolidation sooner or later, and we’d better get it while we’ve got a guy who will listen to us. He’s

rough and tough, but I think he's trying to do the right thing.

I've got an awful good board, and the only thing I can do is just lobby like hell with the governor's office, try to get as many of our people as possible on the ultimate board appointed by the governor. We have a really outstanding lay board, and they're based on a geographical premise. Over half of 'em are from Clark County. It's taken three years to put 'em all together. They're all people who are very interested in the subject. Our normal board meeting—and we have 'em every month—has a hundred percent attendance of the board, and four of 'em come from Vegas and one from Elko and one from Austin. And that's quite a little traveling. The locals, that's easy, but, we'll see where it goes. That's where it sits as of this morning, [March 4, 1975].

* * * * *

When Judge Guild died, and I had been vice chairman, we had our first board meeting and elected new officers in which I wound up as chairman, and Clayton Phillips as vice chairman, and Harold Berger, who lives in Carson City, as the secretary and the treasurer. At that point, we had a general discussion of where we thought the museum oughta go, and what oughta be done.

I explained to the board I felt that we should (since we were a state agency), our board should reflect the state population distribution. And I had agreement on it. We had--a budget preparation had been done for the legislature, but we were approaching the legislative session, and needed to get our team together. I asked the various museum departments to make presentations so we could dramatize what we needed and why we needed it.

We needed to get more money for our director, because he was facing retirement within another year. Actually, herd expressed a desire to retire the following summer. He was very hard of hearing, and apparently was exhausted with his efforts at the museum on a normal day.

So I came back at the next meeting with an outline of projects which I felt the museum should follow, and presented it to the board. And I think it was probably a little too much, although they agreed--I mean I think it was a little too much for them to digest in one sitting. I wanted the museum to establish a series of seminars in which we would bring in outside experts who would hold museum management meetings, and to these we would invite all of the small regional, local, county, and city museums, which were springing up all over the state.

I wanted to organize an advisory committee of classroom teachers to guide us on our services to the elementary, secondary schools, and to work out class plans, so that when, for example, a teacher of fourth-grade students brought her class through the museum, she'd have available, if she wanted them, certain class plans for different exhibits in the departments in the museum. (Incidentally, we do not have this yet.)

I wanted the book shop to be provided with cheap, free copies to hand out of suggested reading on Nevada history, Nevada subjects--Nevada biology, Nevada archeology, all the things that we represent. Every time I give a talk on Nevada to some group, half a dozen or a dozen people will come up afterwards and say, "I don't know what my children should read about Nevada, I don't know what *I* should read about Nevada." So I wanted a reading list.

We got this finally started. We've had two or three updated, which we're handing out,

and apparently they're pretty well received. They aren't exactly right yet, but they're a tremendous improvement over the nothing that we had before.

I wanted to conduct a dig in a cave which had been discovered in northern Humboldt County—a big one, which meant an application for a grant to Fleischmann. I wanted a grant to include a request for a motion picture camera, and sound and editing equipment, so that we could make a film showing how an archeological exploration is conducted—how it's planned, it's carried out, and what the results are. Also how this film could be edited down for use with school groups and service clubs and others, and perhaps even be used for television, if it turned out to have broad appeal.

I had a number of other projects in mind which I felt we should do. I thought we should make a proposal to the University for a joint sponsorship of classes in museology. And we got a green light! Everybody felt these were okay. So we outlined them as a program.

Our director was not physically in shape to really run these through, but he did start work on some of them. When we later got another director, we put him to work on them.

I took a look at the exhibits. I found that really, we hadn't any new exhibits for about ten years! And then I found out our director had been told by the budget director not to make an application for a curator of exhibits and not to make any application for exhibit funds. And so we weren't doing our primary thing, which was displays and exhibits. That's where a museum lives. But it was too late. Our budget had gone in already. And we could not get it turned around. And all of us were too inexperienced in state administration to know how to get it turned around.

Our director's salary was listed by the department of the budget at \$13,800. Well,

this was because the bureau of the budget had just looked at the state funds which were allocated in the past and that was the number. What they *hadn't* taken into consideration was that the \$13,800 was a *state-paid* base. But there was also \$7,000 in Fleischmann funds which our" director-general, Judge Guild, received on top of the \$13,000, and the good Judge also had *another* \$7,000 in income from the Jacobsen estate of which he was a trustee; and as a trustee he also was administering funds which were given to the state museum! And I thought the old boy had a first-class conflict (not that anybody minded). After all, he put the museum together, and he beat his brains out, and he worked a twenty-four-hour day for something like thirty years. But he also really had a good thing financially going there. He had about, as near as I could figure, about \$27,000 a year from museum-related sources.

I cut out the chairman's \$7,000 from the Fleischmann funds. The funds were gonna be cut back. We had some income from existing stocks, but I felt the board should be an unpaid board, and the chairman should be an unpaid chairman. We were gonna have a money problem, anyway. So I got a bylaw through that the chairman would not take any salary, other than I think it's a ten-dollar per diem or something, when there's a board meeting. And the chairman not serve over a five-year period, so that nobody would get frozen in that job, and then you'd have a lot of trauma over gettin' rid of them. *I* was the person who had to get this on, since I was the *chairman*. I had a lot of resistance over it, and I finally threatened to resign if I didn't get it, and I got it. Everybody was being very nice about it, but still it doesn't take long for anybody to get indispensable in a spot like that (at least in their own minds) .

We had a lot of ups and downs, but everybody worked hard. And I had, a

number of years previously, asked the judge to appoint Florence Cahlan from Clark County—we had no women on our board—the judge'd have none of it. So the first thing I did was nominate Florence, and the others agreed. She's a long-time Nevada resident, leading historian in southern Nevada, real fine person, very able, and probably the best-informed person on southern Nevada history and museum subjects that we could find.

She was glad to come on the board. And she was a good choice. We also immediately had a better image in Clark County.

We then adopted a policy following up on the geographical representation. We had Bill Peccole, William Peccole on, who was an old friend of the Judge's, but never came to the meetings. The Judge just used his proxy. Peccole called me up and offered to resign, because he knew he'd been on there as an accommodation to the Judge. But I knew Peccole fairly well, and he's a very able guy, and an astute businessman, and knows Clark County very well, and I thought he'd be a valuable member.

And I insisted that he stay, and he did. And then he started coming to meetings. And he's turned out to be a very active member--been very helpful--been a good member on that board.

We still needed to bring our board up to standard geographically. Florence Cahlan recommended Carol McNamee—young housewife, very intelligent young gal in Clark County, and married into one of the early old-time Las Vegas families. And so she was voted a member, and she has been a good member, and a good participant in discussions.

I felt we needed one more, and although we had two or three suggestions, I had one of my own. And I got it and that was William Wright. Wright is general manager of the *Review-Journal*, a very able businessman, and

a history buff on southern Nevada. And he's turned out to be one of our most valuable members. He's just fine. (In 1981, he became chairman.)

We already had Dr. Gallagher from Elko County, who's a good member. And about this time, Clayton Phillips suggested the name of Molly Knudtsen. I had urged the Judge to appoint Molly Knudtsen about ten years previously, and the Judge had refused to appoint her, but we got it on this time. She is a very faithful member and comes to every meeting, and participates in all the discussions and arguments, and has a good mind. She contributes a lot. We were afraid we might lose her with the conflicts over the Board of Regents, to which she was elected this fall, but the attorney general gave me an informal opinion that there was no problem, and so we were able to keep her.

Of course, we had Clayton Phillips, who was a carryover, as I was, and Harold Berger, who lived in Carson. And Norman Brown--when Norman Brown died this last year, I had a call from the governor who asked--first time I've ever had this--who asked me to appoint Judge Guild's grandson, who was a life-long enthusiast over the museum. He is a very young man, who is managing a ranch out in Douglas County. With some misgivings, I nominated him and we elected him to board membership, but he's turned out to be a very enthusiastic member! He came over every day and spent time in the museum, studying each exhibit, each department, and did his homework. And hers probably better informed right now on what's really goin' on in the museum than any other board member, and I think is going to be a very valuable member; he's still quite new.

We got a number of these projects started. I got ahold of N. Edd Miller, president of the University of Nevada-Reno, at a Rotary

meeting, and we had a little conversation afterwards in which I suggested the courses in museology, and he agreed immediately, and appointed a committee on his faculty and I appointed one on our staff. And they had meetings for a year without accomplishing anything. So I finally had a meeting with Arts and Science Dean Gorrell. These committee people were under his department. They're all arts and science faculty members. We had lunch and decided either get the committee movin' or he and I'd sit down, and have a couple of drinks, and do the whole thing in about ten minutes. It was that simple, really.

I don't know what he did, but he sure shook up his committee. They put the thing together in the next two meetings. And it was in time to get it in the University catalog, and the two very basic courses started this spring term. We hope to expand them. And I think probably the dean and I can get together--we're good friends anyway--and add a couple of courses when practical. We have a new president of the University to work with, and he sounds like he's gonna be good to work with.

We had a problem I felt, with our bookkeeping [at the museum]. Our bookkeeping system appeared to me to be right out of the Civil War period. It was so old-fashioned. It was really—. We had a journal and that was it, and nothing in it particularly, except an account of money that came in and money that went out, but no real controls, and no management information. I felt that we had some potentially serious situations, because we received gifts, money, stocks, and securities, and bonds at the museum. This money was often in trust for specific purposes, yet we had no real control over it. It would have been very easy for the museum administration to misappropriate funds and never know it, or never realize it!

So I was mentioning this one night at a cocktail party to Neil Humphrey, the chancellor of the University, and I said, "I don't know what we're gonna do. We can't get accounting services out of the state auditor's office, and we certainly can't pay any fifty bucks an hour to commercial guys. And I think the problem is simple 'cause we're small, but it's serious."

And he said, "Hell, I'll give you an accountant." He said, "I've got one in my office. It's a gal. She's brilliant. She's a CPA. And I'll just loan her to you for a couple of weeks, and have her set up a system." He said, "I can't give her to you now. She's skiing in Austria, but she'll be back, and when she gets back, we'll put her to work."

It sounded great! And I told the board what we lucked into. And it turned out we *were* lucky! She came in. She's quite young. She worked her way through school being the "elephant girl"—as part of an act on stage with two elephants—at the Sparks Nugget. She's quite a character. Smart as seven hundred bucks, and a very nice person to work with. And she couldn't believe our books when she took a first look at 'em. We were in a position where it *could've* been very bad, with many mistakes.

So she set up a whole new system. We had it reviewed—at a cut rate—by an accounting firm board member Bill Peccole knew in Las Vegas. And, as of the last couple of weeks, we now have a modern accounting system and money control I think is gonna take care of it. We also have some problems on security at the museum. We've been very lucky we haven't been vandalized and lost many things. We've had to call the cops to run people out of the gun room when a motorcycle gang got in there one day this fall. And we're asking the legislature for some security television cameras and another security guard to tighten

up. It's really surprising we haven't had serious trouble before.

Our museum seminars are growing, and have been highly successful and well attended. I had a real "shoot-out" with the staff one day—the first one I've really had—I shouldn't dignify it by that name. But when we started inviting various museums around the state to come to our seminars, I sensed something was missing, but I couldn't tell what it was. After reading the list again, finally it dawned on me when the hell was wrong. And I said, "Where's Harrah's automobile museum?"

Well, in the tones of contempt, it was explained to me that they "were a *commercial* venture." And I said, "What's so evil about commerce?" You know. That's how we live--where our money comes from. And vital!

Oh, there was a lot of foot-dragging. Harrah's has the best museum by far! It's thoroughly professional. Well researched. I've been through it. I know how they work. Their people are dedicated. We should be "half so good," you know. So Harrah's were invited when I made enough issue of it. I think some real second thoughts were given, and they had the curator of Harrah's museum give a small program. It may be they expected him to make a fool of himself, but he was a real pro! He put on a beautiful deal. And from now on, we have much better relationships. But it was a real teacup tempest. Most of our relationships have been much, much smoother than that, but I was surprised at that one.

We've got everything on pretty good, with the exception of the classroom teachers. We haven't got that. And I found out afterwards that our new director, Dr. Thomas Layton, had quietly dropped the seminars for part of the year he was there, without telling anybody. We're trying to get 'em back on again this year. They're a little work, and—he didn't give me an adequate reason for it when I asked him

why. It was one of a number of things that all sort of came out at the same time. Our programs are now going. The meetings are interesting, and the people are interesting.

Just before Judge Guild died, a group of Carson City women asked Jim Calhoun to form a docents organization at the museum. And it has been extremely successful. They required a hundred and fifty hours of training before applicants could become members. They have a good membership, between forty and fifty, I believe, right now. They put on membership drives. They put on money-raising campaigns. They conduct tours through the museum. They operate the gift shop and the book shop. (The book shop, by the way, makes about fifteen thousand dollars a year, and specializes in Nevada publications and Nevada items.) They are great for working on legislators during a legislative session. They're good lobbyists. They put on a number of receptions and parties for legislators and other people. They've turned out to be an extremely valuable group. They have their own internal politics, which is terrific. But we've managed to keep the museum out of it (in the selection of their own officers and who does what [smiles]). But so far we've managed to keep clear of it. And I think that's a problem with a good many organizations. We wouldn't be normal if we didn't have it. They are great. We didn't realize how badly we needed 'em till we actually had 'em.

The attendance at the museum is up. We had 480,000 visitors last year by the electric-eye counter. Had about 5,000 requests for research information from people working—many of them—for advanced degrees. Had about 10,000 school kids come through the museum with classroom teachers on planned assignments. We don't know how many thousand more we had who just came as groups, tours, and visitor groups.

But the record is good, and we are in need—serious need—of freshening our exhibits and getting new ones. What we have looks good. It's been well-maintained. But what we really oughta do is take about three fourths of 'em to small museums around the state, get 'em out of there, and replace 'em. We've got two warehouses full of material, we just don't have the people to put into exhibits. The staff is in agreement on this.

We have a very harmonious staff, and a lot of good ideas came from them. To hear me talk you'd think that all the ideas the organization had were mine, and this is very far from it. We got good ideas at virtually every meeting from all kinds of members of our board. And they're good, and many of them are practical, and they are really interesting. And if this consolidation comes off, it's gonna be as traumatic as can be to lose some of 'em. I can't think of anyone that we wouldn't want to keep.

[Do I want to discuss Dr. Layton's term in a little more detail?]

This had better be locked up until the proposed lawsuit is over, anyway. When our board hired Dr. Layton as director, our board had held a board meeting at the Last Supper Cave—camping out—some of 'em stayed at a nearby motel at Denio, but they all got a chance to see Layton at work as an archeologist, and smoothly running a crew, and get acquainted. After that particular session, we had a discussion about picking him as our director.

We'd been looking for a new director for several months, and we hadn't turned up any really exciting talent. Our elderly museum director had been talking about retiring, telling people he wanted to retire, "looked forward to retiring," etc. So we were looking around for a replacement, quite openly. We'd advertised in the museum magazines and

a number of other places, and although we had thirty or forty applicants, we had serious questions about virtually all of 'em.

I can't remember who suggested Layton as the new director, but everybody received the idea with enthusiasm. And there was a question about his experience as an administrator, but he had operated—been in charge of a number of large archeological parties in the Middle East, which obviously had been successful. And it was felt that if he could run an operation for several months like that, he probably knew how to handle people, and with a museum staff of only twenty, it would be very easy for him to run the thing.

He had a doctorate in archeology from Harvard University. He had a brilliant mind. Nice personality. The coming organization of an archeological survey in the state made it important, we felt, to have a well-qualified archeologist in our museum, if we were going to maintain any weight in the field of archeology. And we believe that the museum should be the center of archeological activity in the state. After all, the museum had started it in Nevada.

The usual history of these things, I understand, is the university will have a department of archeology, and out of that will grow a museum. In our case, there was no archeology within the state of Nevada. Most of what was being done here, was being done by Dr. [Robert] Heizer and others from the University of California at Berkeley. And our museum had established a department of archeology, and hired a good archeologist with Fleischmann money, and actually pioneered the field in Nevada. We felt the museum still should have a strong position in archeology.

So we announced we had hired Dr. Layton. But our retiring director was very unhappy when the day came for him to

retire. He had a lot of second thoughts, but there wasn't anything then anybody could do about it. He had wanted to retire so badly "that his Christmas cards had said, "We are counting the days until we can retire." Our board believed he really meant it. And he really should have retired gracefully, in our opinion.

When he and I sat through the money-committee hearing in the legislature, we almost had some serious problems, because the committee would ask a question about museum finances, which *I* was not yet familiar with, and so I would ask our director, but he hadn't heard the original question, and he hadn't heard mine, but he *thought* he had, so he'd give an answer. And sometimes, the answers were not the right answers to the right question. The legislative committee, fortunately, was very understanding, and we didn't get hurt, but we could've looked very bad, because it was a case of "the blind leading the blind." We got through it with luck and sympathy, I think. We didn't get the things that we really needed, which we were trying to get, but we didn't lose any ground, and it was an important hearing for us.

I shouldn't say we didn't get *any* of the things we wanted. We got one very important thing, and that was the transition of sources of housekeeping expenses of the museum from Fleischmann funds to the state of Nevada. We did not get an adequate salary for our director, which was an important thing. We did not get two or three other things like that, including a curator of exhibits, or funding for our badly-needed exhibit department. Those were fundamental things that we could not get. We were very fortunate to get the rest of the housekeeping funding from state money.

So Layton came aboard as director. And we were very enthusiastic over him. He had a lot of bright ideas. He went around the state

and visited all the museums and went to work with a lot of enthusiasm.

We had a few minor problems, but the number of problems did not seem to be any more than we had the previous year or so. Later, we looked back at them, and we realized that they were different because they seemed to be problems of communication between our board and the director, and problems between our director and other state agencies. But they were minor. We didn't realize they were beginning to form a pattern. The thing came about so gradually that none of us really were aware we had a real problem with our new director.

The director had almost a—well, it was a verbal fight, no blows were exchanged with the director of the state committee for the national Bicentennial, over cooperation between the museum and the Nevada Bicentennial Commission. It became so personal and so intense that by mutual agreement, the *chairman* of the Bicentennial Commission and I got together and handled all relationships between the two agencies, to keep our two directors out of it.

We seemed to have some misunderstandings with the historical society. We thought maybe this was another one of those.

We began to hear, in the autumn months, that there were a lot of rumors going around Carson about the museum, which were bad, but we couldn't get any detail on 'em. Nobody was talkin'. At least, they weren't talking to the board. The governor called up and told our director that he was "getting bad vibes around Carson." But our new director told us that he couldn't find out any specifics. He "couldn't get," he said, "any information from the governor or anybody else, what specifically seemed to be the problem." I picked up a couple of rumors. We'd had some former employees; we had a former director who had

retired, who we realized was still bitter (which is common) over his retirement, although he had suggested retirement, and later had second thoughts. We had an administrative secretary whose husband had a heart attack, and it was a terrible heart attack, and she just left her job and went over and slept on a cot in the hospital hall and helped take care of her husband for several months. Nobody wanted to interfere there. She had enough problems! But we couldn't find out how to cover for her; we didn't know whether we should hire somebody temporarily, so everybody in the office covered for her, which was all right. Everybody was willing to do it, although it turned out that it went on for—I don't know how many months.

We heard rumors that she had had some kind of a disagreement which we couldn't find out about, 'cause Layton said none ever happened as far as he knew. She'd had one with Layton apparently, and she thought she'd been fired, and Layton said, "No such thing." He said he wanted to know "how much time she wanted away from the job so he could plan," which sounded reasonable. But I sensed an unhappy reaction, an undercover movement, or undercurrent in the community came from this situation, but *I* couldn't find out why.

About then I noticed that our director was not really mingling too well with the community. Apparently he didn't get along with some of the people in Carson, but we weren't aware of it. And such situations are common.

Then I got a phone call from our publicity man, [Guy] Shippler, and from Peter Herlan, head of the biology department, that we had a serious mutiny taking place in the museum, that "the staff had had all they could take from Layton," that he had found a number of museum employees had made up signs and they were gonna carry 'em up and down

Carson Street protesting against the museum director "for being a dictator" and calling on him to resign, and that some of these people were gonna go to the newspapers and tell the newspapers there were all kinds of "terrible things" going on in the museum, etc.

So I got ahold of Layton and asked him what was really goin' on, and he didn't know anything about it—professed it was a mystery to him. And I said, "You're the director. Maybe you'd better do a little diggin' around the town and among your people." And I advised the board what I was hearing.

Layton came back on the phone, reporting that he had had a violent session with Herlan, that Herlan was apparently doing all this, and that Herlan had called him a liar, that Herlan had complained bitterly of terrible conditions, working conditions in the museum. But I still couldn't get any specifics out of Layton. I asked Layton what he thought was really the problem, and he said the only thing he came up with was he thought—Layton thought—that "Herlan had gone insane." That's the word he used. And he was afraid for his life; after all, Herlan was quite handy with guns, and was a marksman, and he thought that Herlan might become violent (which was ridiculous—Herlan was really a gentle sort of person with a good background at the museum).

So I got in touch with the board, and kept 'em advised as to what seemed to be goin' on. About this time, Layton called up and told me that he had appointed a grievance committee among the employees of the museum to find out what was wrong in the museum, and had asked them to come forward with some recommended solutions.

This, I believe, is one of the standard procedures in some state agencies where they have problems of various kinds. I was not familiar with it. And it seemed to me that it had a real poor name, and it seemed to me

that it was a rather hurried move, and I wasn't sure just exactly where it was going, but it had been done and was underway.

The grievance committee came back with a report, that "working conditions in the museum were intolerable, and the museum director was incompetent, and their recommendation was that he resign"—and this from his own committee!

And this also was given directly to the newspapers by the staff. That's when the situation really became an open problem

At this point, I called the state personnel department to come in to conduct an investigation from top to bottom. They did. They interviewed everybody privately for two or three hours each; they had an industrial psychologist on their staff who was extremely able. I was very favorably impressed with his work. Our request to him was to "find out what was the matter with the staff." He came back and said, "The problem is with the *director*."

This was the first inkling or awareness the board had that our problem really was the director. The personnel people came back with chapter and verse—all kinds of—I don't know how many dozen—Incidents which indicated that "the director didn't know how to handle people, antagonized them, didn't get along with the people in town, couldn't give people work programs, or if he did, he'd change 'em three or four times in a single day so that they were bewildered."

I called a meeting of our board to hear the report, and I said, "There's something wrong with this thing. It's rotten in Denmark. I can't believe that the employees would be so well organized, would be such a tight, effective group. There's gotta be an incentive. This isn't an emancipation. Somebody must want somethin' out of this. Who and what the hell is it?"

And out of a blue sky, our personnel department investigating guys said, "Well, Peter Herlan wants to be director, and he's guiding this thing so that you'll get rid of the director, and he can be put in his place." (I still don't believe this.)

And I said, "Well, that's very strange, because when Calhoun retired, I asked Herlan if he would like to be director. I made it clear it was not an offer, but I wanted to know his attitude in the situation. He was the senior staff member of the organization, and he had told me, 'no, he did *not* want to be director.' And I said, 'Well, will you serve as acting director until we get a permanent director?' He said he would under one condition only, and that is he absolutely would not ever be director of the museum." So I had felt that Herlan had no ambitions to be director of the museum when this explosion took place. The personnel people said, "That's true. We know all about that. But after he got a taste of being acting director, he felt he'd made a mistake, and that really it was a great job, and he wished he'd had it. And so now he wants it, and now he's working toward it. And he is doing a knifing of Layton. But on the other hand, Layton is so incompetent and so immature that he has messed up all by himself without any outside pressure. Furthermore, the former administrative secretary evidently *was* fired by Layton the first time they met, although he's denied it. He told her that he had to know when she was comin' back, or else they'd have to get somebody else for her job. She translated that to mean she was fired. She told everybody in Carson. She had many good friends in Carson. This united the town against the director. And she and her husband, who's a newspaperman, saw to it the newspapers were being fed information on this, and this is the source."

Well, I knew Shipler had been the source of some of the newspaper material, because I was getting questions for interviews, and the radio newsmen or television newsmen or wire service guys would call me, and would say, "We know this about the museum," and then they would tell certain things that told me they were being informed from within the museum. And then they'd interview me. But in each case, they were related to the news media that Shipler was working for, the Donrey Media Group. He's a stringer for Donrey television, a stringer for Donrey radio, and the Carson paper is owned by Donrey, and they were getting stuff, and it all had to come from a common source. We were getting no questions from media that were competitive with the Donrey Group--and other TV stations in Reno. Very evident to me where it came from.

So we had all our "conspirators in one bundle," and identified, except that the chief culprit turned out to be the chief victim. Layton deserved the treatment he was getting, but these people were destroying the museum in the process.

So I brought the board together and we had this report from personnel in detail, and to them. And we had a vote of "no confidence" in the director, and then we spent about two hours agonizing over how we're gonna fire him or let him go, that would be least damaging to his career. Something like this for a professional in his field could be very damaging.

I should say that when we were getting ready to take a poll on how we felt about Layton, that we all cast a vote, and from where I sat, every hand was up. And I said, "It looks to me like it's a unanimous vote."

And Harold Berger spoke up and said. "Well," he said, "I'm really not voting for it. I'm abstaining. I'd like to think about it a little." That was all that was said.

Afterwards, I found out that Clayton Phillips had not voted. I thought it was his hand that was up. He was behind two or three other people. But he did not speak up, and nobody else around him spoke up. And I had assumed it was a unanimous vote except one abstaining. Anyway, it doesn't matter. It was a clear, wide majority.

But we were uncertain how to go about it. We had had Layton in, and given him all the time he wanted to state his case, and give his arguments and his points and his viewpoint on what happened. And he really unsold us more than if he hadn't been there, because he was attacking everybody and blaming everybody for his problems.

Before the meeting, we had learned through personnel that the museum director had a violent disagreement with the state highway department. He had an open break with the historical society. He had an open break with the Bicentennial Commission. I can't remember them all. We had two or three more instances of really bad relationships with other state agencies. About the only group we seemed to be getting along well with were the amateur archeologists in Las Vegas and Reno, where it seemed they thought highly of Layton and apparently worked together well. But we really were in trouble with an awful lot of other places.

Some of the docents had urged their husbands to take Layton to Rotary or Lions Club, and the husbands had refused point blank to have anything to do with him. I don't know yet why he had such a poor relationship with the masculine community in Carson.

Anyway, we heard Layton throughout, and after he left, he waited in my office downstairs (we met in the conference room of this building in Reno; we didn't want to meet in Carson), and we had the vote on

confidence. And it was finally decided that the best thing from Layton's standpoint was to allow him to resign, and that if (it was my suggestion and we agreed on it) that if we were questioned, as we probably would be, as to what the problem was, it was simply that he needed more experience. And that's an easy thing for a young person to outgrow, and we felt that people would accept that. He was quite young, and really wouldn't hurt his career too much. It had been an experiment that didn't work out, and when he was a little older, he could handle it. And we felt that would really be the best route for him to go.

So three of us came down to my office down here where he was waiting, and gave him the information on how the vote had turned out. So we had barely finished talking—talk about pipe lines and information—and the phone rang, and it was a newspaperman wanting to know what was happening in our personnel meeting. And I stalled—asked to 'call back in a couple of minutes or something—and I said to Layton, "It's the newspaper. The board felt it would be best for you if you, on your own, were to resign. They voted no confidence."

And he said, "I do resign."

And there were four of us who heard him say it. It's important that we *did* hear him say it. He said, "I do resign."

And I said, "Well, my advice to you is to base this thing on lack of experience. After all, you've never run a museum before, and you're quite young, and this is a thing that would heal very well. The board is sincerely concerned in making this as easy as possible on your career."

And he said, "I want to think it over."

And I said, "Well, fine."

The phone rang, and I think it was Associated Press. Anyway, wanted to know what had happened. And I said, "Dr. Layton has resigned as director of the museum."

And he said, "Was he asked to resign?"

I said, "He resigned on his own."

And he said, "I'd like a statement from him." So I asked him if he wanted to make a statement.

He said, "No. This is a little too much at one time. I'd like to think about a statement."

So I said that. And the AP guy wanted to know how the board felt about it. I said, well, we thought Layton was a very brilliant young man and with a great deal of capabilities, and a wonderful education, "and we regret very much that this thing has happened this way. That's about all we can say." I got some more questions which I didn't answer, and that was that.

So next morning, the *Journal* had a story to the effect that Layton had resigned, and there were indications there was pressure for the resignation. And Layton was quoted, to the newspaper reporter; Cy Ryan made up a statement from Layton which was out of whole cloth. Didn't say much of anything, but it was attributed to him. And I called Layton to tell him that I had not given that statement attributed to him—that I had refused to do it. And I said that, "You were not ready to make a statement at that time."

But Layton had left town. So I told his friend. But it was very plain it was not believed. And about that time, I got a telegram from Layton saying that he had not resigned, he refused to resign, that statements made to the press about him by the board were personally repugnant to him. He was engaging an attorney, and we would hear from his attorney. And he released a copy of his telegram to the press.

So I got on the phone and called the board. They'd all gone home. They're practically all from out of town; four from Las Vegas, and one from Elko, and one from Lander, and so on. Called 'em all back for a special session,

and they all flew in. I think Gallagher couldn't; I think there was a storm or something, he couldn't get through. But he cast his ballot. He said, "I know what your call is for." And I told him. And he said, "You have my proxy to fire him." Anyway, he said, "I want to be counted, and I'll send a letter confirming it or something." Everybody else was there. We had a meeting, and everybody had seen the newspaper stories. They saw the copies of my telegrams, and so they voted to fire him as of five o'clock that day.

We had offered him a month's additional salary and had agreed to negotiate on the report on the archeological dig, which he had directed, when we suggested he resign. And he had agreed to those items. And so now the board voted to fire him at five o'clock the same day. And I said, "Wait a minute. We still want to negotiate with him."

So I was authorized to extend his pay for another month, and to negotiate for the scientific report on the Last Supper dig. But the discharge took effect at five o'clock that day.

And this time, we prepared our own press statement. And that, as I just explained, was just about what it said was that the board had voted unanimously (and it *was* unanimous *this time*; there were no abstentions of any kind, and we did count Gallagher's proxy), and so we had a unanimous vote to terminate Dr. Layton as of five o'clock the same day. And it was a single-paragraph statement. That's just about the way it was worded. And it was carried statewide, at press. And I guess it was a day or two days later we got a registered letter from Layton's attorney, who announced he was preparing to sue unless we withdrew the—see if I can remember all the provisions in the letter—withdrew the discharge, reinstated Dr. Layton, apologized to him, I forget what else—he'd bring action.

And so we called the attorney general's office and told our deputy who's assigned to us to take over.

And we had a review and an opinion from the personnel department and the attorney general's office later, which indicated that we had complete authority to do exactly as we had done, and that we had more than met all requirements for discharging unclassified employees. The case is still pending. And you never know how one of those will go. Our attorney is negotiating with Layton over doing the archeological report, which we realize he can do better than anyone else because he's there; he's familiar with it, has some of the information in his head in addition to the field notes.

We found out he had taken much material from the cave, and notes, and other items, down to Berkeley. We don't feel there was any intent for him to steal the material. We felt that he took it because he felt he'd be working with it. Don't think he's the kind of person that would steal anything, or do anything like that.

He came back with an estimate of what he would do the job for. Meantime, I talked with archeologists that I knew, a number of 'em—about four, I guess—on how complicated a job this was, and how was it normally approached in making a report, and what should such reports cost, and went back and reviewed previous reports we had on major exploration, trying to figure what might be an adequate number.

I also retained, with the board's approval, the former head of the Utah museum, who was the head of it for twenty years, and is a professor of archeology at the University of Utah, and the present director of the Utah state museum, and they came over as consultants retained by us, and went through the museum and gave us a detailed report

on the status of each department. It was an excellent report in depth. The museum was in surprisingly good shape. I felt that out of this attack on the museum, the museum's reputation might be damaged. We'd better know our strengths and weaknesses and where we were. We were greatly reinforced by their evaluation. And they also gave us some good advice on the Layton matter and the length of time "to make a report of that size, and costs, and whatnot.

When Layton's report came in, he wanted a salary of twenty thousand a year. We had a discussion with our attorney. He thought he wanted twenty thousand a year. Take him about a year and a half—I think I'm right on this—to do the job. It would cost so many thousand dollars for lab work, so many thousand dollars for this, and this, and this. And the total, according to our deputy attorney general, was about fifty thousand dollars to do the job.

Estimates I had had from other professionals indicated that maybe ten, thousand'd be in the ball park. Our attorney suggested that he put his off-the-cuff estimate into a formal shape and submit it. When it came back, it was down to about thirty thousand. It's still exorbitant. I don't know whether we're ever gonna get together on it or not. (Layton later agreed to do the job for \$4,000, which was his own estimate in pricing out the original archeological project final report.)

NEVADA'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

We had a name suggested to us by the governor (and this probably shouldn't be opened up for about twenty years, but—); he suggested John Cahlan. John Cahlan was Al Cahlan's younger brother, and sports editor of the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*. Real nice guy, kind of guy that everybody liked. And

probably there'd been a request from brother Al for John to have this job (Al Cahlan was publisher of the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*).

And John did a—started out by doing a good job. He went around to the seventeen county seats, and talked to the county commissioners, and got each county-commissioner group to appoint a Centennial chairman of their own for their own county, and a committee to support local county events. And he got this on very quickly, and very well. The Democratic counties had a Democratic chairman, and the Republican counties had Republican chairmen, but they all had chairmen. And this was a policy of our commission, too, because we wanted to take politics out of it. We felt that it had no place in a statewide thing of this kind.

Our commission asked John to come up with a budget. And when he didn't make it in a couple of months, we asked him again, and he still didn't make it, and we asked him again. To make a long story short, he was good at talking to people, and good at press releases, but he couldn't handle the planning of budgets or budget control. He had no background in administration. He'd always been a reporter or a sports editor. He did well in areas where he had experience, but not in the other areas. And we wound up with the commission doing the budget. And we had some people on the commission, who were capable of doing this, but pretty soon—we had fairly frequent meetings—we realized the commission was doing all of John's business work for him. And it finally got to be quite a load.

So we had a few serious talks with John, but he really didn't understand what we were gettin' at. We had a few serious talks of our own, and finally came to the conclusion that we weren't gonna make this thing at all. We were workin' a couple of years early. We were never gonna get the Centennial on without

doin' John's work. And so we finally reached the point where we decided to hell with it, they could get a different commission if they wanted a commission to do his work. And I said, "Well, I don't know how strong Grant feels about John. I'll find out."

So I dropped in on Grant Sawyer. I told him our problems. And Grant said, "What d'ya wanna do?"

And I said, "We've gotta get somebody in there that can do that kind of work, or we'll never have a Centennial."

He said, "Well, I won't give you any trouble on it. If you want to replace him, then do so, and whoever you want to hire, hire." He said, "I don't want you to have a problem. Just feel perfectly free, and I won't be bothered at all." So maybe Grant wasn't too surprised; I don't know. We all felt badly about it.

Anyway, I called John, and I couldn't reach him by phone, so I finally dropped him a note, and said that we wanted him to resign, and suggested that he do it "under pressure of other business" and "other commitments," that it was "taking too much of his time." And he wired back that he refused' to resign.

I called him and I said, "Well, you've got a week to make up your mind. I hope you do resign, because if you don't then we haven't any choice except to lower the boom, and we don't want to do that to you." And I think John then took a sampling of the political climate, and realized where he was, because he then did resign. And of course, he was hurt. He gradually got over a good deal of it. I see John once in awhile and we, at least on the surface, are friends. I've always liked John, but no way could we avoid that.

So we got a guy in by the name of Clyde Anderson. And Clyde had quite a little background in promoting various events back in the Middle West and other places. And he organized a crew, and they set up

headquarters in the State Building in Reno. And although we had a number of struggles, we really got it on, and he worked well and his gang did, too. The commission used to breathe down his neck fairly often.

RAYMOND I. SMITH AND THE COMMUNIST THREAT

Raymond I. became a great admirer of Richard Nixon when he was running against Helen Gahagan Douglas. Helen Gahagan Douglas (to Raymond I.) was a very real and very significant threat to our form of government. "If she could be elected to Congress, it would be one more Communist agent in our government and close to government secrets." And of course, it was very fashionable in Hollywood in those days (hindsight's a wonderful thing) and many prominent people in the movie colony found the "popular thing to do" was to carry a card in the Communist party. Whether Douglas was or not, I don't know. But certainly, it's a well-established fact there were a lot of people who found it very fashionable or advantageous in the movie industry to support all kinds of things which were affiliated with, or supported, or kind to Communism. So she was "a great threat to our form of government" supposedly, and Richard Nixon had a great reputation as a foe of Communism.

And finally (and this is one we won't open up for sometime in the future but—) Charlie Russell was governor, and through Charlie Russell, a contact was made through the Nixon organization, and Murray Chotiner came up to Carson City, and Raymond I. and I and Charlie Russell and Chotiner had an afternoon in the governor's mansion on "the Communist threat," and the money that Nixon needed to defeat Helen Gahagan

Douglas. And he got a sizable contribution before the day was over.

Later, Nixon came to Reno and spoke on the Communist threat in the old State Building. And at Raymond I. Smith's request, I handled the promotion and public relations on it. And Nixon was a national figure by then. And I had no trouble at all in getting a capacity crowd to hear him make his talk about the Communist threat, and explain "how real it was, and how dangerous it was," and so on.

A HAROLDS CLUB IN LAS VEGAS?

[After considering it], Harolds Club abandoned the idea of moving to Las Vegas. And much later, I learned that the real, deciding reason had been that there'd been some messages sent up to Harolds Club that if they didn't want something to happen to some of the members of the family, they'd better keep out of southern Nevada. So they just dropped it right there.

EVA ADAMS FOR U.S. SENATE?

Bible became senator one election when Eva Adams was gonna run. I can't remember the year on this. Senator McCarran had died. The thing became open. Eva was gonna go for it. And Bob McDonald (this oughta be sealed up), Bob McDonald was a close friend of Alan. And there was going to be a meeting of the Democratic Central Committee, in a couple of weeks, to decide who to endorse. And McDonald went out and jumped in his automobile and went around the state *instantly*, before Eva could get out here, or Alan either, for that matter. And McDonald got a big majority committed on that committee before they ever met, so that when Eva and her people (and I'm not sure

who all was on her team), when they got here from Washington, the vote had gone. It was locked up for Alan, and the committee endorsed him and that was it.

[Why didn't they want her?] I don't think that it was a matter of didn't want her. But McDonald was out selling a package. And I don't know what he said, I don't know whether he said bad things about her or not, or—he obviously made a lot of promises to a lot of people in Bible's name. I don't think Bible had any idea all the things that Bob was promising. 'Cause Bob's kind of a wheeler and dealer. But whatever it was, it worked. I was not a part of it, and I had nothing to do with it. But ever since then, Bob has had anything he ever wants from Alan, 'cause he's the guy.

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